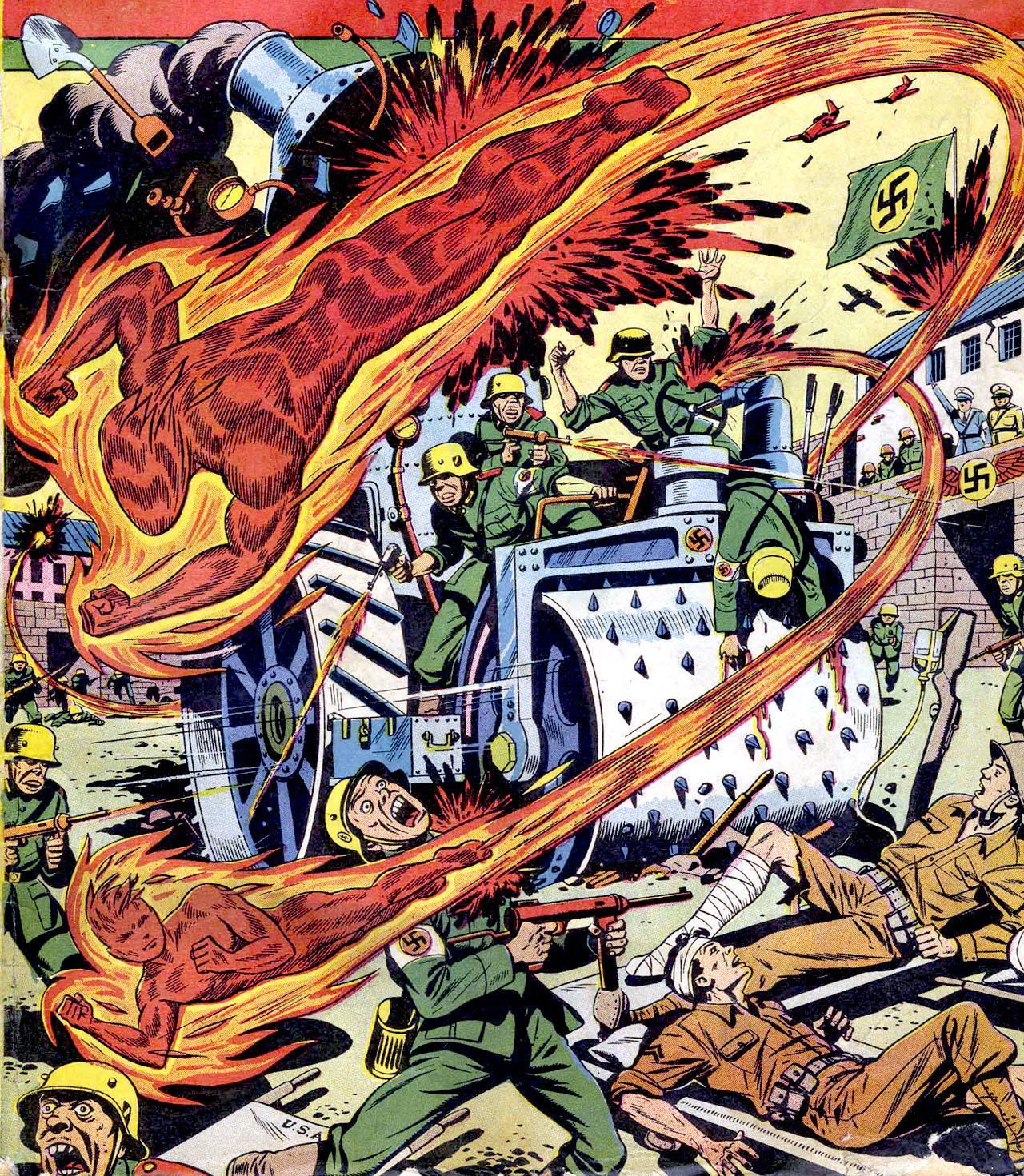
MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS

NO. 64

JUNE

10¢



GIVEN

Your Choice of Valuable GIFTS OR CASH

Given for selling new Gold Crown Spot Remover and Cleaner at 25c each and returning the money collected as per our free Gift catalog-circular. Send coupon for order to start. Dozens of useful gifts offered.

LEATHER BILLFOLD—full size—good looking. GIVEN for selling 5 boxes.

TRUE LOVE LOCKET space for 2 pictures on inside. 18 inch chain. GIVEN for selling 10 boxes.

Beautiful, Simulated PEARL EARRINGS. GIVEN for selling 5 boxes.

Smart, brilliant, Sterling Silver BIRTHSTONE RING, correct for your month. GIVEN for selling 5 boxes.

LADIES' SHEER RAYON HOSIERY GIVEN for selling 5 boxes.

TELESCOPE GIVEN for selling 5 boxes. Powerful. Spot planes, ships, etc.

GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS Dept. E-342 Jefferson, Iowa

Enclose this coupon in an envelope or paste it on a postcard and send it to GOLD CROWN PRODUCTS, Dept. E-342, Jefferson, Iowa, for order to start.

Gift Wanted ....

Name..

Address..

City...........................State..............

New PERFUME COSTUME ENSEMBLE

Colorful Necklace Bracelet and Earrings $1.00 Each Or All 3 For $2.79

Here Is Romance Glorified. Your choice of 6 lovely colors in a necklace, bracelet and earrings all matching in beauty of rich, exotic color and perfume that attracts lovers and mystifies friends. Each bead is artistically designed like a miniature rosebud and exudes a delicate, intriguing perfume at all times.

Exact Size of Rosebud Design

SEND NO MONEY Ten Days Trial. Let us know what color you want. Your package sent immediately and you pay the postman only $1.00 each or all three articles are only $2.79 plus 20% Federal Tax and a few cents mailing cost on arrival. Supplies limited.

GIVEN For Promptness Purse size plastic case of exotic, solid PERFUME given for promptness if you order the complete ensemble of earrings, bracelet and necklace.

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO. Dept. 67-NL Jefferson, Iowa

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. 67-NL Jefferson, Iowa
Please send me the New, Perfume-Costume Jewelry as marked:

........Necklace ....Bracelet ....Earrings

If I order all 3 of the above I am to be given your purse size plastic case filled with solid perfume. I understand I can return my purchase any time within 10 days for any reason and you will refund promptly.

Name..............................

Address...........................

City..............................State..........

COLOR
- ☐ Rose Red
- ☐ Tulip Pink
- ☐ Fern Green
- ☐ Forget-Me-Not Blue
- ☐ Daffodil Yellow
- ☐ Orchid

New ENLARGEMENT 3¢ STAMP

Just to Get Acquainted We Will Beautifully Enlarge Your Favorite Snapshot, Photo, Kodak Picture, Print or Negative to 5 x 7 Inches If You Enclose the Coupon and a 3 Cent Stamp for Return Mailing!

Everyone admires pictures in natural colors because the surroundings and loved ones are so true to life, just the way they looked when the pictures were taken, so we want you to know also about our gorgeous colored enlargements. Think of having that small picture or snapshot enlarged to 5 by 7-inch size so that the details and features you love are more life-like and natural.

Over one million men and women have sent us their favorite snapshots and pictures for enlarging. Thousands write us how much they also enjoy their remarkably true-to-life, natural colored enlargements we have sent them in handsome black and gold, or ivory and gold frames.

You are now given a wonderful opportunity to receive a beautiful enlargement of your cherished snapshot, photo or Kodak picture. Please include the color of hair and eyes and get our new bargain offer giving you your choice of handsome frames with a second enlargement beautifully hand tinted in natural lifelike oil colors and sent on approval. Your original is returned with your enlargement. This amazing enlargement offer is our way of getting acquainted and letting you know the quality of our work. Send today as supplies are limited.

DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 1191, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa

Enclose this coupon with your favorite snapshot, picture or negative and send to DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 1191, 211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa.

Name .... Color of Hair ....

Address .... Color of Eyes ....

City.................... State......... ....

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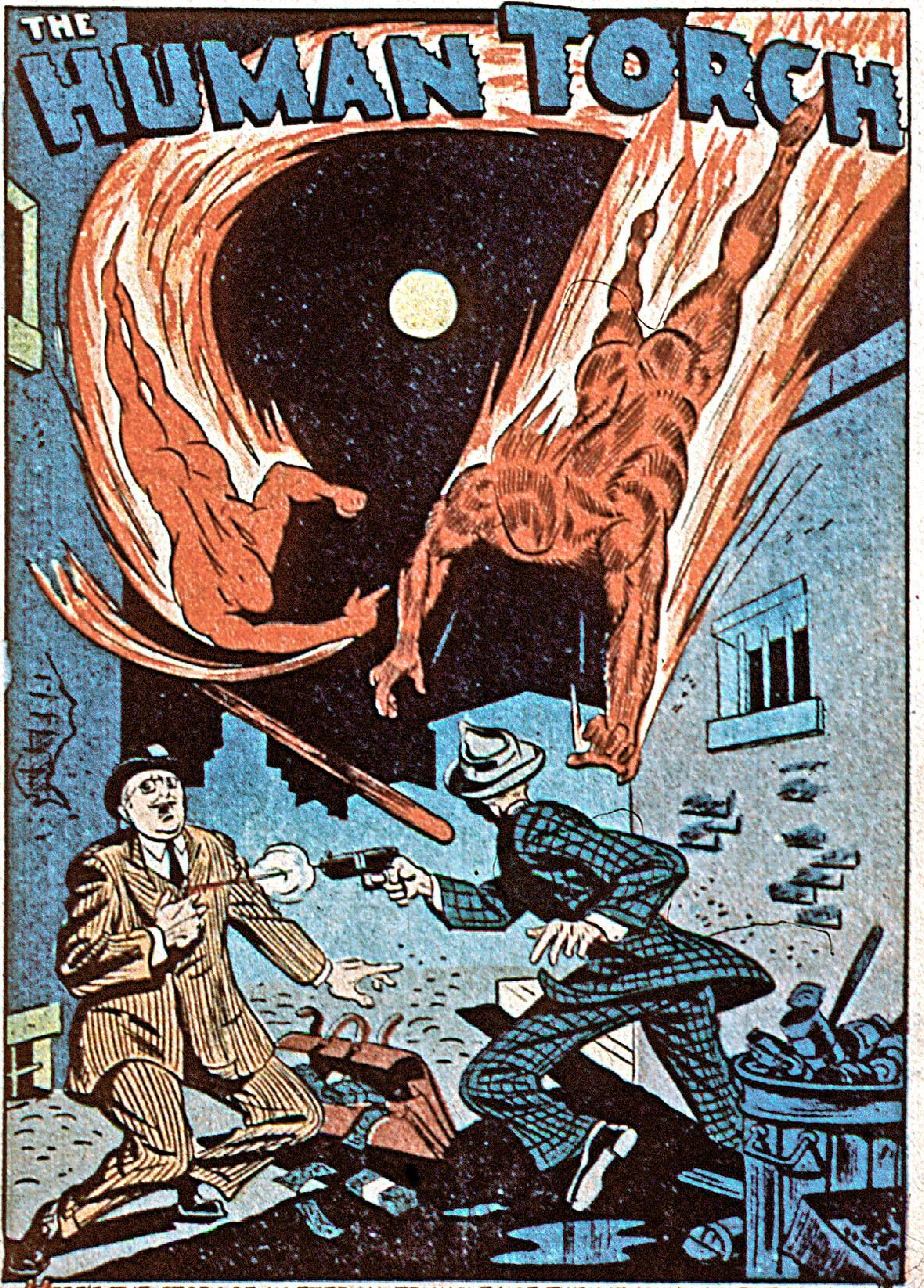
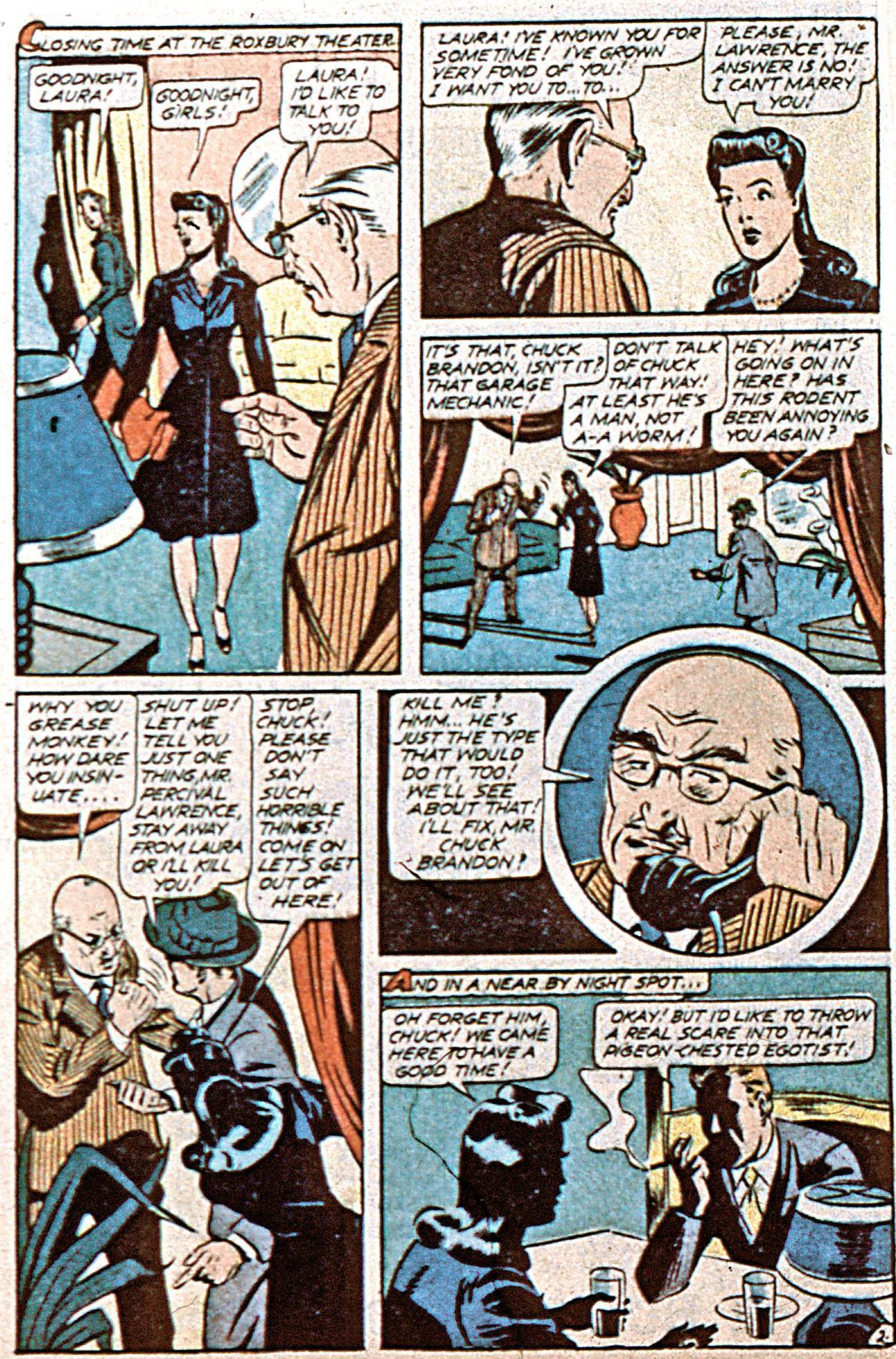
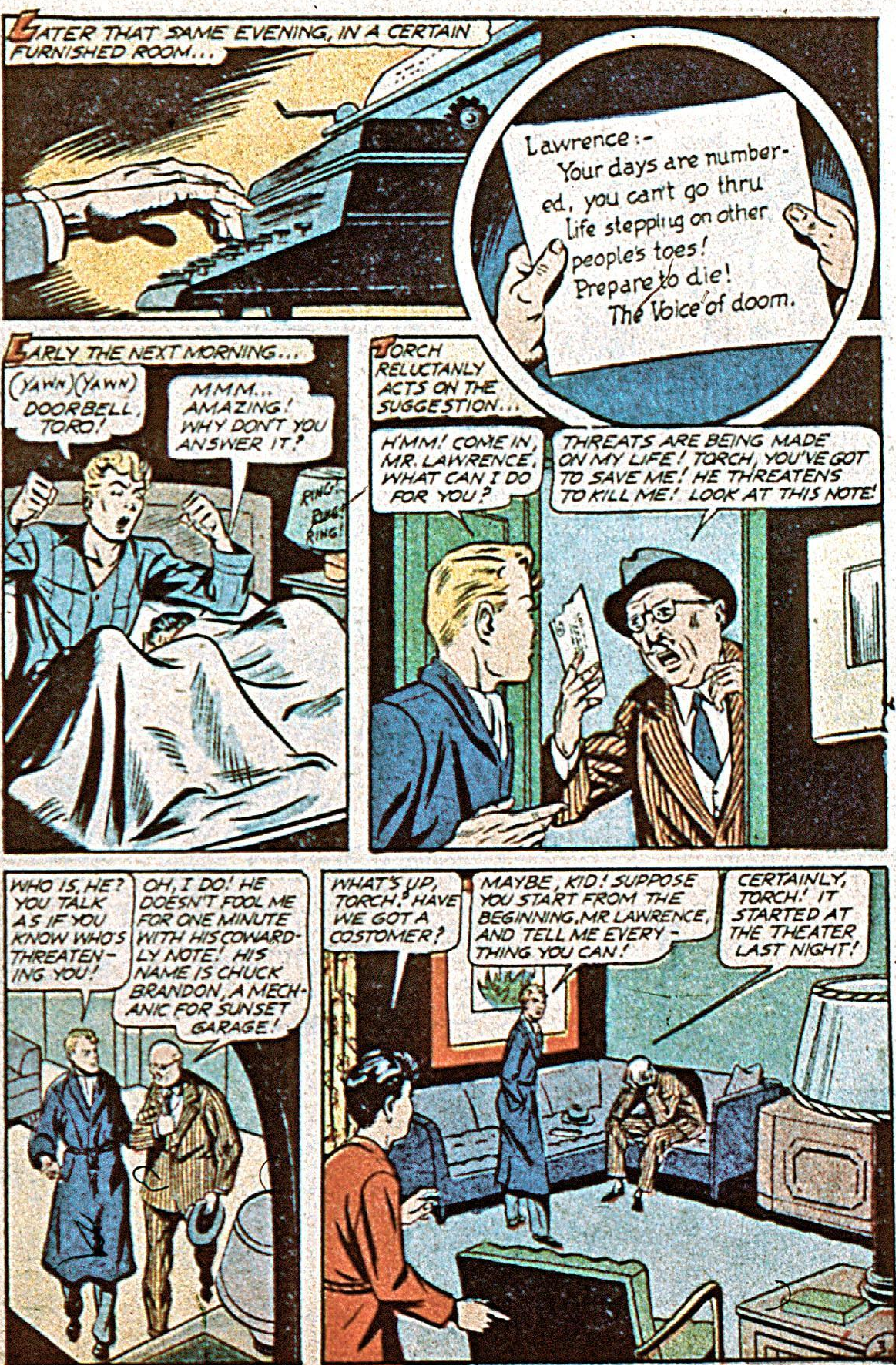
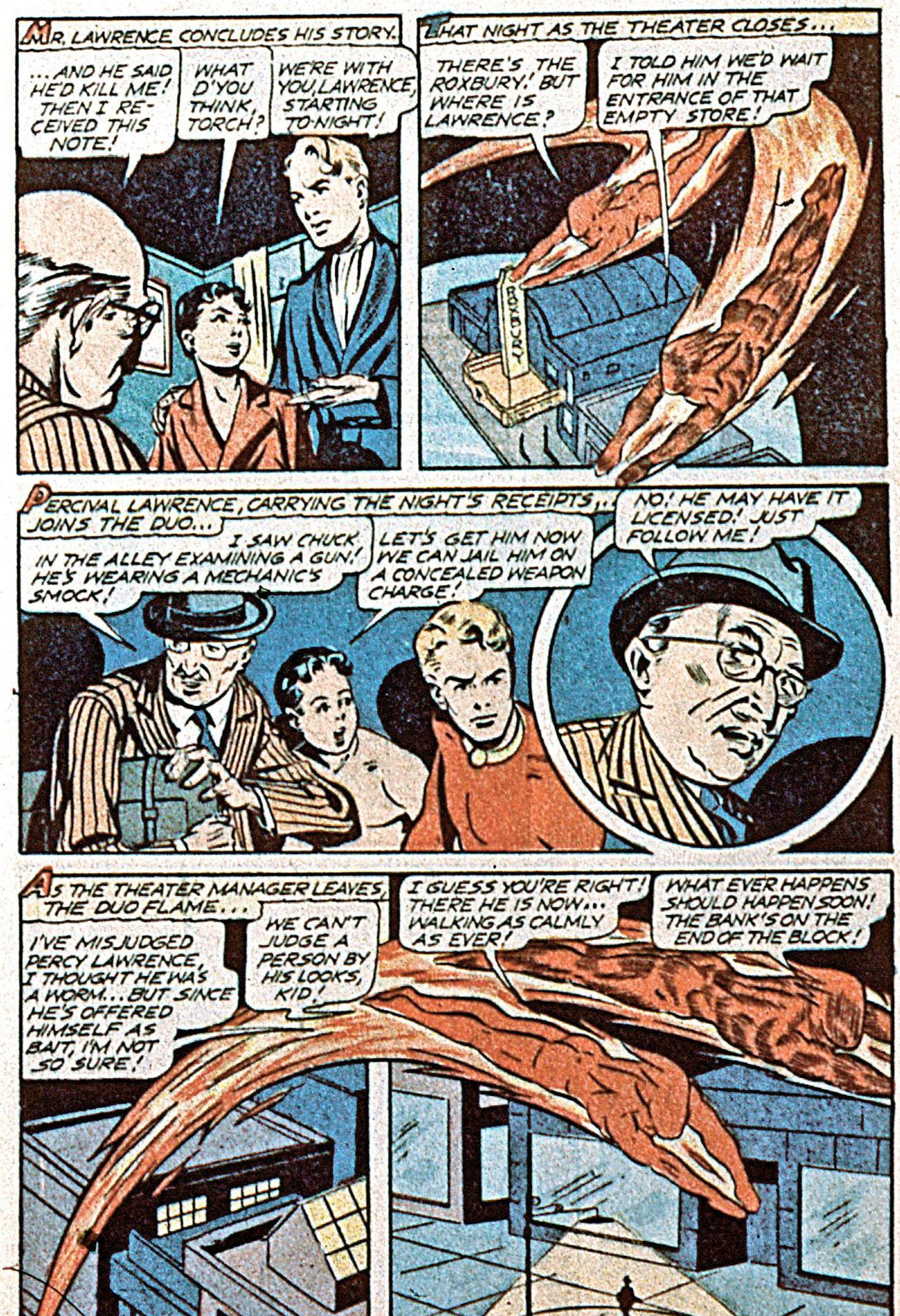


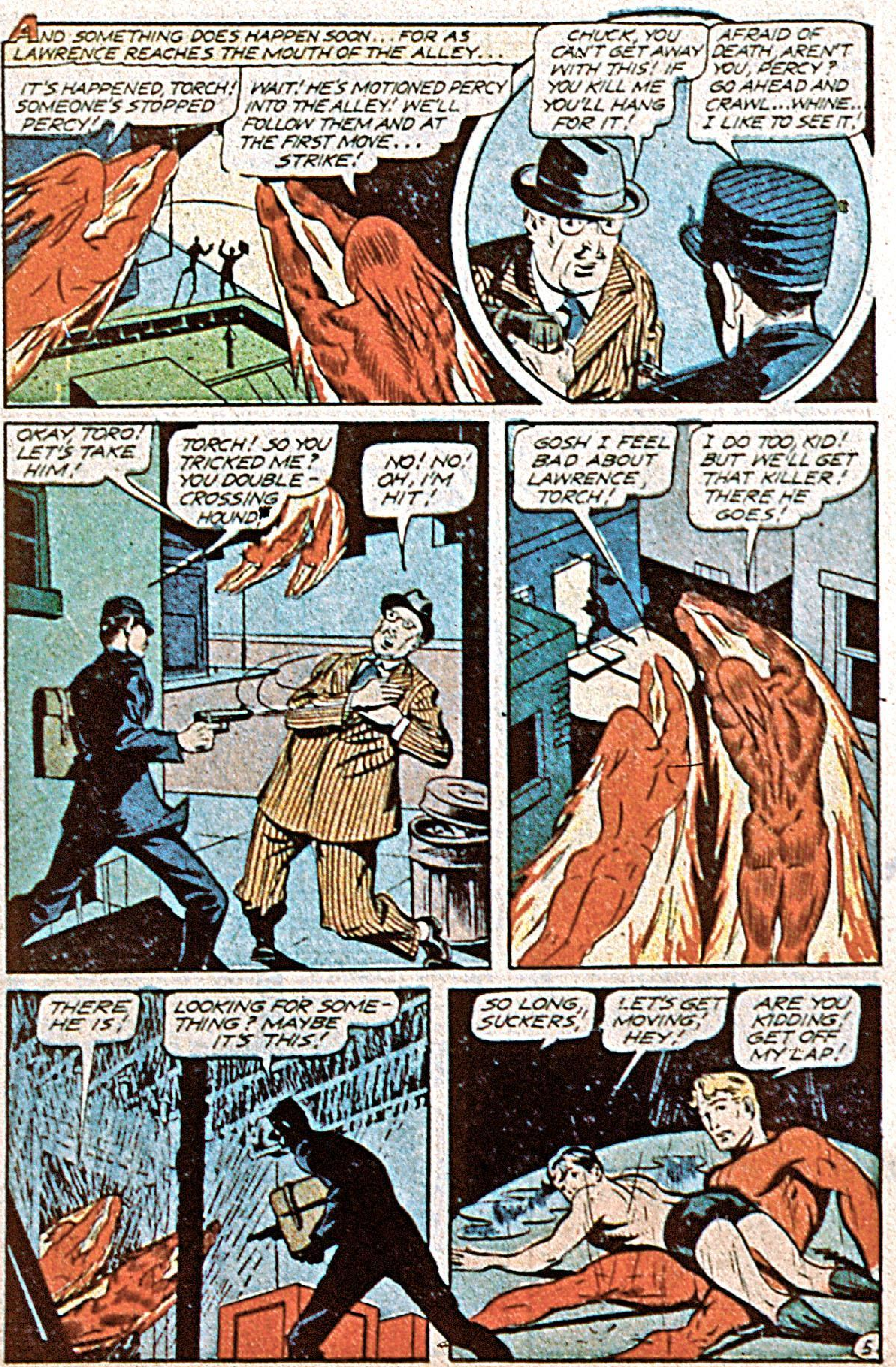
HERE'S THE STORY OF AN ETERNAL TRIANGLE! OF TWO MEN WHO LOVED THE SAME WOMAN AND FOUGHT TO WIN HER! AND OF TORCH AND TORO WHO USED DETECTION TO SOLVE THE CASE OF...

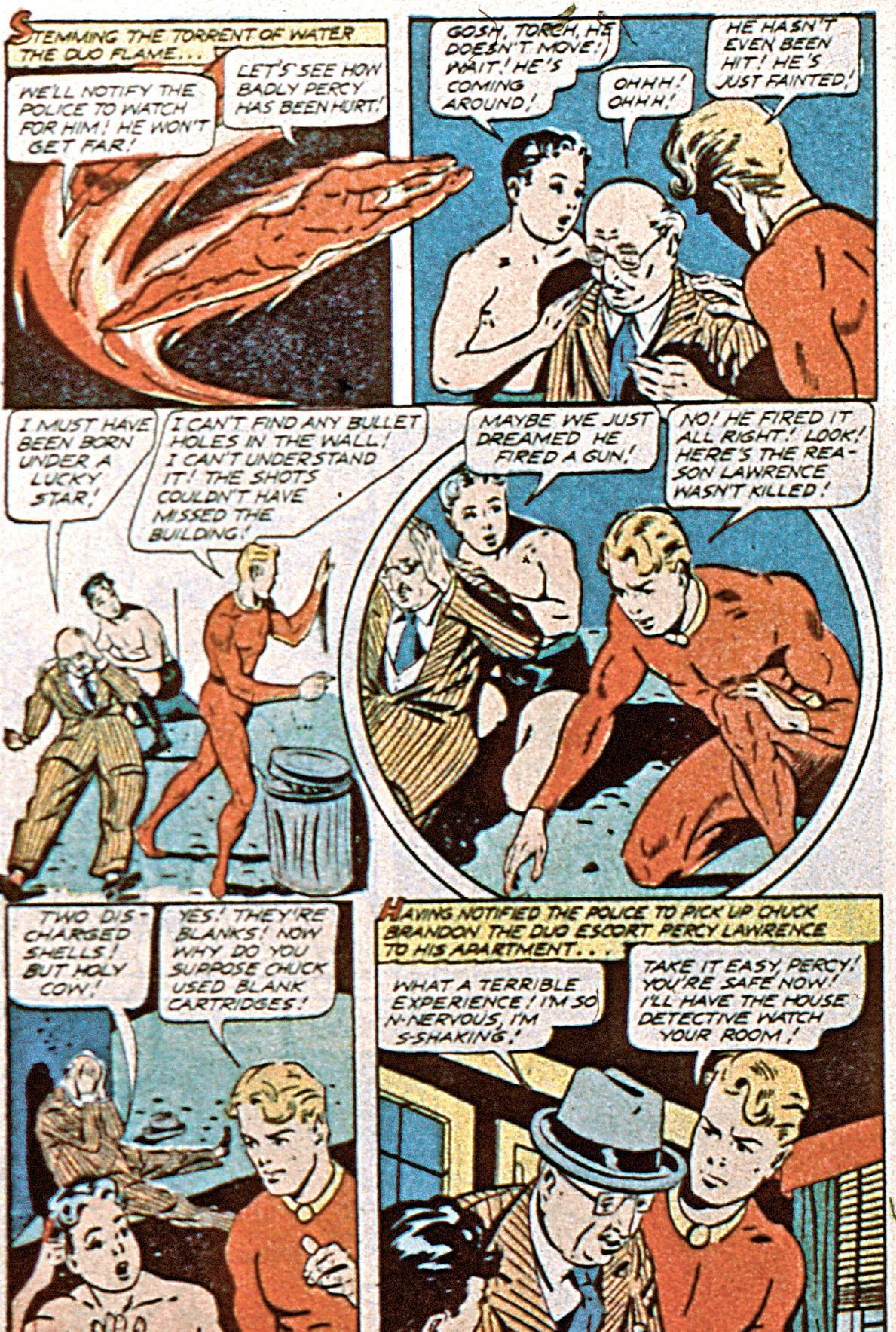
"THE BOGUS BRIDE GROOM"

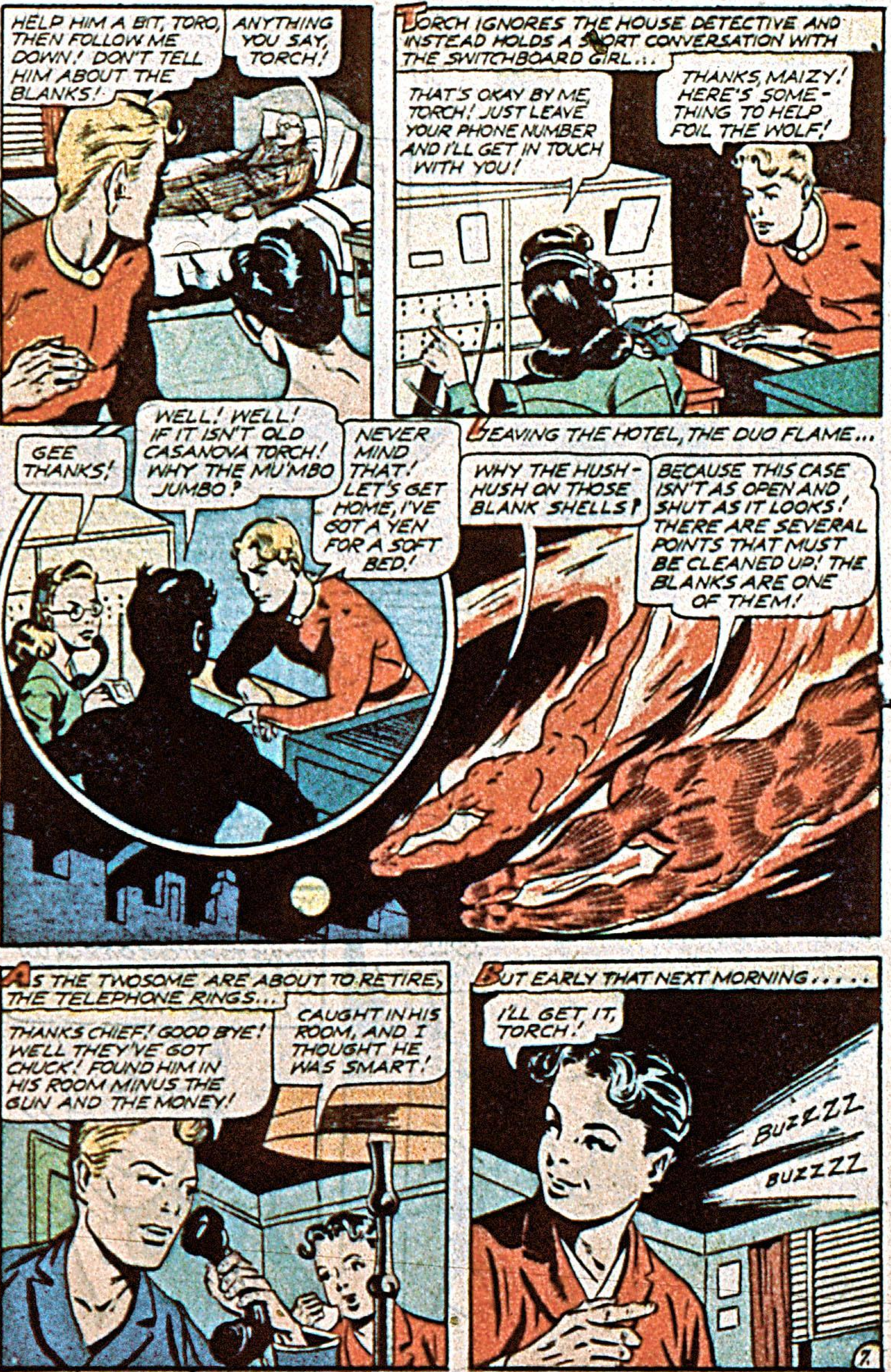

CLOSING TIME AT THE ROXBURY THEATER
GOODNIGHT, LAURA!
GOODNIGHT, GIRLS!
LAURA! I'D LIKE TO TALK TO YOU!
LAURA! I'VE KNOWN YOU FOR SOMETIME! I'VE GROWN VERY FOND OF YOU! I WANT YOU TO...TO...
PLEASE, MR. LAWRENCE, THE ANSWER IS NO! I CAN'T MARRY YOU!
IT'S THAT, CHUCK BRANDON, ISN'T IT? THAT GARAGE MECHANIC!
DON'T TALK OF CHUCK THAT WAY! AT LEAST HE'S A MAN, NOT A-A WORM!
HEY! WHAT'S GOING ON IN HERE? HAS THIS RODENT BEEN ANNOYING YOU AGAIN?
WHY YOU GREASE MONKEY! HOW DARE YOU INSINUATE....
SHUT UP! LET ME TELL YOU JUST ONE THING, MR. PERCIVAL LAWRENCE, STAY AWAY FROM LAURA OR I'LL KILL YOU!
STOP, CHUCK! PLEASE DON'T SAY SUCH HORRIBLE THINGS! COME ON LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
KILL ME! HMM... HE'S JUST THE TYPE THAT WOULD DO IT, TOO! WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT! I'LL FIX, MR. CHUCK BRANDON!
AND IN A NEAR BY NIGHT SPOT...
OH FORGET HIM, CHUCK! WE CAME HERE TO HAVE A GOOD TIME!
OKAY! BUT I'D LIKE TO THROW A REAL SCARE INTO THAT PIGEON-CHESTED EGOTIST!

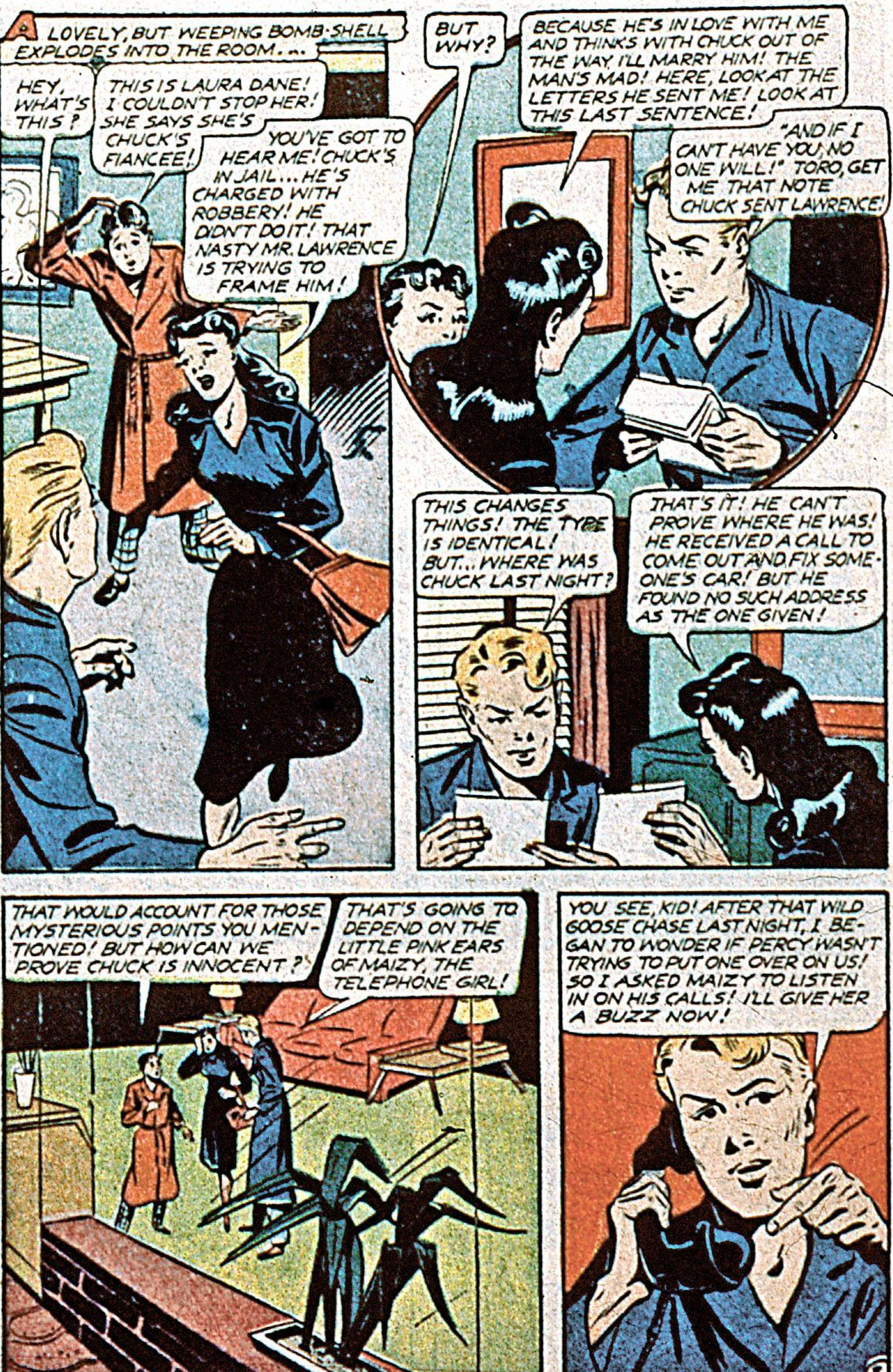

LATER THAT SAME EVENING, IN A CERTAIN FURNISHED ROOM...
Lawrence :- Your days are numbered, you can't go thru life stepping on other people's toes! Prepare to die! The Voice of doom.
EARLY THE NEXT MORNING...
(YAWN)(YAWN) DOORBELL, TORO!
MMM... AMAZING! WHY DON'T YOU ANSWER IT?
RING! RING! RING!
TORCH RELUCTANTLY ACTS ON THE SUGGESTION...
H'MM! COME IN, MR. LAWRENCE, WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?
THREATS ARE BEING MADE ON MY LIFE! TORCH, YOU'VE GOT TO SAVE ME! HE THREATENS TO KILL ME! LOOK AT THIS NOTE!
WHO IS, HE? YOU TALK AS IF YOU KNOW WHO'S THREATENING YOU!
OH, I DO! HE DOESN'T FOOL ME FOR ONE MINUTE WITH HIS COWARDLY NOTE! HIS NAME IS CHUCK BRANDON, A MECHANIC FOR SUNSET GARAGE!
WHAT'S UP, TORCH? HAVE WE GOT A COSTOMER?
MAYBE, KID! SUPPOSE YOU START FROM THE BEGINNING, MR LAWRENCE, AND TELL ME EVERYTHING YOU CAN!
CERTAINLY, TORCH! IT STARTED AT THE THEATER LAST NIGHT!

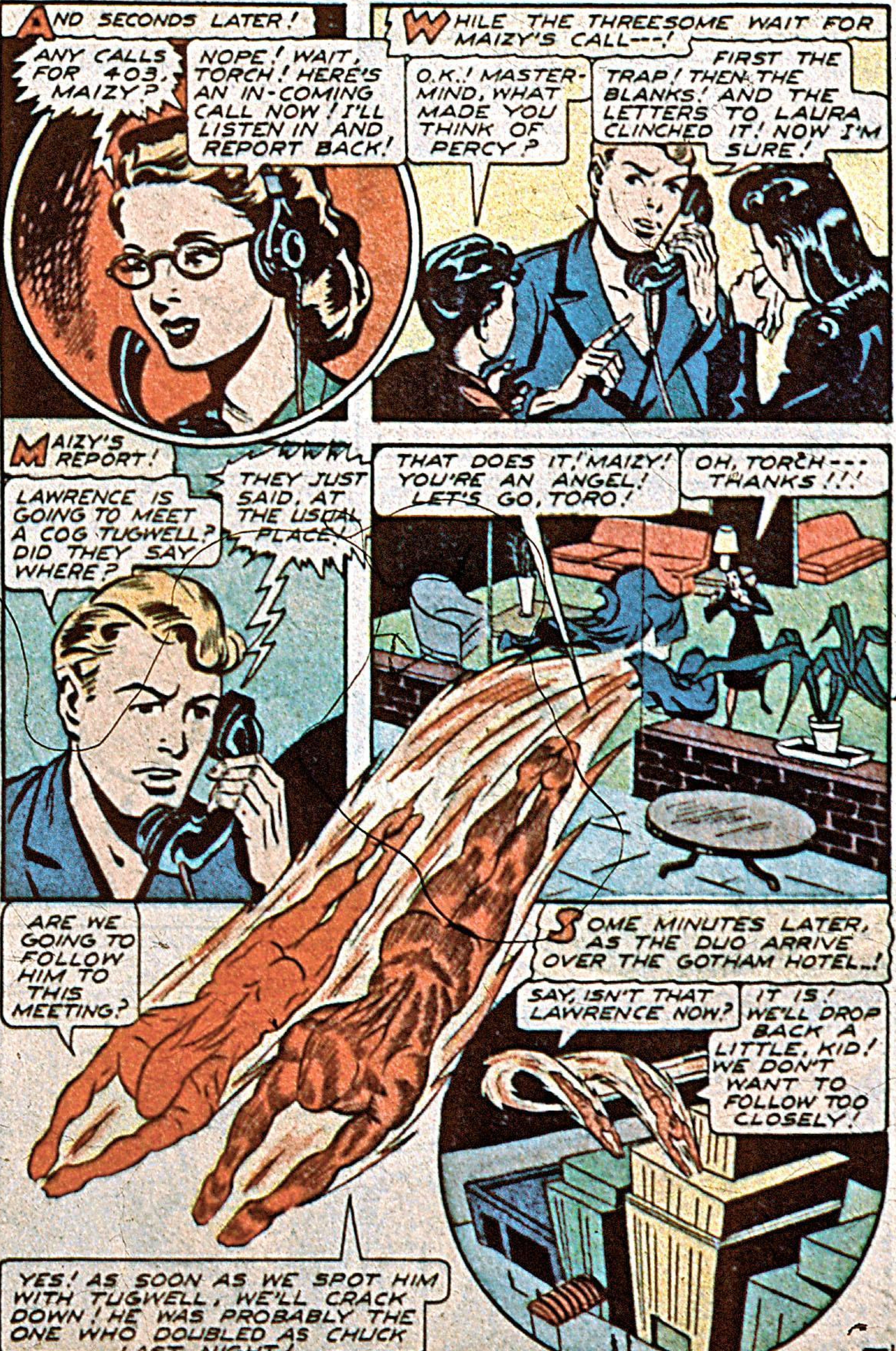

MR. LAWRENCE CONCLUDES HIS STORY.
...AND HE SAID HE'D KILL ME! THEN I RECEIVED THIS NOTE!
WHAT D'YOU THINK, TORCH?
WE'RE WITH YOU, LAWRENCE, STARTING TO-NIGHT!
THAT NIGHT AS THE THEATER CLOSES...
THERE'S THE ROXBURY! BUT WHERE IS LAWRENCE?
I TOLD HIM WE'D WAIT FOR HIM IN THE ENTRANCE OF THAT EMPTY STORE!
ROXBURY
PERCIVAL LAWRENCE, CARRYING THE NIGHT'S RECEIPTS, JOINS THE DUO...
I SAW CHUCK IN THE ALLEY EXAMINING A GUN! HE'S WEARING A MECHANIC'S SMOCK!
LET'S GET HIM NOW WE CAN JAIL HIM ON A CONCEALED WEAPON CHARGE!
NO! HE MAY HAVE IT LICENSED! JUST FOLLOW ME!
AS THE THEATER MANAGER LEAVES, THE DUO FLAME...
I'VE MISJUDGED PERCY LAWRENCE, I THOUGHT HE WA'S A WORM...BUT SINCE HE'S OFFERED HIMSELF AS BAIT, I'M NOT SO SURE!
WE CAN'T JUDGE A PERSON BY HIS LOOKS, KID!
I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT! THERE HE IS NOW... WALKING AS CALMLY AS EVER!
WHAT EVER HAPPENS SHOULD HAPPEN SOON! THE BANK'S ON THE END OF THE BLOCK!

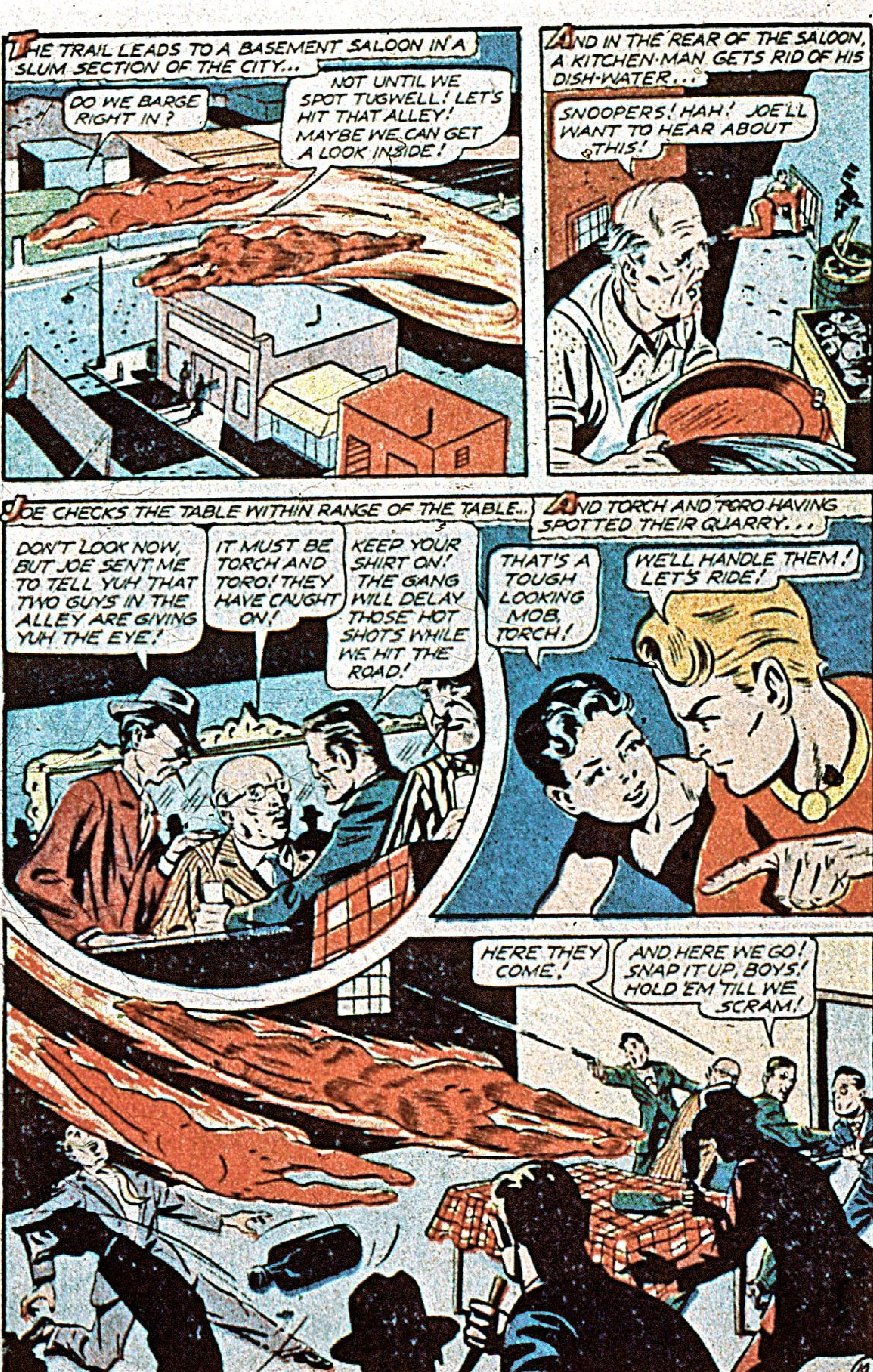

AND SOMETHING DOES HAPPEN SOON... FOR AS LAWRENCE REACHES THE MOUTH OF THE ALLEY...
IT'S HAPPENED, TORCH! SOMEONE'S STOPPED PERCY!
WAIT! HE'S MOTIONED PERCY INTO THE ALLEY! WE'LL FOLLOW THEM AND AT THE FIRST MOVE... STRIKE!
CHUCK, YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THIS! IF YOU KILL ME YOU'LL HANG FOR IT!
AFRAID OF DEATH, AREN'T YOU, PERCY? GO AHEAD AND CRAWL... WHINE.. I LIKE TO SEE IT!
OKAY, TORO! LET'S TAKE HIM!
TORCH! SO YOU TRICKED ME? YOU DOUBLE-CROSSING HOUND!
NO! NO! OH, I'M HIT!
GOSH I FEEL BAD ABOUT LAWRENCE, TORCH!
I DO TOO, KID! BUT WE'LL GET THAT KILLER! THERE HE GOES!
THERE HE IS!
LOOKING FOR SOMETHING? MAYBE IT'S THIS!
SO LONG, SUCKERS!
LET'S GET MOVING, HEY!
ARE YOU KIDDING! GET OFF MY LAP!

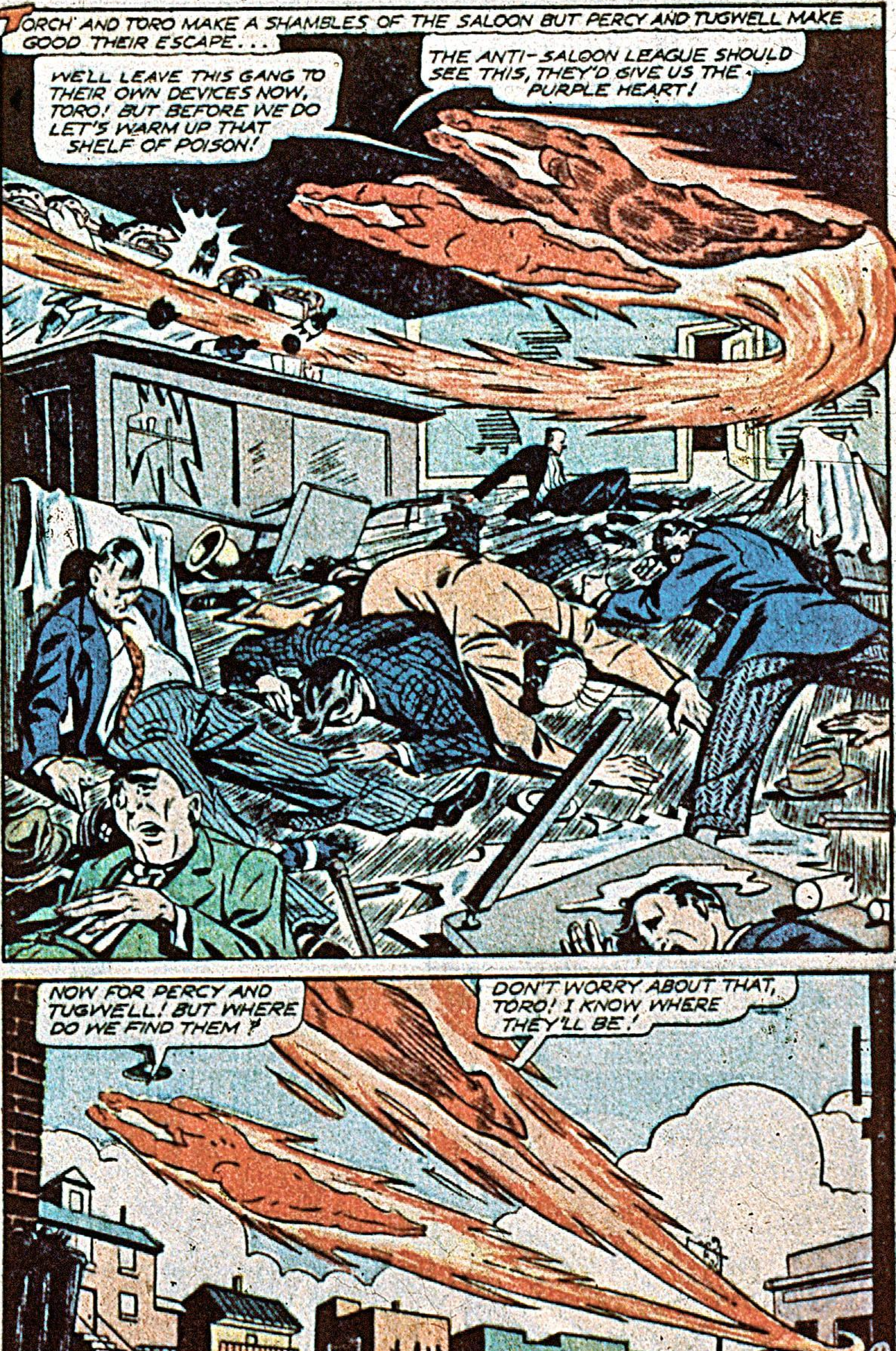

STEMMING THE TORRENT OF WATER THE DUO FLAME...
WE'LL NOTIFY THE POLICE TO WATCH FOR HIM! HE WON'T GET FAR!
LET'S SEE HOW BADLY PERCY HAS BEEN HURT!
GOSH, TORCH, HE DOESN'T MOVE! WAIT! HE'S COMING AROUND!
OHHH! OHHH!
HE HASN'T EVEN BEEN HIT! HE'S JUST FAINTED!
I MUST HAVE BEEN BORN UNDER A LUCKY STAR!
I CAN'T FIND ANY BULLET HOLES IN THE WALL! I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! THE SHOTS COULDN'T HAVE MISSED THE BUILDING!
MAYBE WE JUST DREAMED HE FIRED A GUN!
NO! HE FIRED IT ALL RIGHT! LOOK! HERE'S THE REASON LAWRENCE WASN'T KILLED!
TWO DISCHARGED SHELLS! BUT HOLY COW!
YES! THEY'RE BLANKS! NOW WHY DO YOU SUPPOSE CHUCK USED BLANK CARTRIDGES!
HAVING NOTIFIED THE POLICE TO PICK UP CHUCK BRANDON THE DUO ESCORT PERCY LAWRENCE TO HIS APARTMENT...
WHAT A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE! I'M SO N-NERVOUS, I'M S-SHAKING!
TAKE IT EASY, PERCY! YOU'RE SAFE NOW! I'LL HAVE THE HOUSE DETECTIVE WATCH YOUR ROOM!

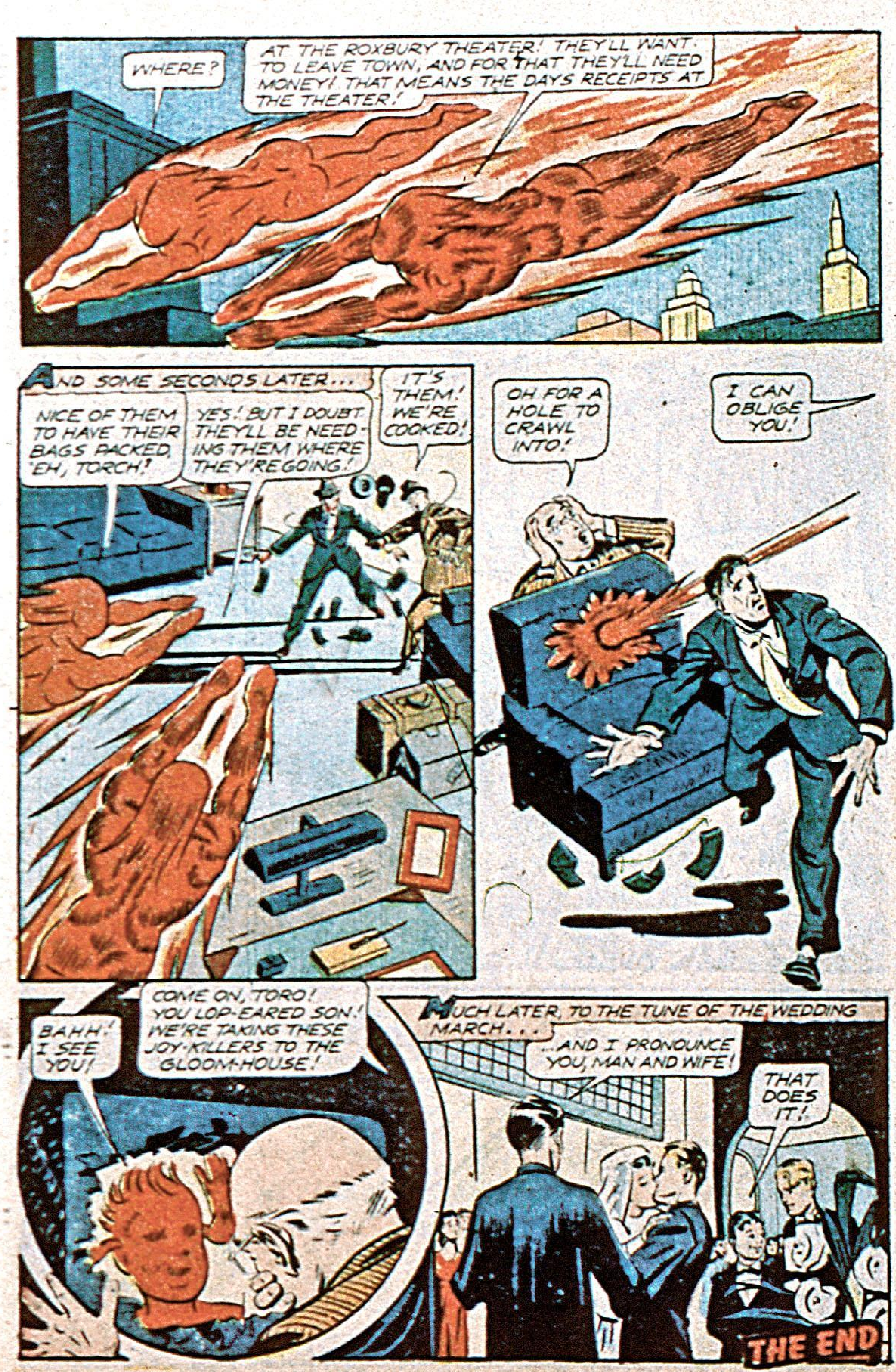

HELP HIM A BIT, TORO, THEN FOLLOW ME DOWN! DON'T TELL HIM ABOUT THE BLANKS!
ANYTHING YOU SAY, TORCH!
TORCH IGNORES THE HOUSE DETECTIVE AND INSTEAD HOLDS A SHORT CONVERSATION WITH THE SWITCHBOARD GIRL...
THAT'S OKAY BY ME, TORCH! JUST LEAVE YOUR PHONE NUMBER AND I'LL GET IN TOUCH WITH YOU!
THANKS, MAIZY! HERE'S SOMETHING TO HELP FOIL THE WOLF!
GEE THANKS!
WELL! WELL! IF IT ISN'T OLD CASANOVA TORCH! WHY THE MU'MBO JUMBO?
NEVER MIND THAT! LET'S GET HOME, I'VE GOT A YEN FOR A SOFT BED!
LEAVING THE HOTEL, THE DUO FLAME...
WHY THE HUSH-HUSH ON THOSE BLANK SHELLS?
BECAUSE THIS CASE ISN'T AS OPEN AND SHUT AS IT LOOKS! THERE ARE SEVERAL POINTS THAT MUST BE CLEANED UP! THE BLANKS ARE ONE OF THEM!
AS THE TWOSOME ARE ABOUT TO RETIRE, THE TELEPHONE RINGS...
THANKS CHIEF! GOOD BYE! WELL THEY'VE GOT CHUCK! FOUND HIM IN HIS ROOM MINUS THE GUN AND THE MONEY!
CAUGHT IN HIS ROOM, AND I THOUGHT HE WAS SMART!
BUT EARLY THAT NEXT MORNING....
I'LL GET IT, TORCH!
BUZZZZ
BUZZZZ

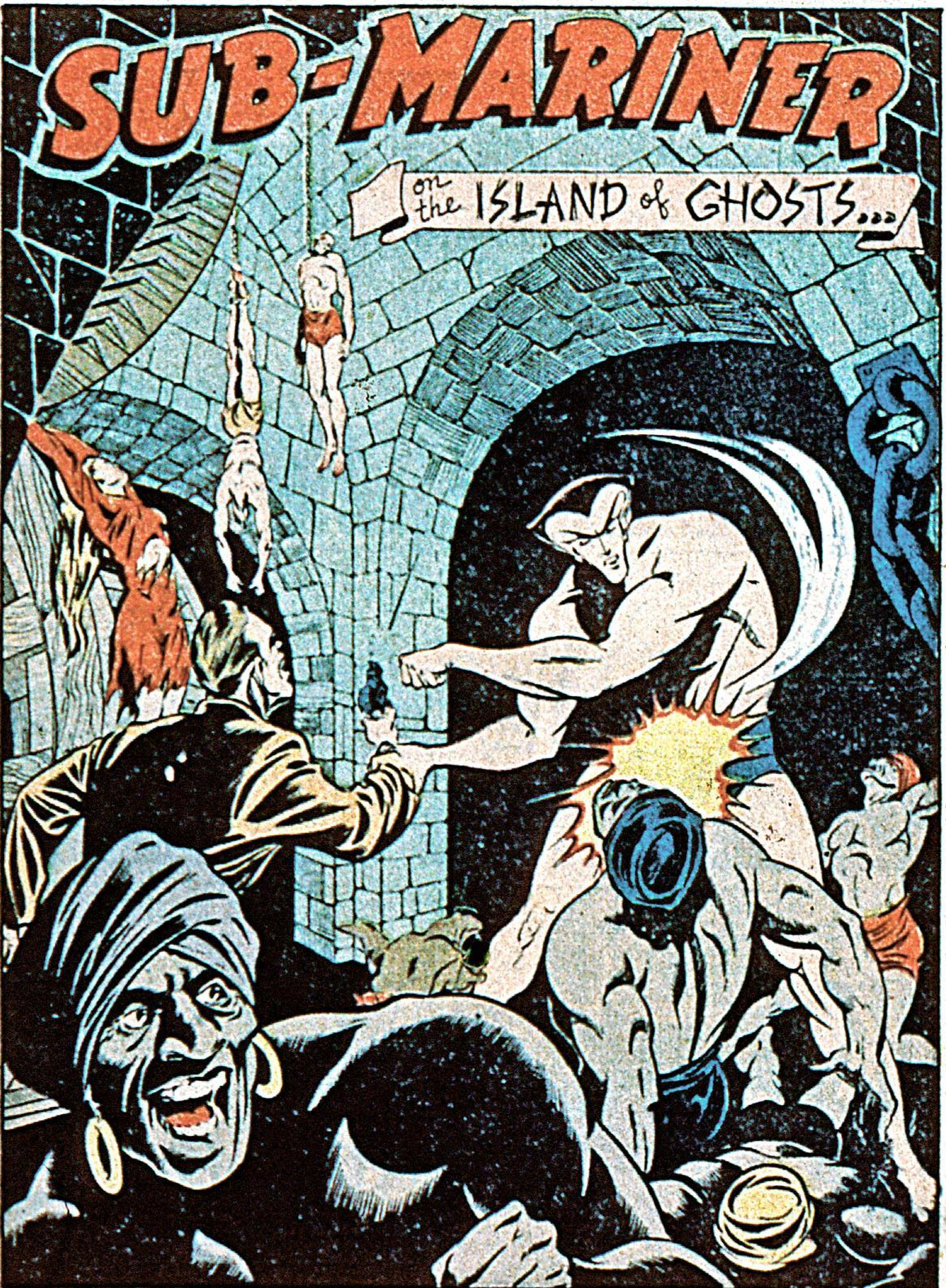

A LOVELY, BUT WEEPING BOMB-SHELL EXPLODES INTO THE ROOM...
HEY, WHAT'S THIS?
THIS IS LAURA DANE! I COULDN'T STOP HER! SHE SAYS SHE'S CHUCK'S FIANCEE!
YOU'VE GOT TO HEAR ME! CHUCK'S IN JAIL... HE'S CHARGED WITH ROBBERY! HE DIDN'T DO IT! THAT NASTY MR. LAWRENCE IS TRYING TO FRAME HIM!
BUT WHY?
BECAUSE HE'S IN LOVE WITH ME AND THINKS WITH CHUCK OUT OF THE WAY I'LL MARRY HIM! THE MAN'S MAD! HERE, LOOK AT THE LETTERS HE SENT ME! LOOK AT THIS LAST SENTENCE!
"AND IF I CAN'T HAVE YOU, NO ONE WILL!" TORO, GET ME THAT NOTE CHUCK SENT LAWRENCE!
THIS CHANGES THINGS! THE TYPE IS IDENTICAL! BUT... WHERE WAS CHUCK LAST NIGHT?
THAT'S IT! HE CAN'T PROVE WHERE HE WAS! HE RECEIVED A CALL TO COME OUT AND FIX SOMEONE'S CAR! BUT HE FOUND NO SUCH ADDRESS AS THE ONE GIVEN!
THAT WOULD ACCOUNT FOR THOSE MYSTERIOUS POINTS YOU MENTIONED! BUT HOW CAN WE PROVE CHUCK IS INNOCENT?
THAT'S GOING TO DEPEND ON THE LITTLE PINK EARS OF MAIZY, THE TELEPHONE GIRL!
YOU SEE, KID! AFTER THAT WILD GOOSE CHASE LAST NIGHT, I BEGAN TO WONDER IF PERCY WASN'T TRYING TO PUT ONE OVER ON US! SO I ASKED MAIZY TO LISTEN IN ON HIS CALLS! I'LL GIVE HER A BUZZ NOW!

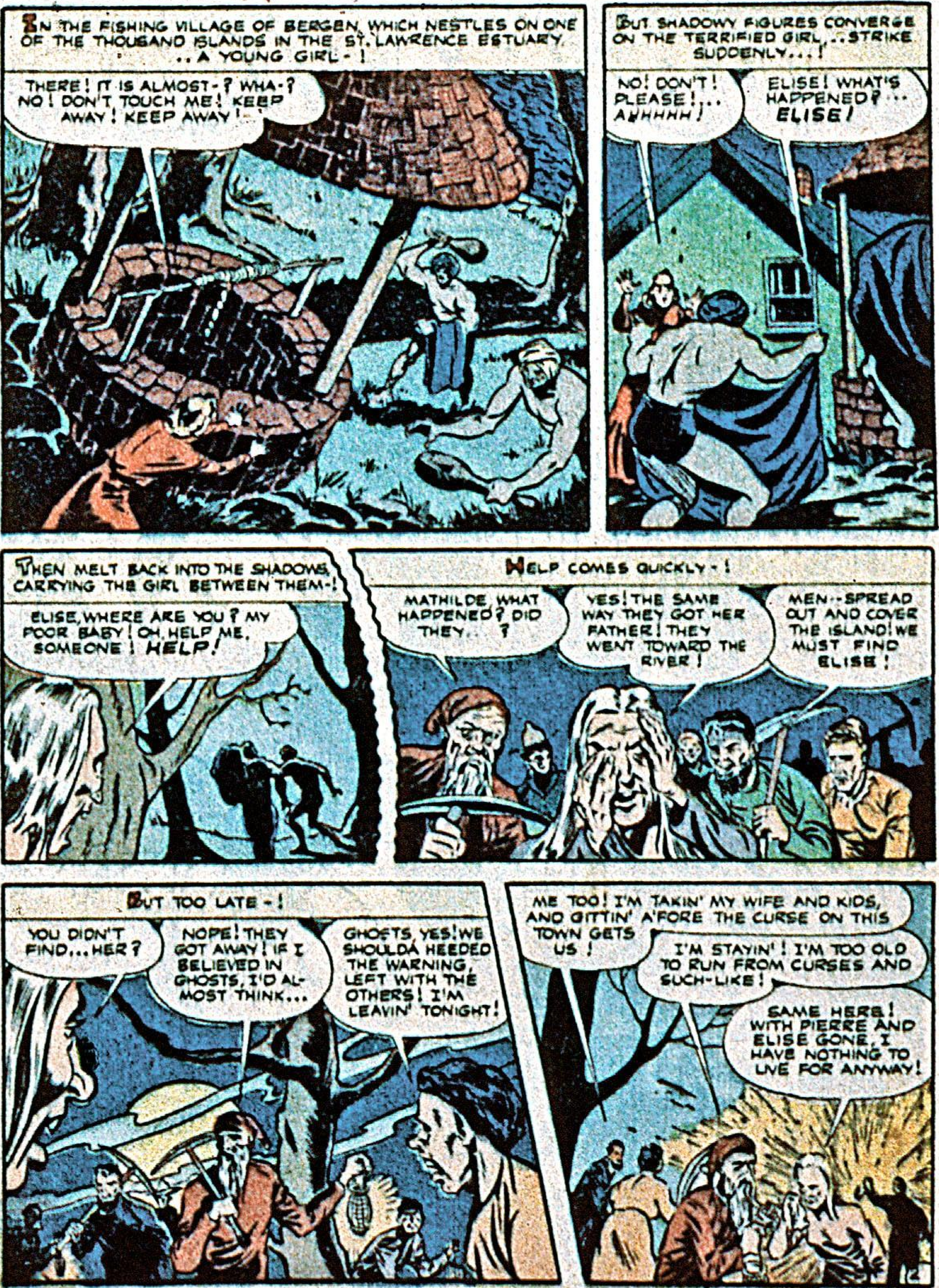

AND SECONDS LATER!
ANY CALLS FOR 403, MAIZY?
NOPE! WAIT, TORCH! HERE'S AN IN-COMING CALL NOW! I'LL LISTEN IN AND REPORT BACK!
WHILE THE THREESOME WAIT FOR MAIZY'S CALL---!
O.K.! MASTER-MIND, WHAT MADE YOU THINK OF PERCY?
FIRST THE TRAP! THEN THE BLANKS! AND THE LETTERS TO LAURA CLINCHED IT! NOW I'M SURE!
MAIZY'S REPORT!
LAWRENCE IS GOING TO MEET A COG TUGWELL? DID THEY SAY WHERE?
THEY JUST SAID, AT THE USUAL PLACE!
THAT DOES IT! MAIZY! YOU'RE AN ANGEL! LET'S GO, TORO!
OH, TORCH--- THANKS!!!
ARE WE GOING TO FOLLOW HIM TO THIS MEETING?
YES! AS SOON AS WE SPOT HIM WITH TUGWELL, WE'LL CRACK DOWN! HE WAS PROBABLY THE ONE WHO DOUBLED AS CHUCK LAST NIGHT!
SOME MINUTES LATER, AS THE DUO ARRIVE OVER THE GOTHAM HOTEL..!
SAY, ISN'T THAT LAWRENCE NOW?
IT IS! WE'LL DROP BACK A LITTLE, KID! WE DON'T WANT TO FOLLOW TOO CLOSELY!

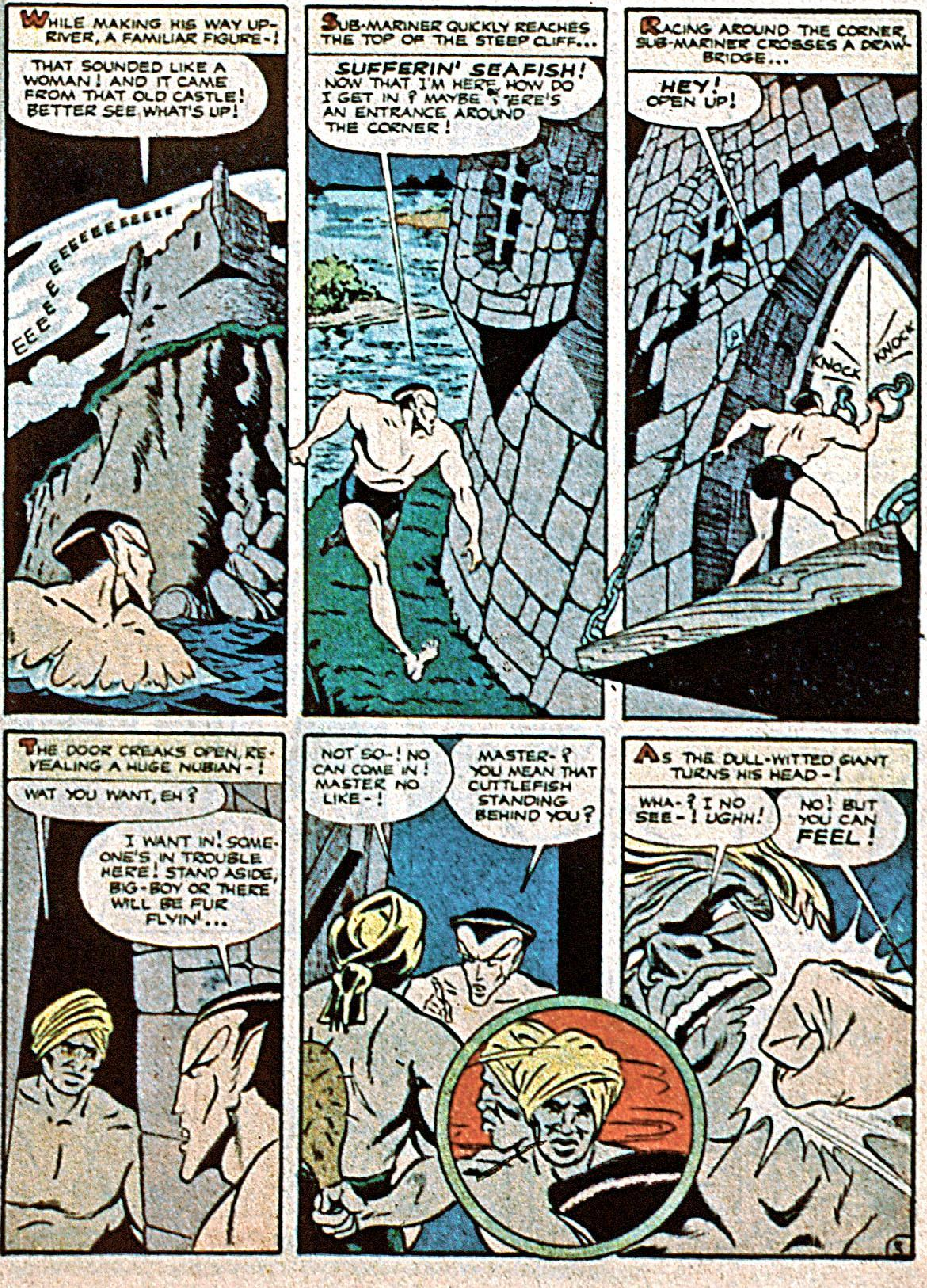

THE TRAIL LEADS TO A BASEMENT SALOON IN A SLUM SECTION OF THE CITY...
DO WE BARGE RIGHT IN?
NOT UNTIL WE SPOT TUGWELL! LET'S HIT THAT ALLEY! MAYBE WE CAN GET A LOOK INSIDE!
AND IN THE REAR OF THE SALOON, A KITCHEN-MAN GETS RID OF HIS DISH-WATER...
SNOOPERS! HAH! JOE'LL WANT TO HEAR ABOUT THIS!
JOE CHECKS THE TABLE WITHIN RANGE OF THE TABLE...
DON'T LOOK NOW, BUT JOE SENT ME TO TELL YUH THAT TWO GUYS IN THE ALLEY ARE GIVING YUH THE EYE!
IT MUST BE TORCH AND TORO! THEY HAVE CAUGHT ON!
KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON! THE GANG WILL DELAY THOSE HOT SHOTS WHILE WE HIT THE ROAD!
AND TORCH AND TORO HAVING SPOTTED THEIR QUARRY...
THAT'S A TOUGH LOOKING MOB, TORCH!
WE'LL HANDLE THEM! LET'S RIDE!
HERE THEY COME!
AND HERE WE GO! SNAP IT UP, BOYS! HOLD 'EM TILL WE SCRAM!

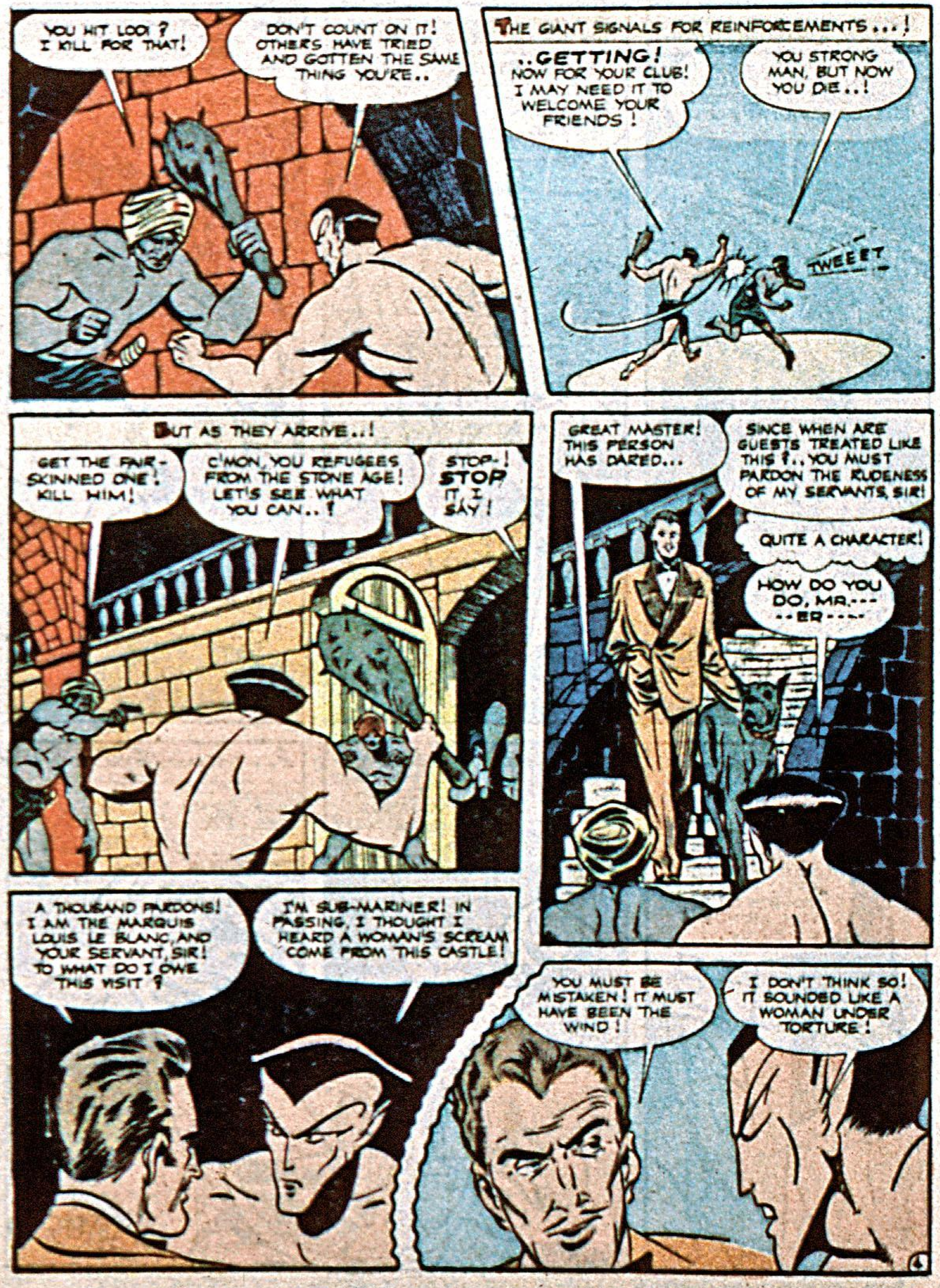

TORCH AND TORO MAKE A SHAMBLES OF THE SALOON BUT PERCY AND TUGWELL MAKE GOOD THEIR ESCAPE...
WE'LL LEAVE THIS GANG TO THEIR OWN DEVICES NOW, TORO! BUT BEFORE WE DO LET'S WARM UP THAT SHELF OF POISON!
THE ANTI-SALOON LEAGUE SHOULD SEE THIS, THEY'D GIVE US THE PURPLE HEART!
NOW FOR PERCY AND TUGWELL! BUT WHERE DO WE FIND THEM ?
DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT, TORO! I KNOW WHERE THEY'LL BE!

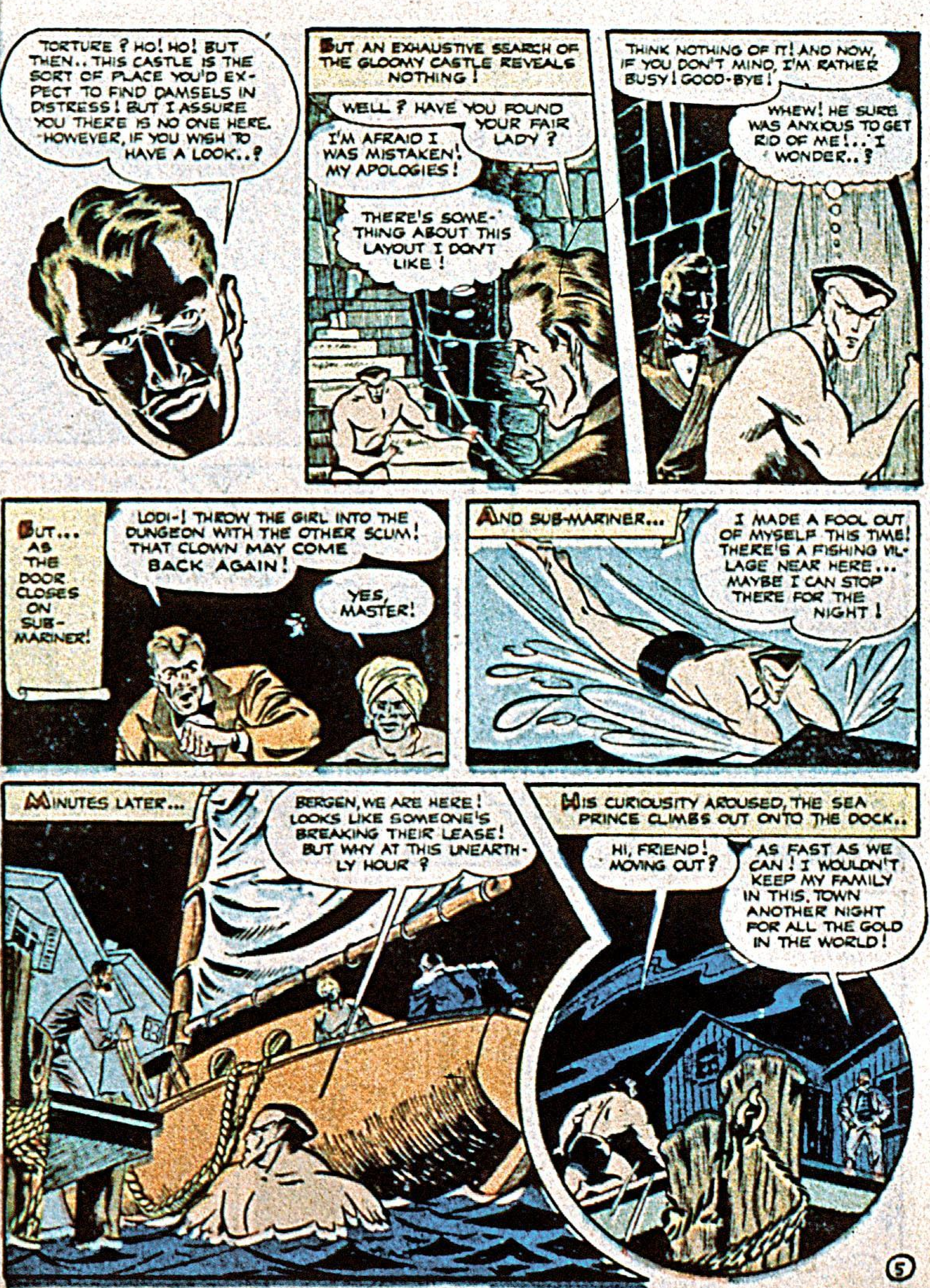

WHERE?
AT THE ROXBURY THEATER! THEY'LL WANT TO LEAVE TOWN, AND FOR THAT THEY'LL NEED MONEY! THAT MEANS THE DAYS RECEIPTS AT THE THEATER!
AND SOME SECONDS LATER...
NICE OF THEM TO HAVE THEIR BAGS PACKED, 'EH, TORCH!
YES! BUT I DOUBT THEY'LL BE NEEDING THEM WHERE THEY'RE GOING!
IT'S THEM! WE'RE COOKED!
OH FOR A HOLE TO CRAWL INTO!
I CAN OBLIGE YOU!
BAHH! I SEE YOU!
COME ON, TORO! YOU LOP-EARED SON! WE'RE TAKING THESE JOY-KILLERS TO THE GLOOM-HOUSE!
MUCH LATER, TO THE TUNE OF THE WEDDING MARCH...
...AND I PRONOUNCE YOU, MAN AND WIFE!
THAT DOES IT!
THE END

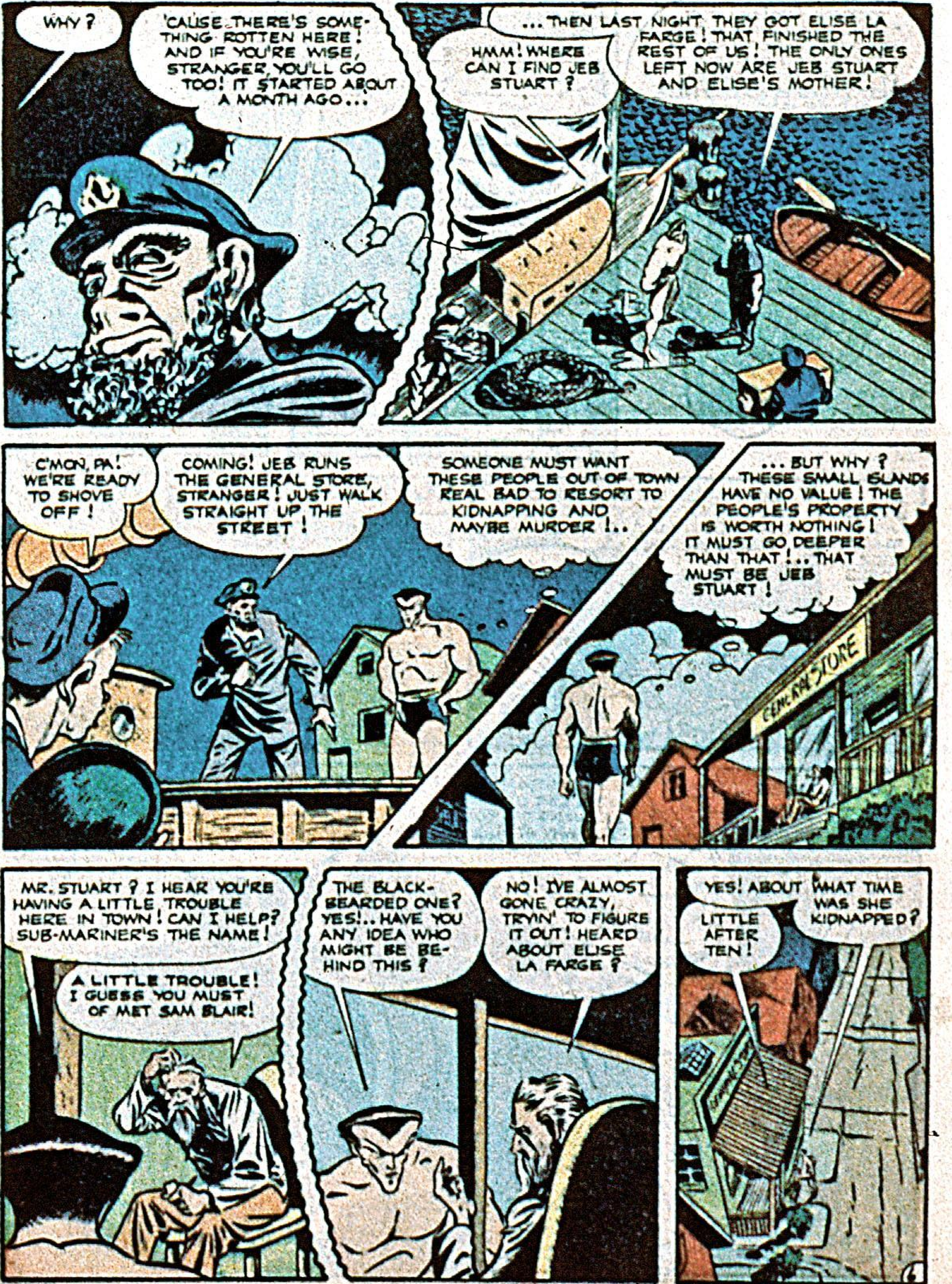

SUB-MARINER
on the ISLAND of GHOSTS...

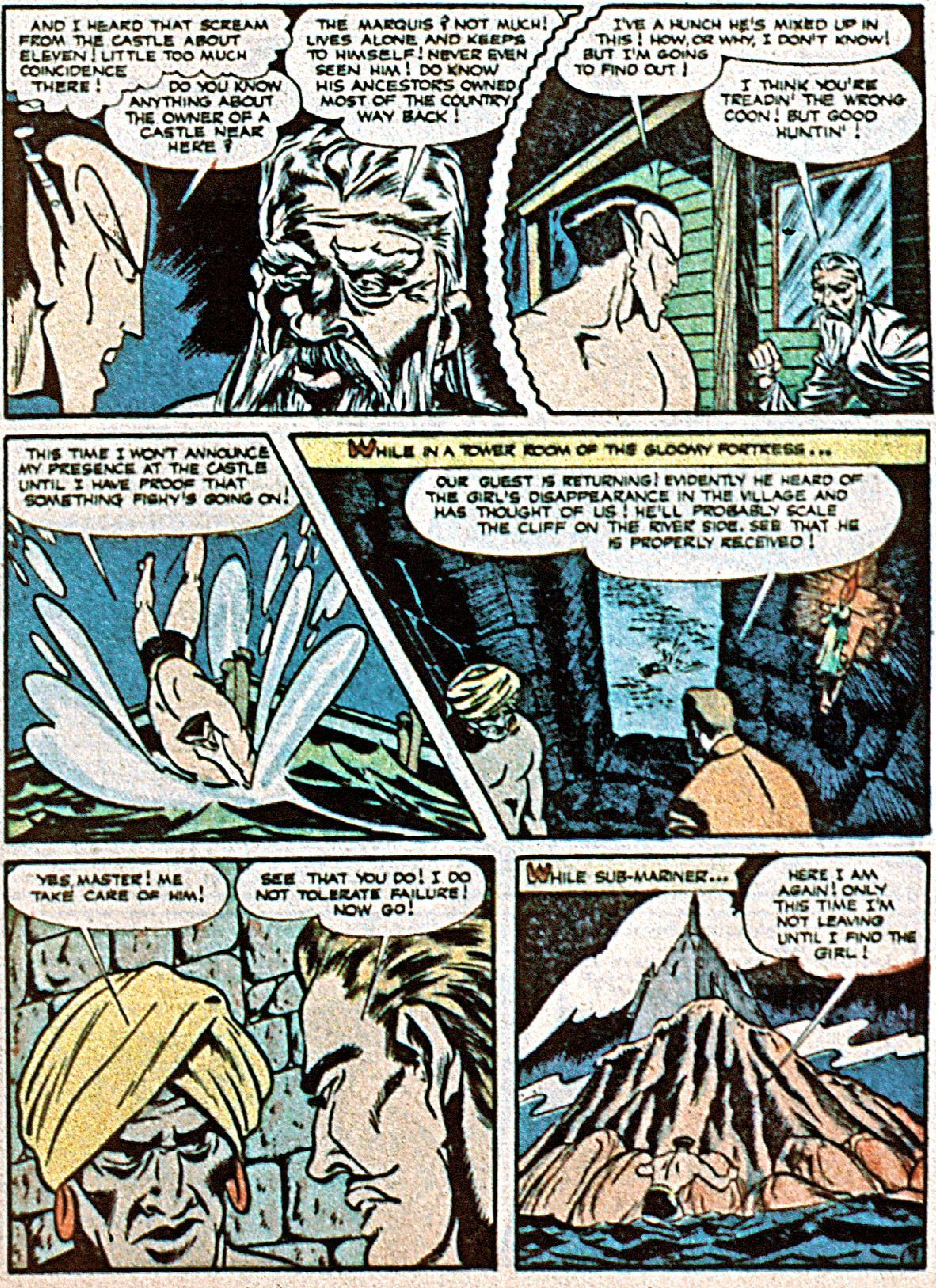

IN THE FISHING VILLAGE OF BERGEN, WHICH NESTLES ON ONE OF THE THOUSAND ISLANDS IN THE ST. LAWRENCE ESTUARY, .. A YOUNG GIRL - !
THERE! IT IS ALMOST-? WHA-? NO! DON'T TOUCH ME! KEEP AWAY! KEEP AWAY!
BUT SHADOWY FIGURES CONVERGE ON THE TERRIFIED GIRL, .. STRIKE SUDDENLY... !
NO! DON'T! PLEASE!... AHHHHH!
ELISE! WHAT'S HAPPENED? ... ELISE!
THEN MELT BACK INTO THE SHADOWS, CARRYING THE GIRL BETWEEN THEM-!
ELISE, WHERE ARE YOU? MY POOR BABY! OH, HELP ME, SOMEONE! HELP!
HELP COMES QUICKLY - !
MATHILDE, WHAT HAPPENED? DID THEY... ?
YES! THE SAME WAY THEY GOT HER FATHER! THEY WENT TOWARD THE RIVER!
MEN--SPREAD OUT AND COVER THE ISLAND! WE MUST FIND ELISE!
BUT TOO LATE - !
YOU DIDN'T FIND... HER?
NOPE! THEY GOT AWAY! IF I BELIEVED IN GHOSTS, I'D ALMOST THINK...
GHOSTS, YES! WE SHOULDA HEEDED THE WARNING, LEFT WITH THE OTHERS! I'M LEAVIN' TONIGHT!
ME TOO! I'M TAKIN' MY WIFE AND KIDS, AND GITTIN' A'FORE THE CURSE ON THIS TOWN GETS US!
I'M STAYIN'! I'M TOO OLD TO RUN FROM CURSES AND SUCH-LIKE!
SAME HERE! WITH PIERRE AND ELISE GONE, I HAVE NOTHING TO LIVE FOR ANYWAY!

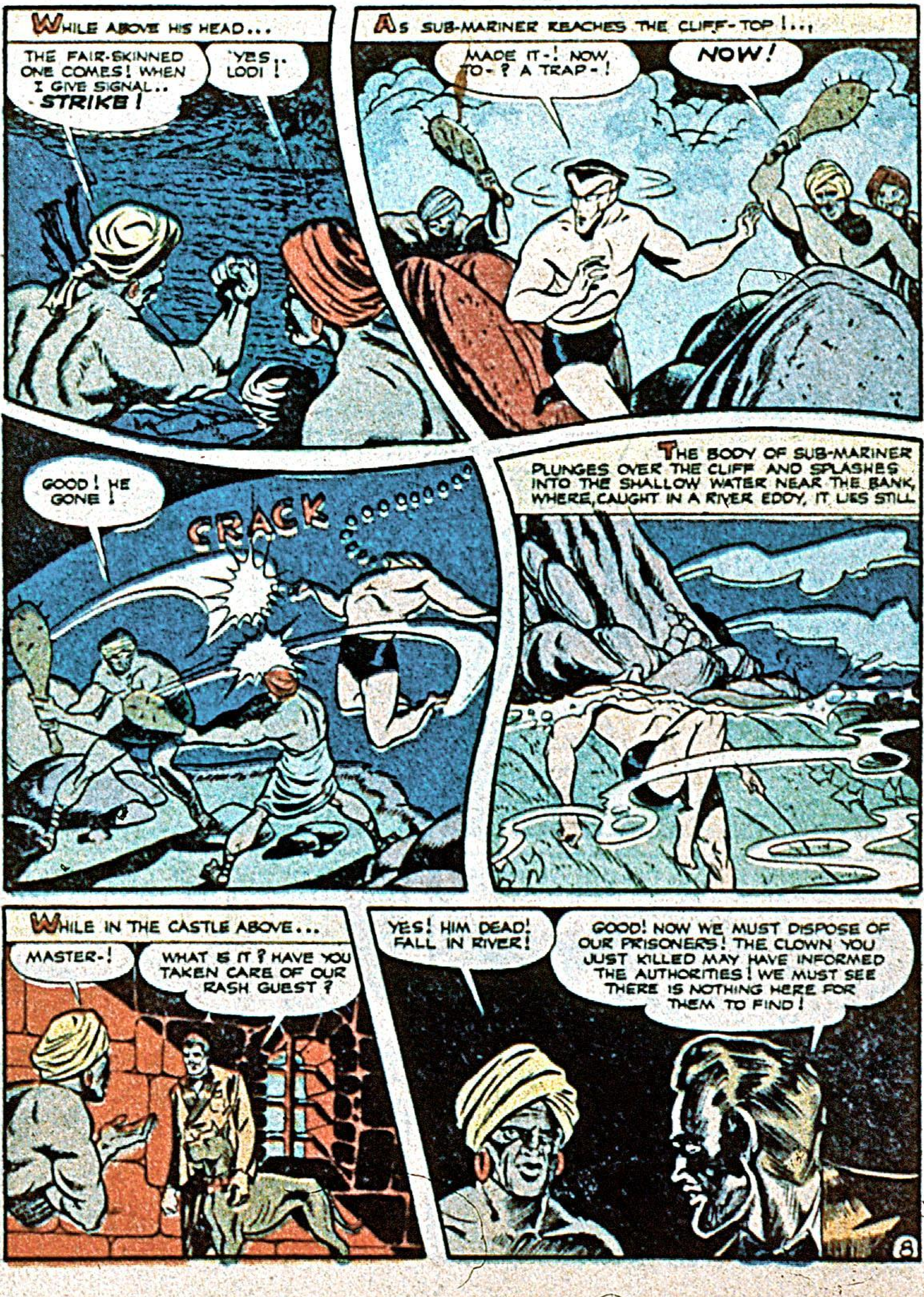

WHILE MAKING HIS WAY UP-RIVER, A FAMILIAR FIGURE-!
THAT SOUNDED LIKE A WOMAN! AND IT CAME FROM THAT OLD CASTLE! BETTER SEE WHAT'S UP!
EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE
SUB-MARINER QUICKLY REACHES THE TOP OF THE STEEP CLIFF...
SUFFERIN' SEAFISH! NOW THAT I'M HERE HOW DO I GET IN? MAYBE THERE'S AN ENTRANCE AROUND THE CORNER!
RACING AROUND THE CORNER, SUB-MARINER CROSSES A DRAW-BRIDGE...
HEY! OPEN UP!
KNOCK
KNOCK
THE DOOR CREAKS OPEN, REVEALING A HUGE NUBIAN-!
WAT YOU WANT, EH?
I WANT IN! SOMEONE'S IN TROUBLE HERE! STAND ASIDE, BIG-BOY OR THERE WILL BE FUR FLYIN'...
NOT SO-! NO CAN COME IN! MASTER NO LIKE-!
MASTER-? YOU MEAN THAT CUTTLEFISH STANDING BEHIND YOU?
AS THE DULL-WITTED GIANT TURNS HIS HEAD-!
WHA-? I NO SEE-! UGHH!
NO! BUT YOU CAN FEEL!

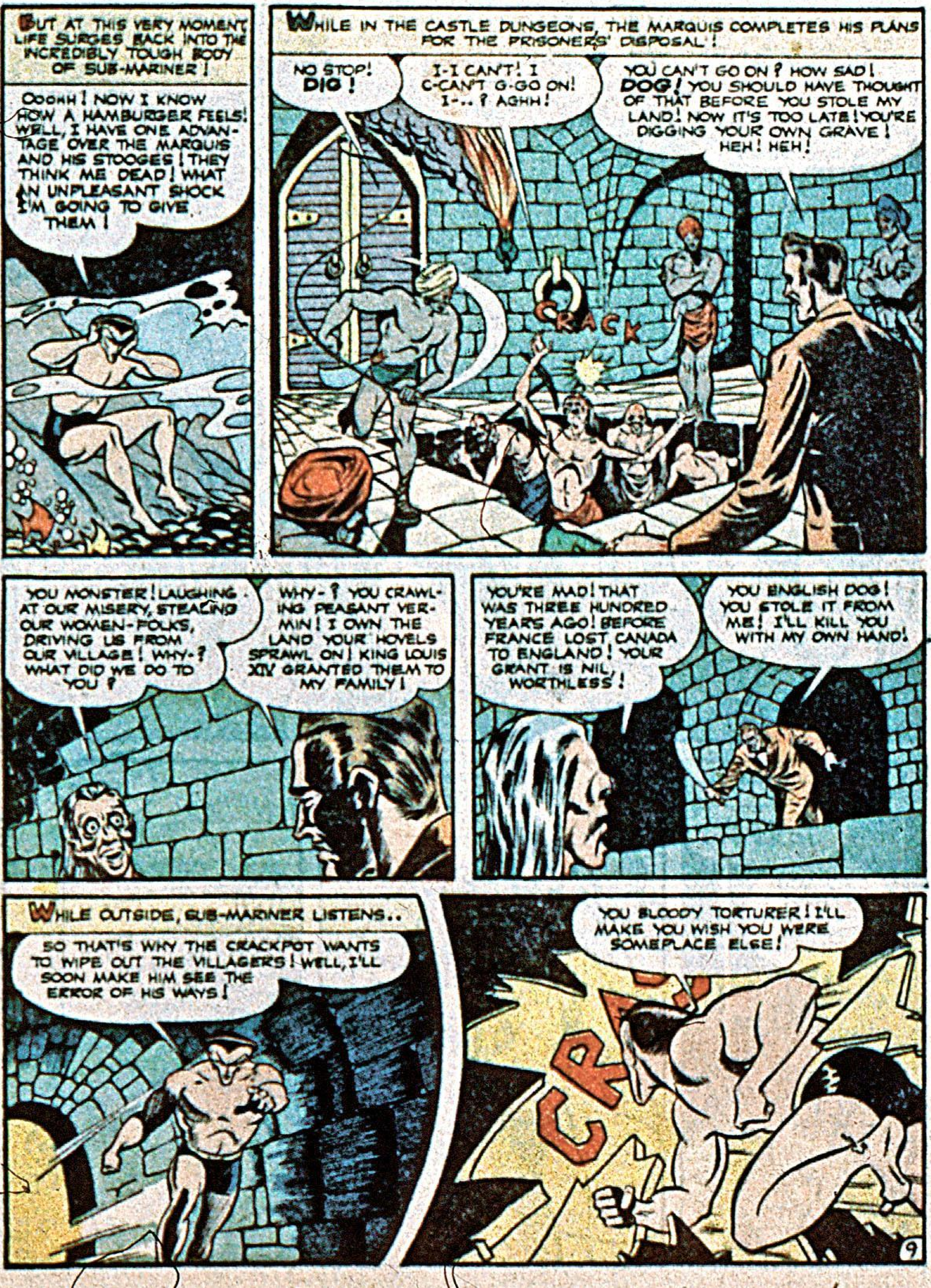

YOU HIT LOOI ? I KILL FOR THAT!
DON'T COUNT ON IT! OTHERS HAVE TRIED AND GOTTEN THE SAME THING YOU'RE..
THE GIANT SIGNALS FOR REINFORCEMENTS...!
..GETTING! NOW FOR YOUR CLUB! I MAY NEED IT TO WELCOME YOUR FRIENDS!
YOU STRONG MAN, BUT NOW YOU DIE..!
TWEEET
BUT AS THEY ARRIVE..!
GET THE FAIR-SKINNED ONE! KILL HIM!
C'MON, YOU REFUGEES FROM THE STONE AGE! LET'S SEE WHAT YOU CAN..!
STOP-! STOP IT I SAY!
GREAT MASTER! THIS PERSON HAS DARED...
SINCE WHEN ARE GUESTS TREATED LIKE THIS ?.. YOU MUST PARDON THE RUDENESS OF MY SERVANTS, SIR!
QUITE A CHARACTER!
HOW DO YOU DO, MR.--- --ER---
A THOUSAND PARDONS! I AM THE MARQUIS LOUIS LE BLANC, AND YOUR SERVANT, SIR! TO WHAT DO I OWE THIS VISIT ?
I'M SUB-MARINER! IN PASSING, I THOUGHT I HEARD A WOMAN'S SCREAM COME FROM THIS CASTLE!
YOU MUST BE MISTAKEN! IT MUST HAVE BEEN THE WIND!
I DON'T THINK SO! IT SOUNDED LIKE A WOMAN UNDER TORTURE!
6

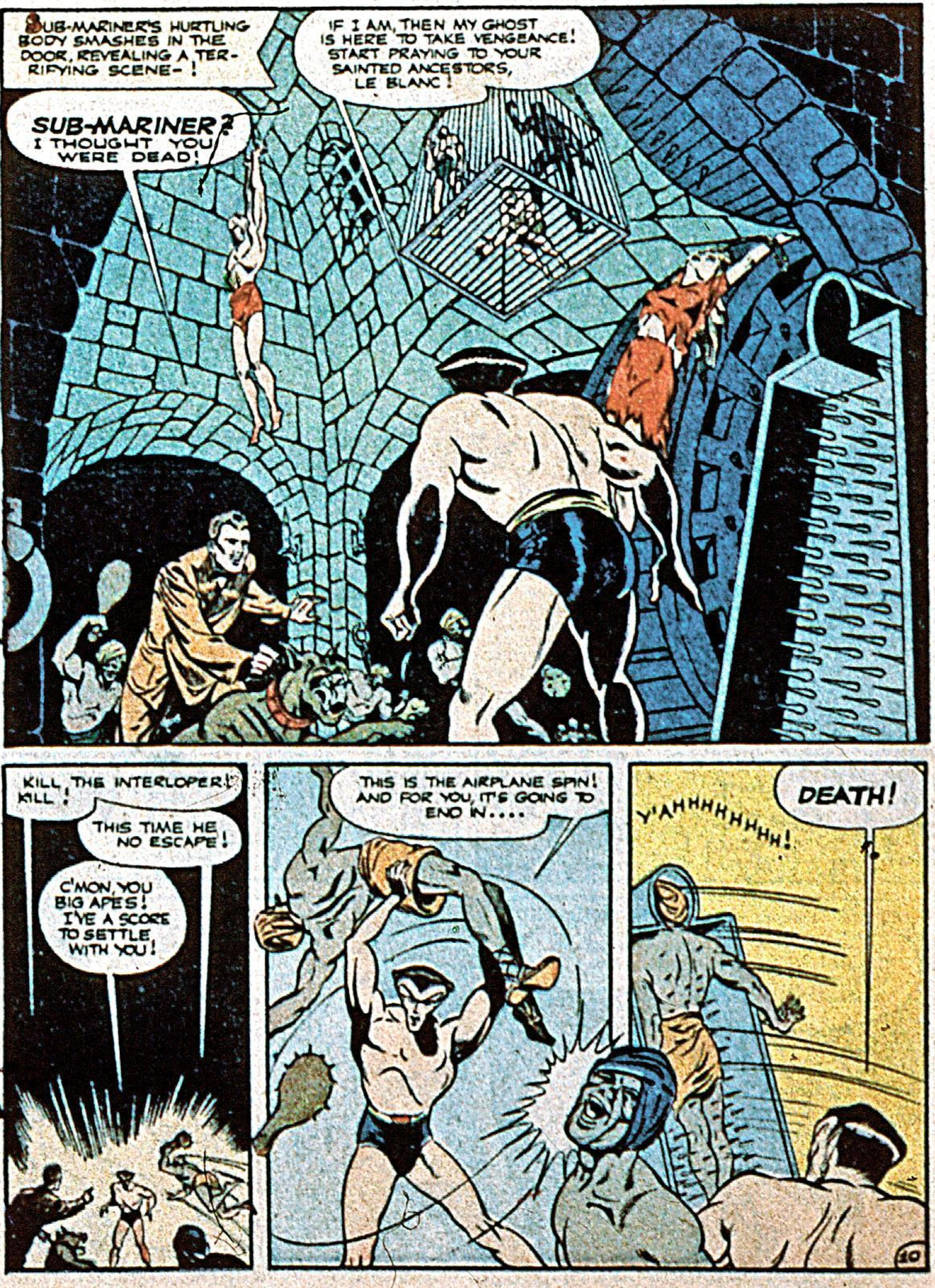

TORTURE ? HO! HO! BUT THEN.. THIS CASTLE IS THE SORT OF PLACE YOU'D EXPECT TO FIND DAMSELS IN DISTRESS! BUT I ASSURE YOU THERE IS NO ONE HERE. HOWEVER, IF YOU WISH TO HAVE A LOOK..?
BUT AN EXHAUSTIVE SEARCH OF THE GLOOMY CASTLE REVEALS NOTHING!
WELL ? HAVE YOU FOUND YOUR FAIR LADY ?
I'M AFRAID I WAS MISTAKEN! MY APOLOGIES!
THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THIS LAYOUT I DON'T LIKE!
THINK NOTHING OF IT! AND NOW, IF YOU DON'T MIND, I'M RATHER BUSY! GOOD-BYE!
WHEW! HE SURE WAS ANXIOUS TO GET RID OF ME!..I WONDER..?
BUT... AS THE DOOR CLOSES ON SUB-MARINER!
LODI-! THROW THE GIRL INTO THE DUNGEON WITH THE OTHER SCUM! THAT CLOWN MAY COME BACK AGAIN!
YES, MASTER!
AND SUB-MARINER...
I MADE A FOOL OUT OF MYSELF THIS TIME! THERE'S A FISHING VILLAGE NEAR HERE... MAYBE I CAN STOP THERE FOR THE NIGHT!
MINUTES LATER...
BERGEN, WE ARE HERE! LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE'S BREAKING THEIR LEASE! BUT WHY AT THIS UNEARTHLY HOUR ?
HIS CURIOUSITY AROUSED, THE SEA PRINCE CLIMBS OUT ONTO THE DOCK..
HI, FRIEND! MOVING OUT?
AS FAST AS WE CAN! I WOULDN'T KEEP MY FAMILY IN THIS TOWN ANOTHER NIGHT FOR ALL THE GOLD IN THE WORLD!

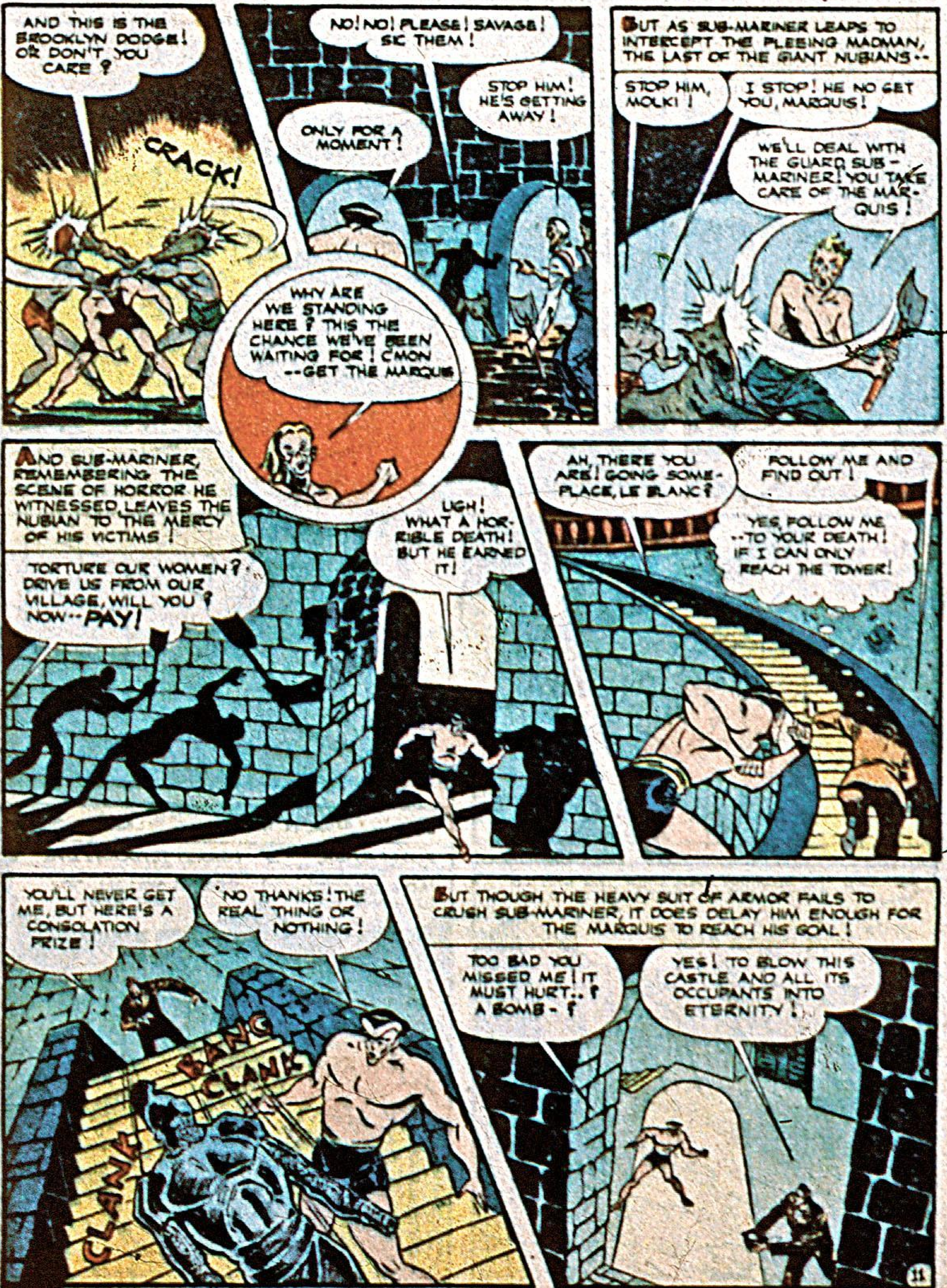

WHY ?
'CAUSE THERE'S SOMETHING ROTTEN HERE! AND IF YOU'RE WISE, STRANGER, YOU'LL GO TOO! IT STARTED ABOUT A MONTH AGO...
...THEN LAST NIGHT THEY GOT ELISE LA FARGE! THAT FINISHED THE REST OF US! THE ONLY ONES LEFT NOW ARE JEB STUART AND ELISE'S MOTHER!
HMM! WHERE CAN I FIND JEB STUART ?
C'MON, PA! WE'RE READY TO SHOVE OFF!
COMING! JEB RUNS THE GENERAL STORE, STRANGER! JUST WALK STRAIGHT UP THE STREET!
SOMEONE MUST WANT THESE PEOPLE OUT OF TOWN REAL BAD TO RESORT TO KIDNAPPING AND MAYBE MURDER!..
...BUT WHY ? THESE SMALL ISLANDS HAVE NO VALUE! THE PEOPLE'S PROPERTY IS WORTH NOTHING! IT MUST GO DEEPER THAN THAT!.. THAT MUST BE JEB STUART!
GENERAL STORE
MR. STUART ? I HEAR YOU'RE HAVING A LITTLE TROUBLE HERE IN TOWN! CAN I HELP? SUB-MARINER'S THE NAME!
A LITTLE TROUBLE! I GUESS YOU MUST OF MET SAM BLAIR!
THE BLACK-BEARDED ONE? YES!.. HAVE YOU ANY IDEA WHO MIGHT BE BEHIND THIS ?
NO! I'VE ALMOST GONE CRAZY, TRYIN' TO FIGURE IT OUT! HEARD ABOUT ELISE LA FARGE ?
YES! ABOUT WHAT TIME WAS SHE KIDNAPPED?
LITTLE AFTER TEN!

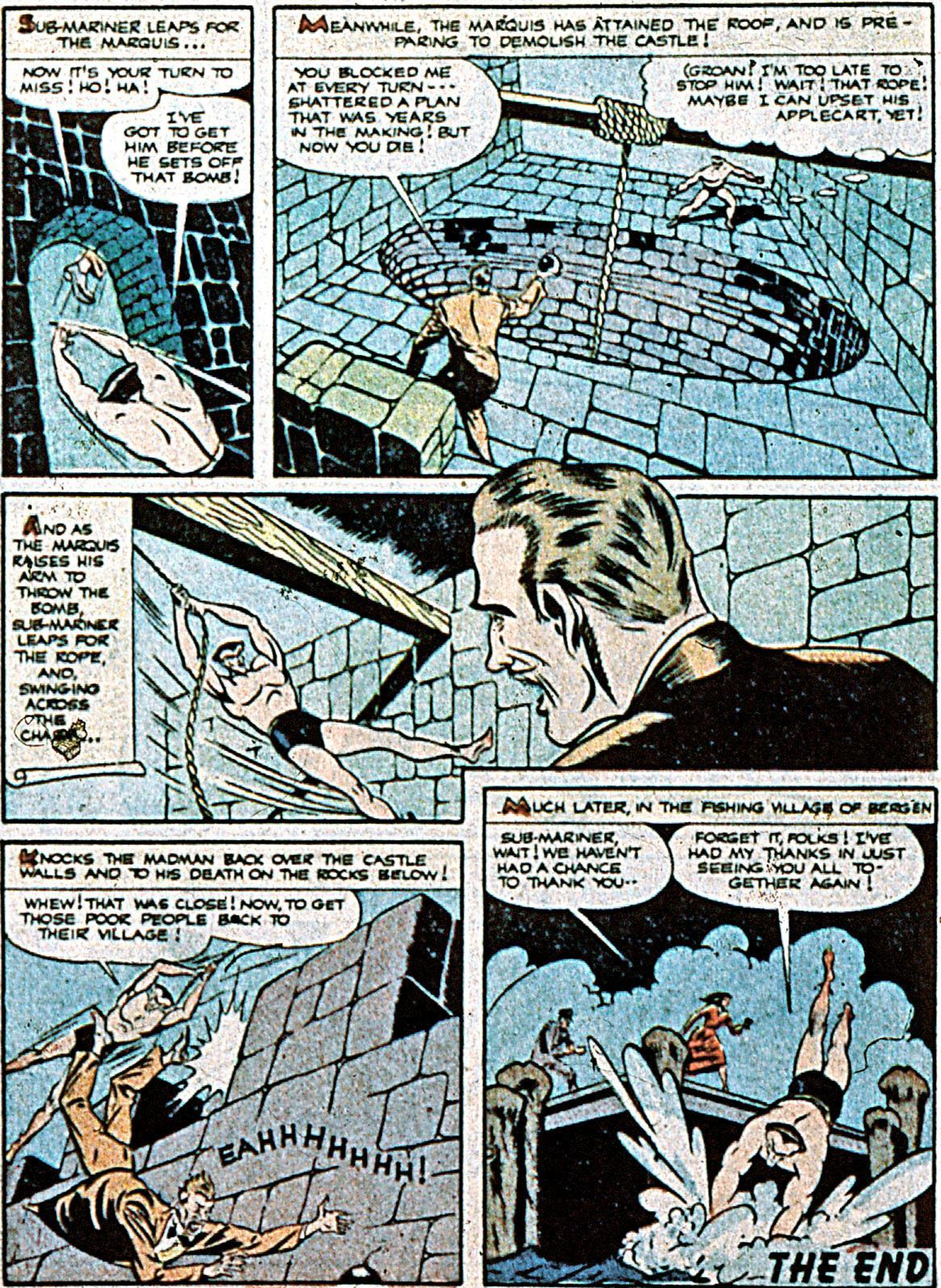

AND I HEARD THAT SCREAM FROM THE CASTLE ABOUT ELEVEN! LITTLE TOO MUCH COINCIDENCE THERE!
DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THE OWNER OF A CASTLE NEAR HERE?
THE MARQUIS? NOT MUCH! LIVES ALONE AND KEEPS TO HIMSELF! NEVER EVEN SEEN HIM! DO KNOW HIS ANCESTORS OWNED MOST OF THE COUNTRY WAY BACK!
I'VE A HUNCH HE'S MIXED UP IN THIS! HOW, OR WHY, I DON'T KNOW! BUT I'M GOING TO FIND OUT!
I THINK YOU'RE TREADIN' THE WRONG COON! BUT GOOD HUNTIN'!
THIS TIME I WON'T ANNOUNCE MY PRESENCE AT THE CASTLE UNTIL I HAVE PROOF THAT SOMETHING FISHY'S GOING ON!
WHILE IN A TOWER ROOM OF THE GLOOMY FORTRESS...
OUR GUEST IS RETURNING! EVIDENTLY HE HEARD OF THE GIRL'S DISAPPEARANCE IN THE VILLAGE AND HAS THOUGHT OF US! HE'LL PROBABLY SCALE THE CLIFF ON THE RIVER SIDE. SEE THAT HE IS PROPERLY RECEIVED!
YES, MASTER! ME TAKE CARE OF HIM!
SEE THAT YOU DO! I DO NOT TOLERATE FAILURE! NOW GO!
WHILE SUB-MARINER...
HERE I AM AGAIN! ONLY THIS TIME I'M NOT LEAVING UNTIL I FIND THE GIRL!

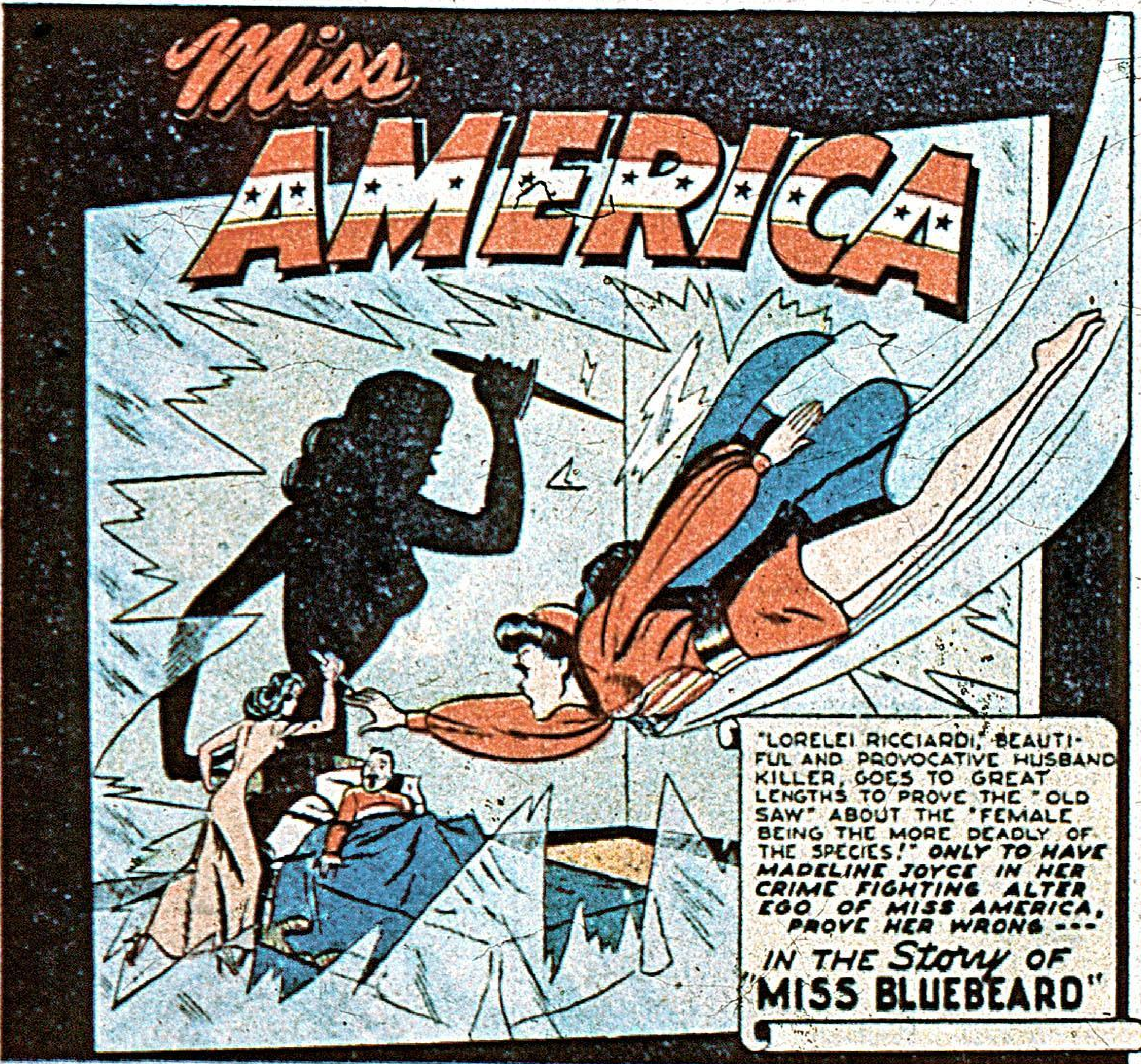

WHILE ABOVE HIS HEAD...
THE FAIR-SKINNED ONE COMES! WHEN I GIVE SIGNAL.. STRIKE!
YES, LODI!
AS SUB-MARINER REACHES THE CLIFF-TOP!...
MADE IT-! NOW TO-? A TRAP-!
NOW!
GOOD! HE GONE!
CRACK
THE BODY OF SUB-MARINER PLUNGES OVER THE CLIFF AND SPLASHES INTO THE SHALLOW WATER NEAR THE BANK, WHERE, CAUGHT IN A RIVER EDDY, IT LIES STILL
WHILE IN THE CASTLE ABOVE...
MASTER-!
WHAT IS IT? HAVE YOU TAKEN CARE OF OUR RASH GUEST?
YES! HIM DEAD! FALL IN RIVER!
GOOD! NOW WE MUST DISPOSE OF OUR PRISONERS! THE CLOWN YOU JUST KILLED MAY HAVE INFORMED THE AUTHORITIES! WE MUST SEE THERE IS NOTHING HERE FOR THEM TO FIND!


BUT AT THIS VERY MOMENT LIFE SURGES BACK INTO THE INCREDIBLY TOUGH BODY OF SUB-MARINER!
OOOHH! NOW I KNOW HOW A HAMBURGER FEELS! WELL, I HAVE ONE ADVANTAGE OVER THE MARQUIS AND HIS STOOGES! THEY THINK ME DEAD! WHAT AN UNPLEASANT SHOCK I'M GOING TO GIVE THEM!
WHILE IN THE CASTLE DUNGEONS, THE MARQUIS COMPLETES HIS PLANS FOR THE PRISONERS' DISPOSAL!
NO STOP! DIG!
I-I CAN'T! I C-CAN'T G-GO ON! I-..? AGHH!
YOU CAN'T GO ON? HOW SAD! DOG! YOU SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT OF THAT BEFORE YOU STOLE MY LAND! NOW IT'S TOO LATE! YOU'RE DIGGING YOUR OWN GRAVE! HEH! HEH!
CRACK
YOU MONSTER! LAUGHING AT OUR MISERY, STEALING OUR WOMEN-FOLKS, DRIVING US FROM OUR VILLAGE! WHY-? WHAT DID WE DO TO YOU?
WHY-? YOU CRAWLING PEASANT VERMIN! I OWN THE LAND YOUR HOVELS SPRAWL ON! KING LOUIS XIV GRANTED THEM TO MY FAMILY!
YOU'RE MAD! THAT WAS THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO! BEFORE FRANCE LOST CANADA TO ENGLAND! YOUR GRANT IS NIL, WORTHLESS!
YOU ENGLISH DOG! YOU STOLE IT FROM ME! I'LL KILL YOU WITH MY OWN HAND!
WHILE OUTSIDE, SUB-MARINER LISTENS..
SO THAT'S WHY THE CRACKPOT WANTS TO WIPE OUT THE VILLAGERS! WELL, I'LL SOON MAKE HIM SEE THE ERROR OF HIS WAYS!
YOU BLOODY TORTURER! I'LL MAKE YOU WISH YOU WERE SOMEPLACE ELSE!
CRA

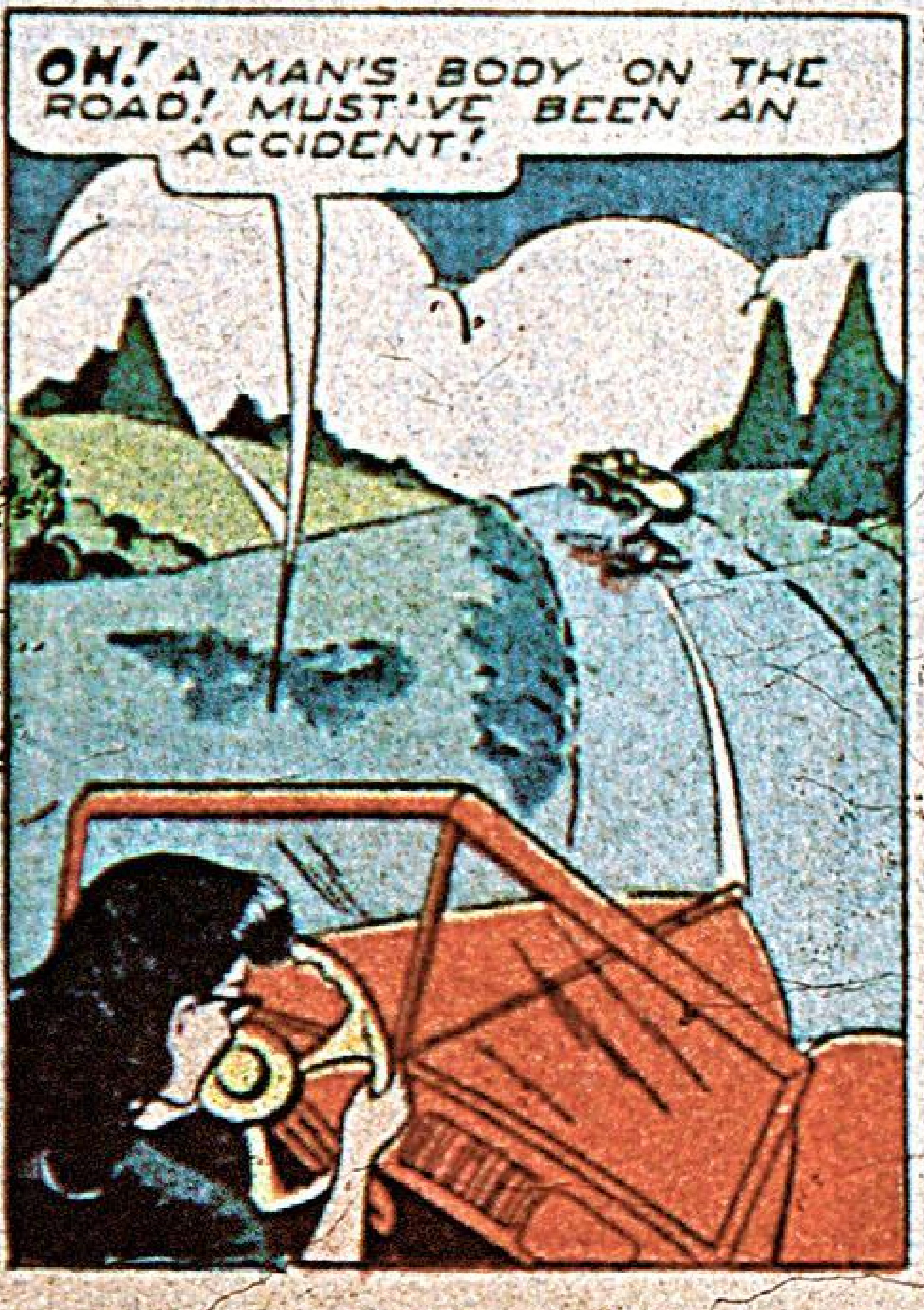

SUB-MARINER'S HURTLING BODY SMASHES IN THE DOOR, REVEALING A TERRIFYING SCENE-!
IF I AM, THEN MY GHOST IS HERE TO TAKE VENGEANCE! START PRAYING TO YOUR SAINTED ANCESTORS, LE BLANC!
SUB-MARINER? I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD!
KILL THE INTERLOPER! KILL!
THIS TIME HE NO ESCAPE!
C'MON, YOU BIG APES! I'VE A SCORE TO SETTLE WITH YOU!
THIS IS THE AIRPLANE SPIN! AND FOR YOU, IT'S GOING TO END IN....
Y'AHHHHHHHHH!
DEATH!

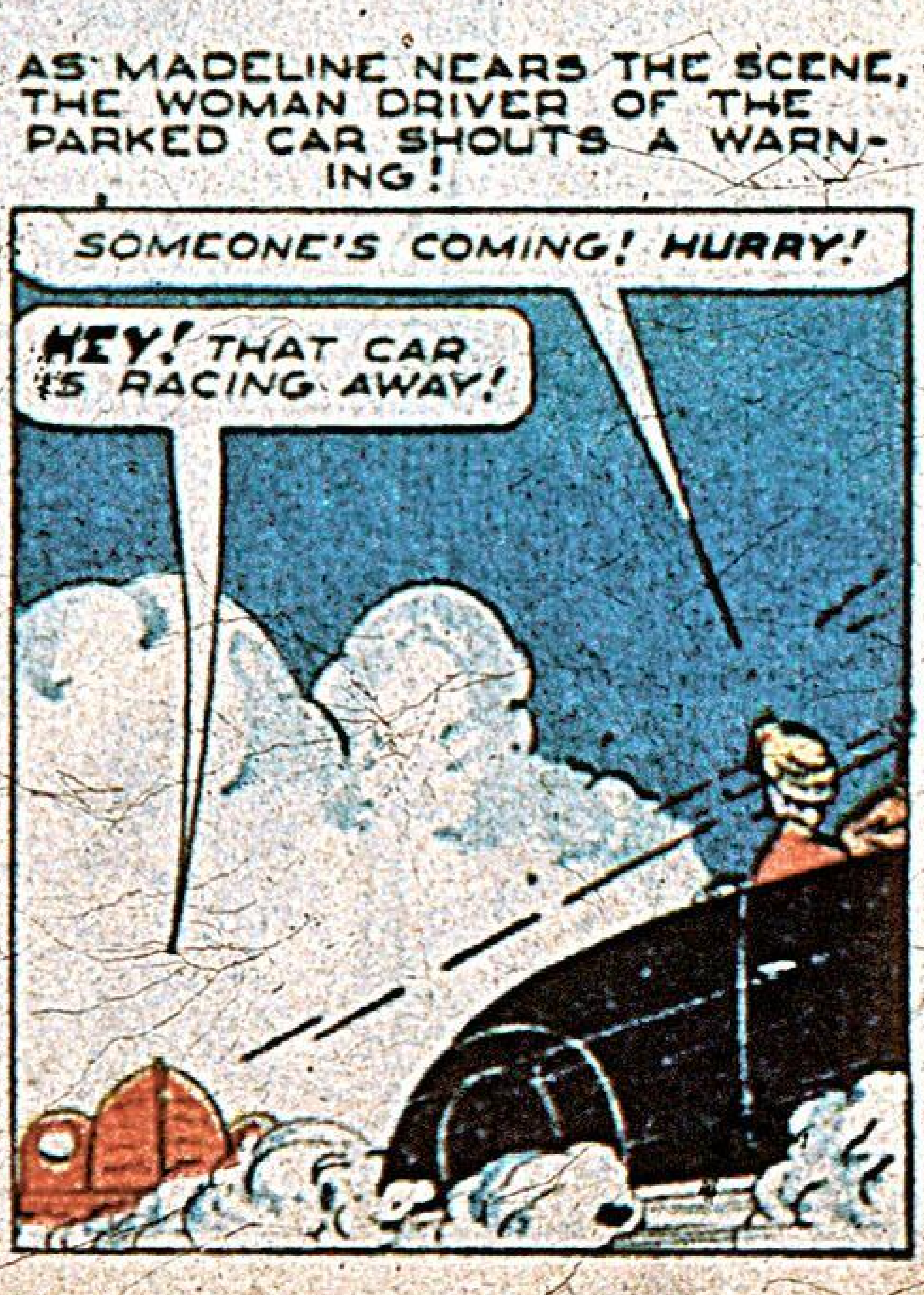

AND THIS IS THE BROOKLYN DODGE! OR DON'T YOU CARE?
CRACK!
NO! NO! PLEASE! SAVAGE! SIC THEM!
STOP HIM! HE'S GETTING AWAY!
ONLY FOR A MOMENT!
WHY ARE WE STANDING HERE? THIS THE CHANCE WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR! C'MON --GET THE MARQUIS
BUT AS SUB-MARINER LEAPS TO INTERCEPT THE FLEEING MADMAN, THE LAST OF THE GIANT NUBIANS--
STOP HIM, MOLKI!
I STOP! HE NO GET YOU, MARQUIS!
WE'LL DEAL WITH THE GUARD SUB-MARINER! YOU TAKE CARE OF THE MARQUIS!
AND SUB-MARINER, REMEMBERING THE SCENE OF HORROR HE WITNESSED LEAVES THE NUBIAN TO THE MERCY OF HIS VICTIMS!
TORTURE OUR WOMEN? DRIVE US FROM OUR VILLAGE, WILL YOU? NOW--PAY!
UGH! WHAT A HORRIBLE DEATH! BUT HE EARNED IT!
AH, THERE YOU ARE! GOING SOMEPLACE, LE BLANC?
FOLLOW ME AND FIND OUT!
YES, FOLLOW ME --TO YOUR DEATH! IF I CAN ONLY REACH THE TOWER!
YOU'LL NEVER GET ME, BUT HERE'S A CONSOLATION PRIZE!
NO THANKS! THE REAL THING OR NOTHING!
CLANK
BANG
CLANK
CLANK
BUT THOUGH THE HEAVY SUIT OF ARMOR FAILS TO CRUSH SUB-MARINER, IT DOES DELAY HIM ENOUGH FOR THE MARQUIS TO REACH HIS GOAL!
TOO BAD YOU MISSED ME! IT MUST HURT..? A BOMB-?
YES! TO BLOW THIS CASTLE AND ALL ITS OCCUPANTS INTO ETERNITY!


SUB-MARINER LEAPS FOR THE MARQUIS...
NOW IT'S YOUR TURN TO MISS! HO! HA!
I'VE GOT TO GET HIM BEFORE HE SETS OFF THAT BOMB!
MEANWHILE, THE MARQUIS HAS ATTAINED THE ROOF, AND IS PREPARING TO DEMOLISH THE CASTLE!
YOU BLOCKED ME AT EVERY TURN--- SHATTERED A PLAN THAT WAS YEARS IN THE MAKING! BUT NOW YOU DIE!
(GROAN! I'M TOO LATE TO STOP HIM! WAIT! THAT ROPE! MAYBE I CAN UPSET HIS APPLECART, YET!
AND AS THE MARQUIS RAISES HIS ARM TO THROW THE BOMB, SUB-MARINER LEAPS FOR THE ROPE, AND, SWINGING ACROSS THE CHASM...
KNOCKS THE MADMAN BACK OVER THE CASTLE WALLS AND TO HIS DEATH ON THE ROCKS BELOW!
WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE! NOW, TO GET THOSE POOR PEOPLE BACK TO THEIR VILLAGE!
EAHHHHHHHH!
MUCH LATER, IN THE FISHING VILLAGE OF BERGEN
SUB-MARINER, WAIT! WE HAVEN'T HAD A CHANCE TO THANK YOU--
FORGET IT, FOLKS! I'VE HAD MY THANKS IN JUST SEEING YOU ALL TOGETHER AGAIN!
THE END

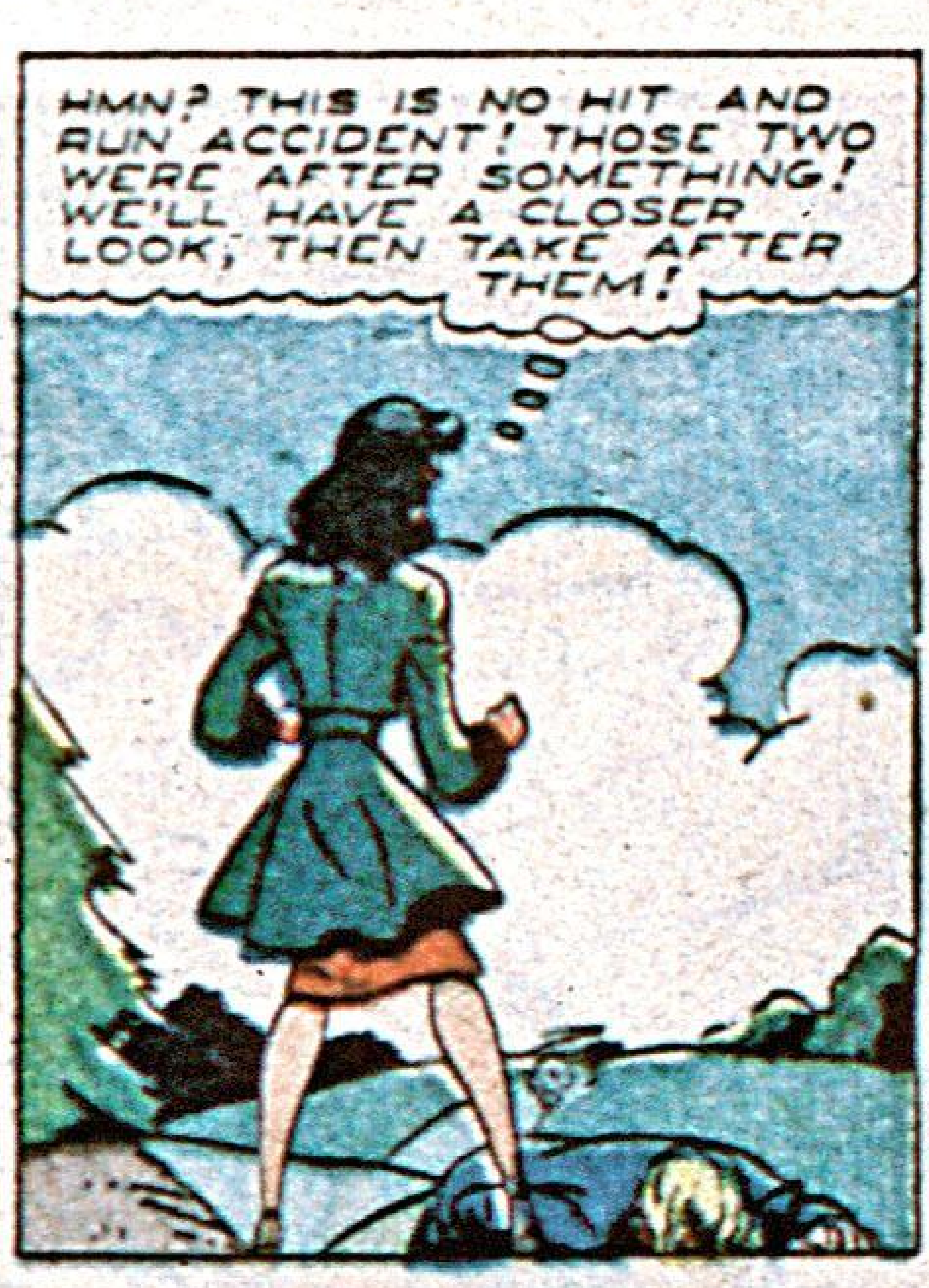

Miss AMERICA
"LORELEI RICCIARDI, BEAUTIFUL AND PROVOCATIVE HUSBAND KILLER, GOES TO GREAT LENGTHS TO PROVE THE "OLD SAW" ABOUT THE "FEMALE BEING THE MORE DEADLY OF THE SPECIES!" ONLY TO HAVE MADELINE JOYCE IN HER CRIME FIGHTING ALTER EGO OF MISS AMERICA, PROVE HER WRONG---
IN THE Story OF "MISS BLUEBEARD"

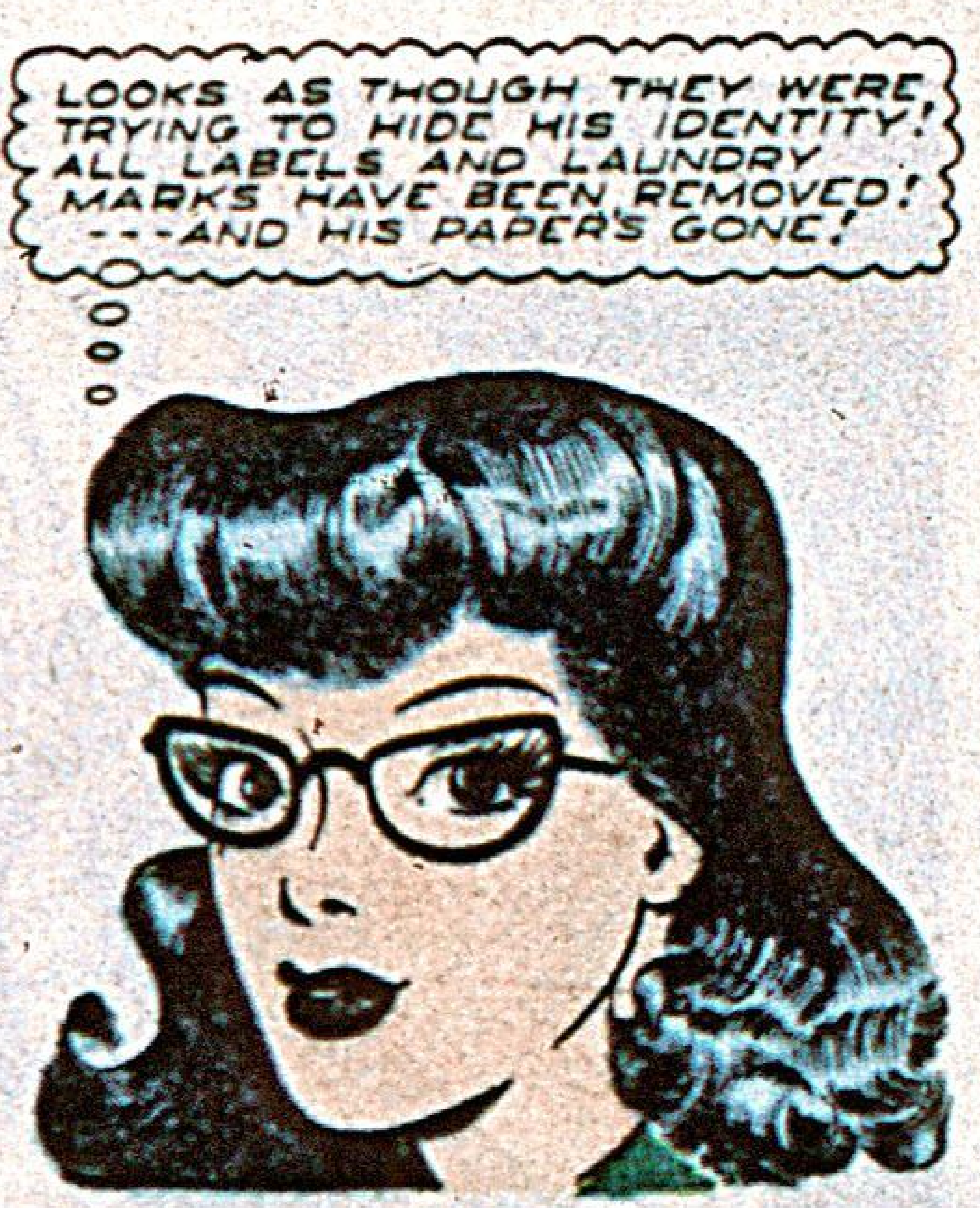
MADELINE, AFTER A SHOPPING TOUR IN THE CITY, IS ON HER WAY TO HER LONG ISLAND HOME!


OH! A MAN'S BODY ON THE ROAD! MUST'VE BEEN AN ACCIDENT!

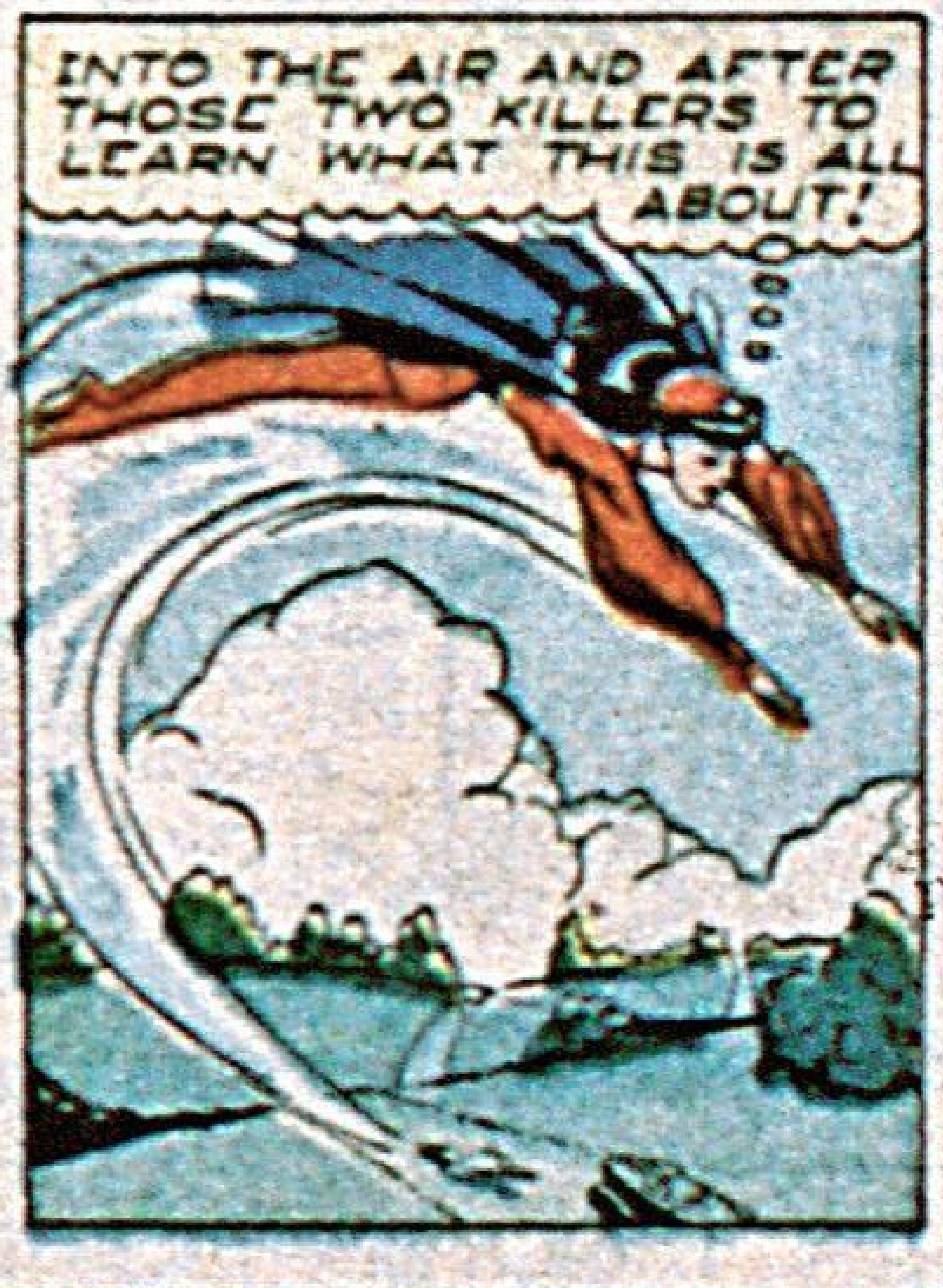

AS MADELINE NEARS THE SCENE, THE WOMAN DRIVER OF THE PARKED CAR SHOUTS A WARNING!
SOMEONE'S COMING! HURRY!
HEY! THAT CAR IS RACING AWAY!

MADELINE'S SHARP EYES DETECT THE EVIDENCE OF A SEARCH OF THE BODY IN THE ROAD!

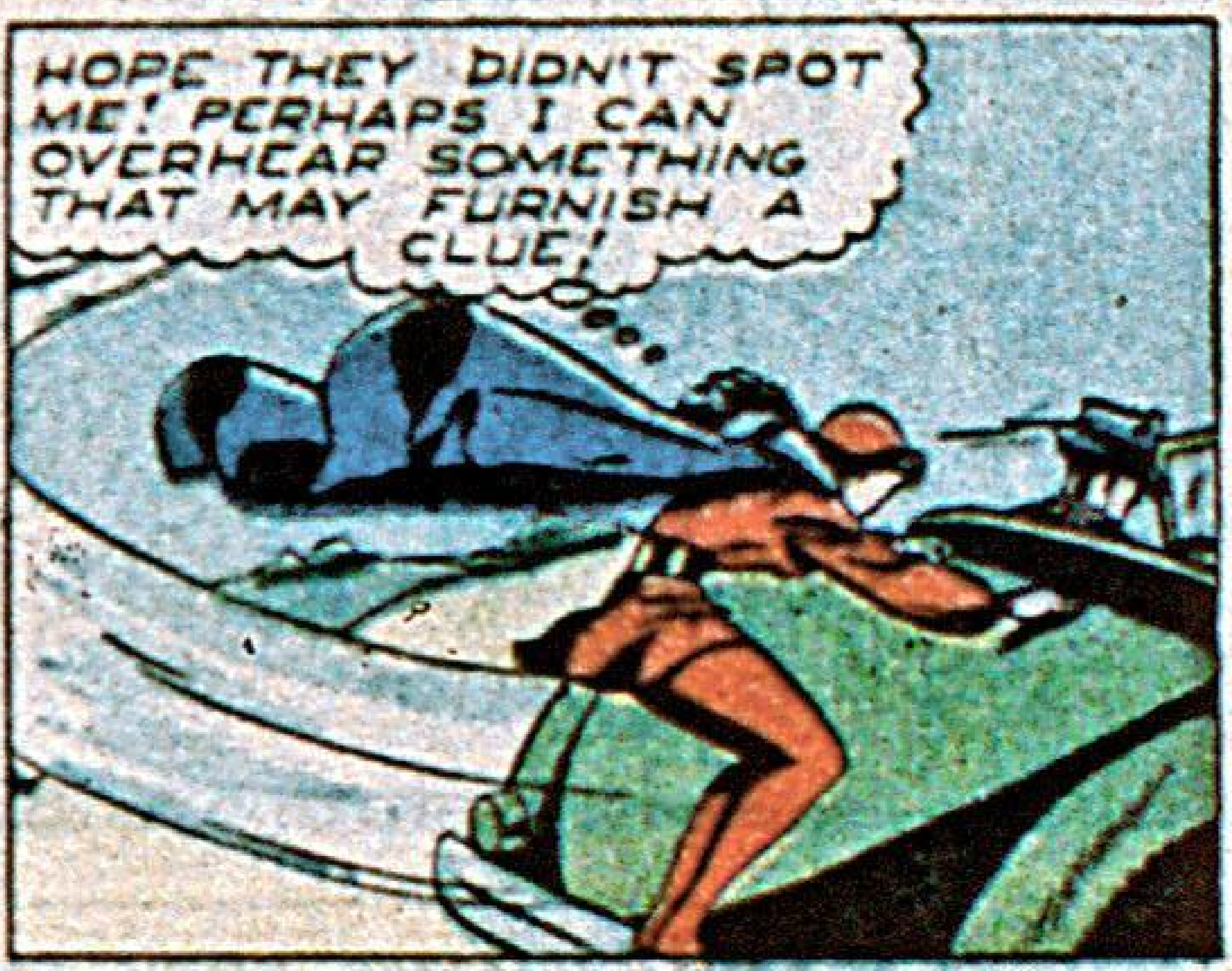

HMN? THIS IS NO HIT AND RUN ACCIDENT! THOSE TWO WERE AFTER SOMETHING! WE'LL HAVE A CLOSER LOOK, THEN TAKE AFTER THEM!

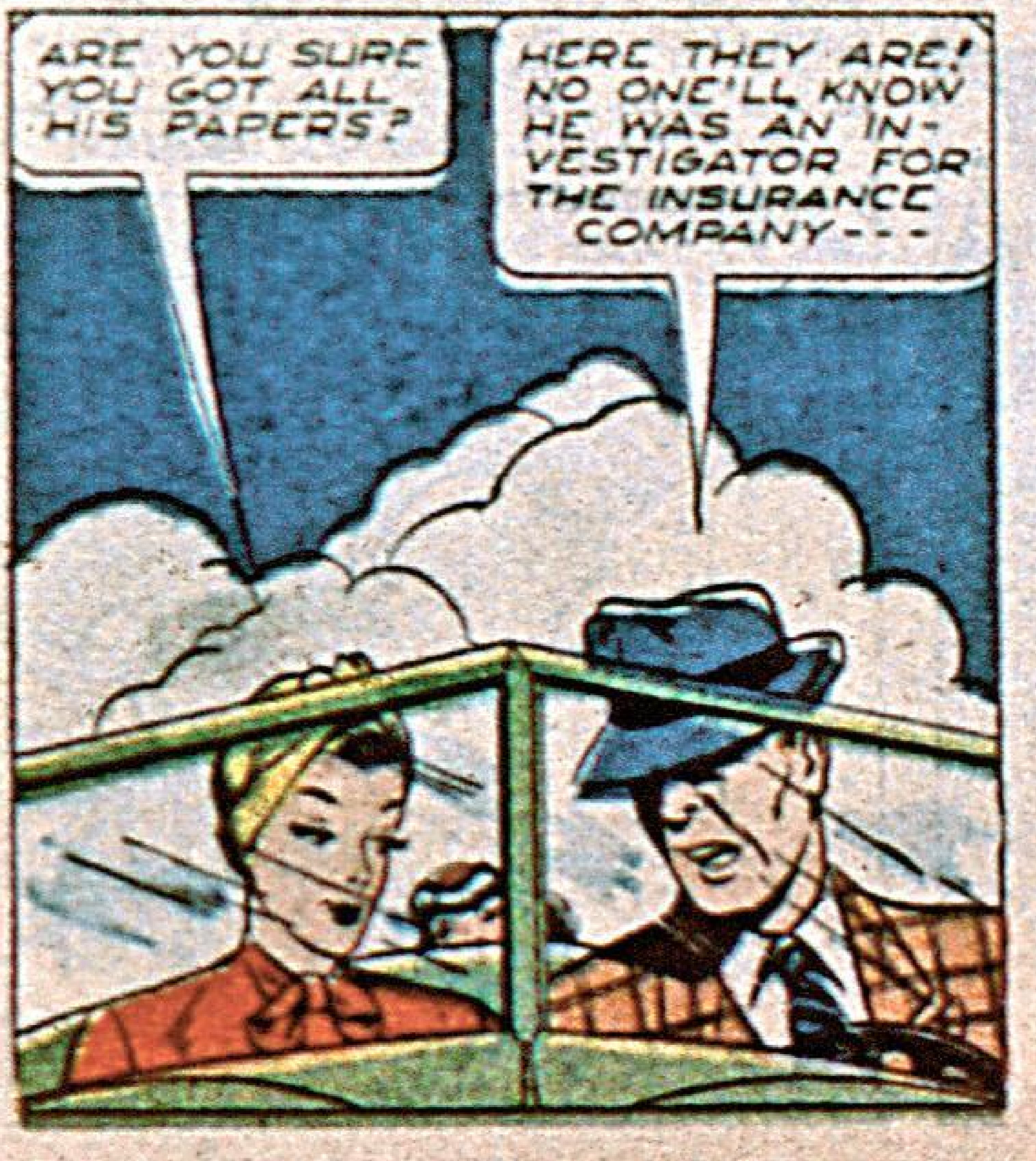

LOOKS AS THOUGH THEY WERE TRYING TO HIDE HIS IDENTITY! ALL LABELS AND LAUNDRY MARKS HAVE BEEN REMOVED! ---AND HIS PAPER'S GONE!

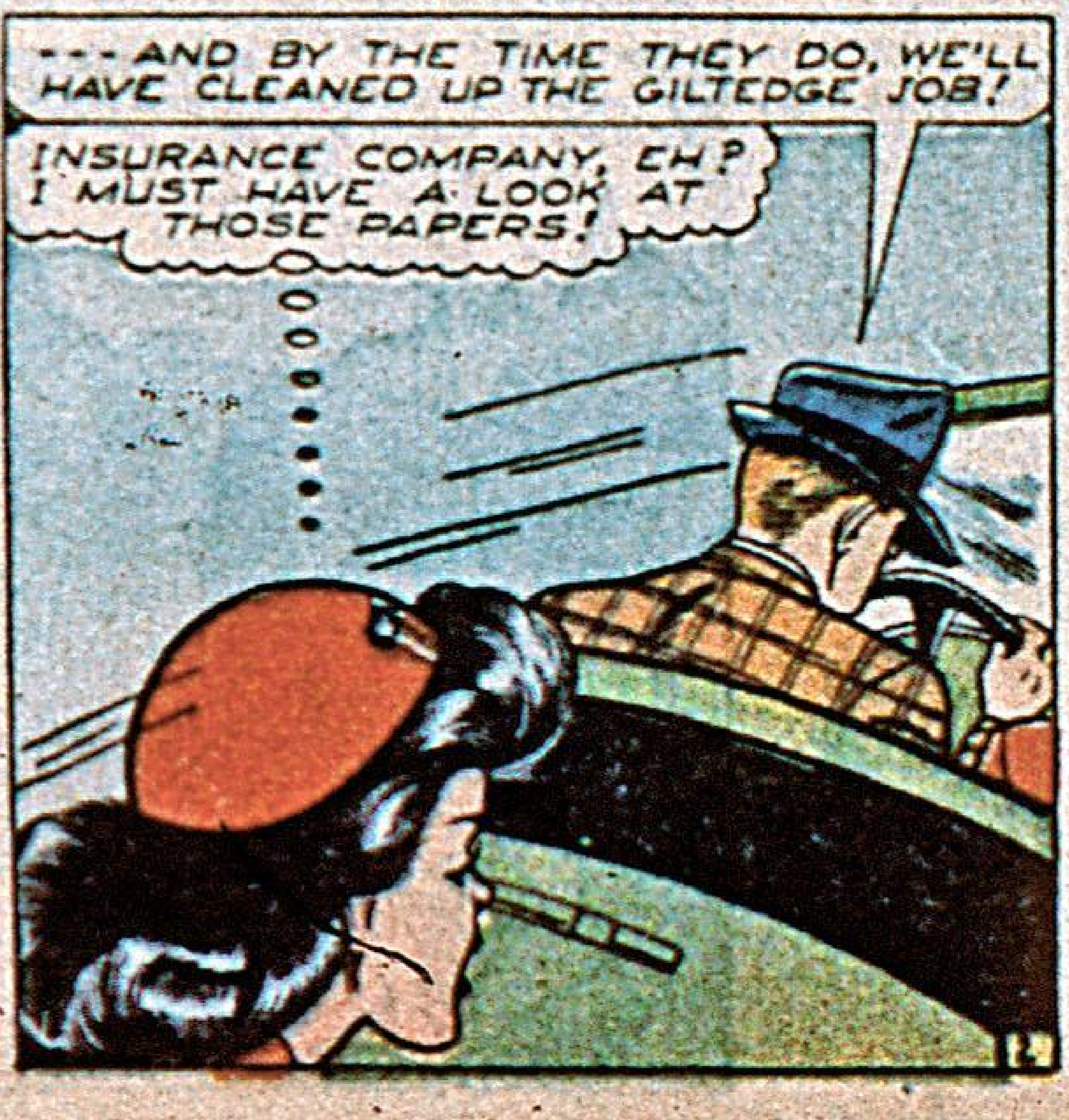
SPLIT SECONDS LATER, AFTER SWITCHING TO HER FIGHTING ROLE OF MISS AMERICA, MADELINE IS ARCHING INTO THE AIR AWAY FROM THE BODY OF THE DEAD MAN!

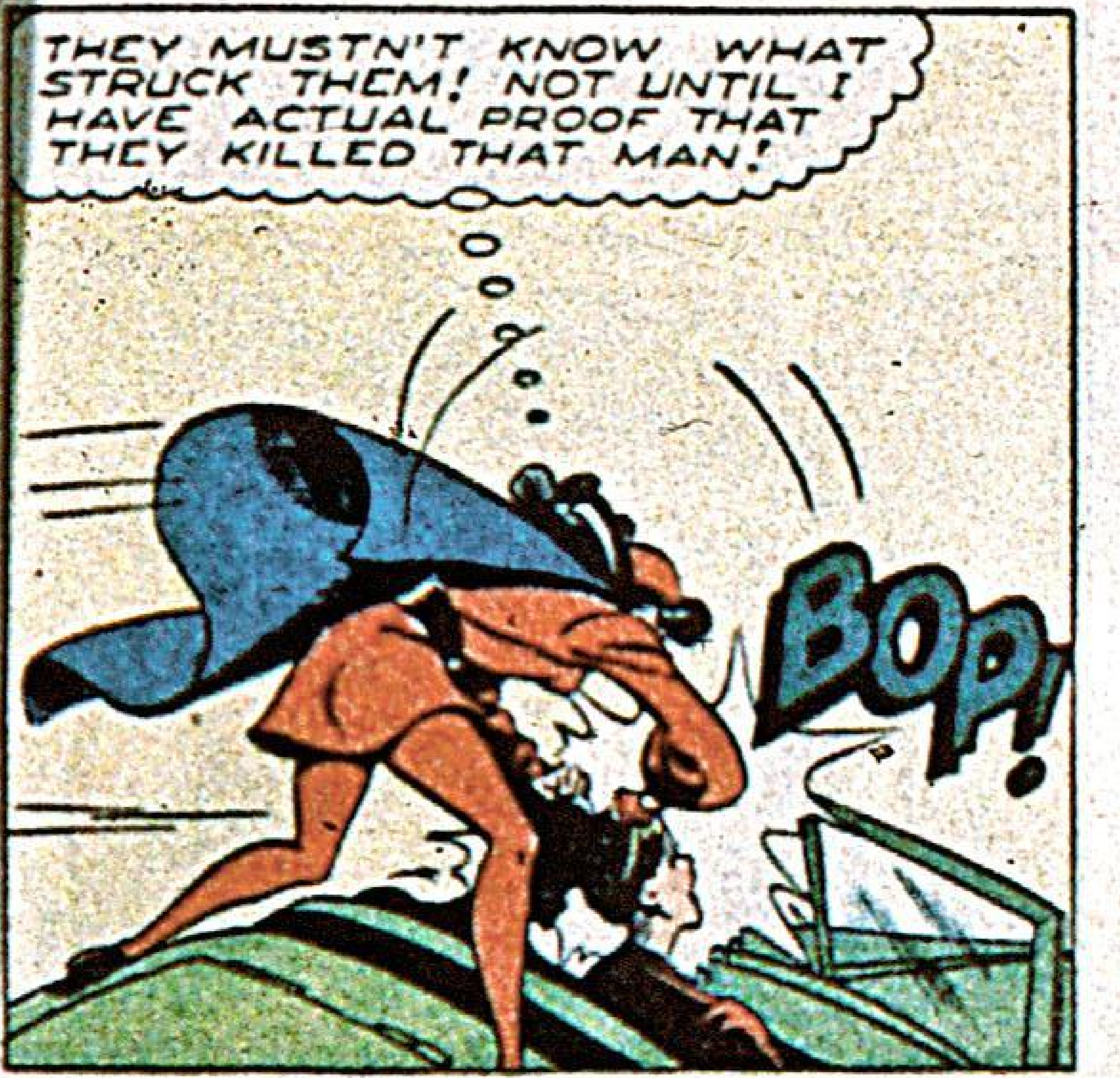

INTO THE AIR AND AFTER THOSE TWO KILLERS TO LEARN WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!

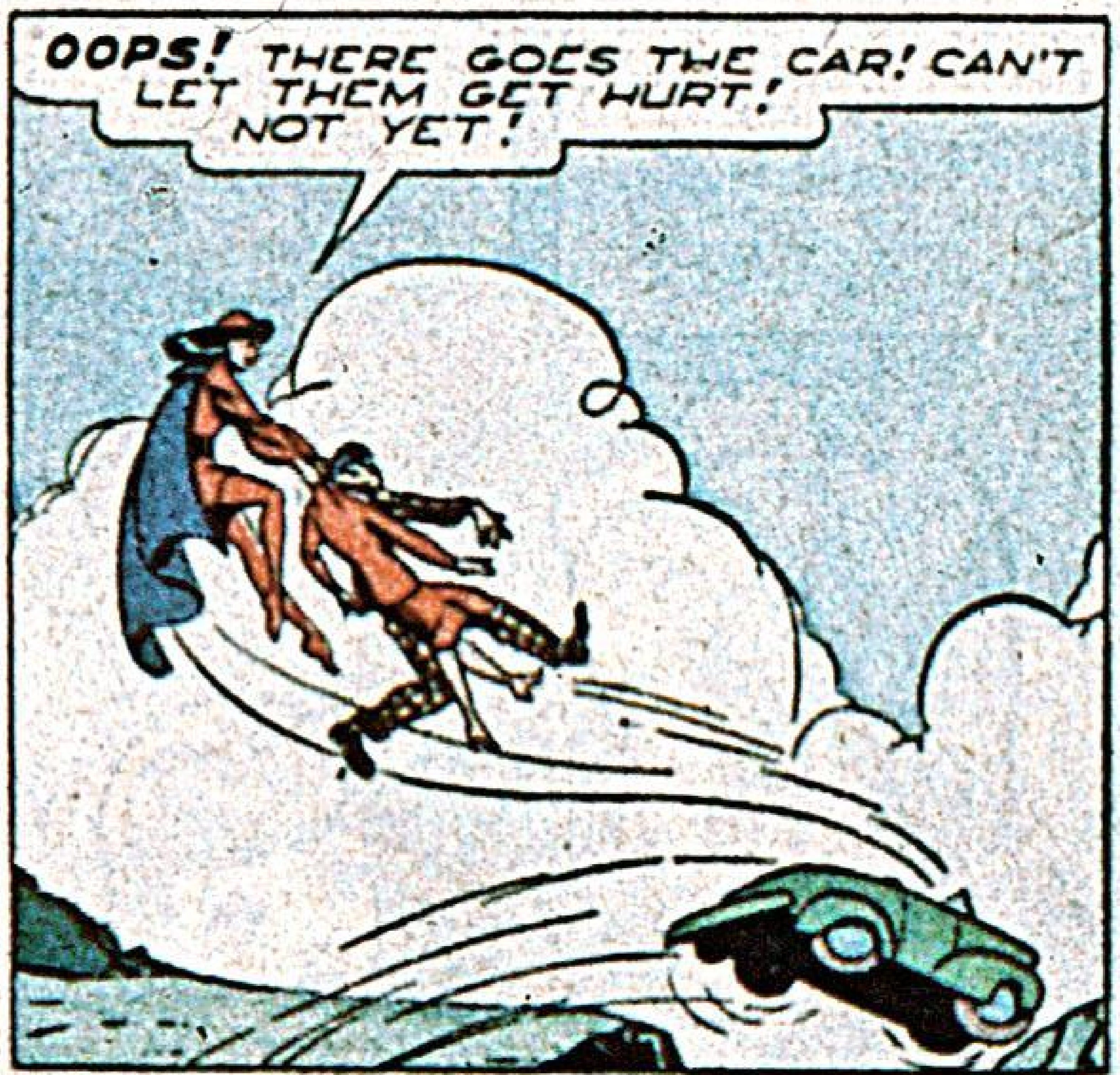
THANKS TO HER GREAT SPEED, MISS AMERICA QUICKLY OVERTAKES HER QUARRY AND SWOOPS DOWN WITH A PLAN IN MIND!


HOPE THEY DIDN'T SPOT ME! PERHAPS I CAN OVERHEAR SOMETHING THAT MAY FURNISH A CLUE!

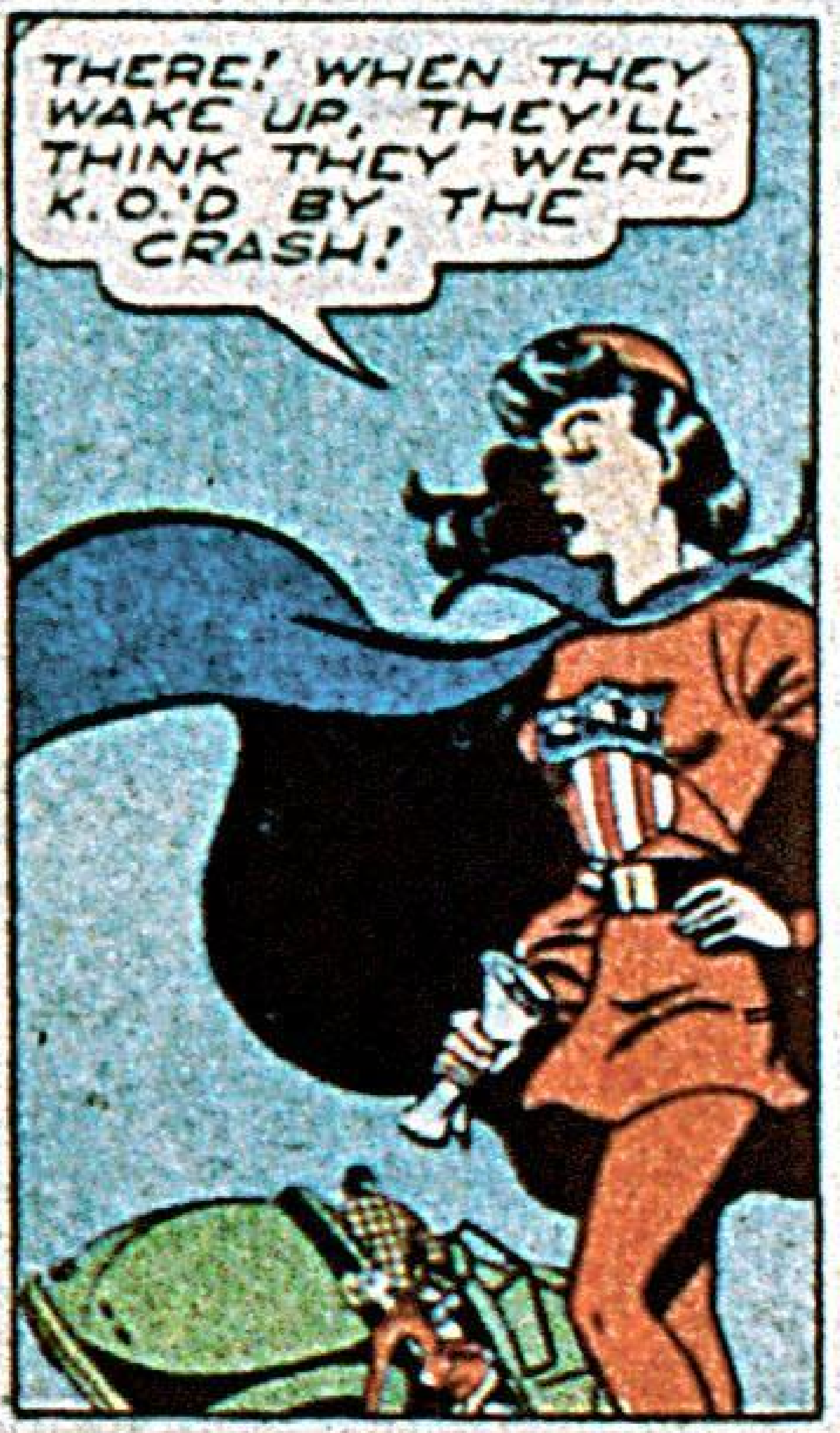

ARE YOU SURE YOU GOT ALL HIS PAPERS?
HERE THEY ARE! NO ONE'LL KNOW HE WAS AN INVESTIGATOR FOR THE INSURANCE COMPANY---


---AND BY THE TIME THEY DO, WE'LL HAVE CLEANED UP THE GILTEDGE JOB!
INSURANCE COMPANY, EH? I MUST HAVE A LOOK AT THOSE PAPERS!

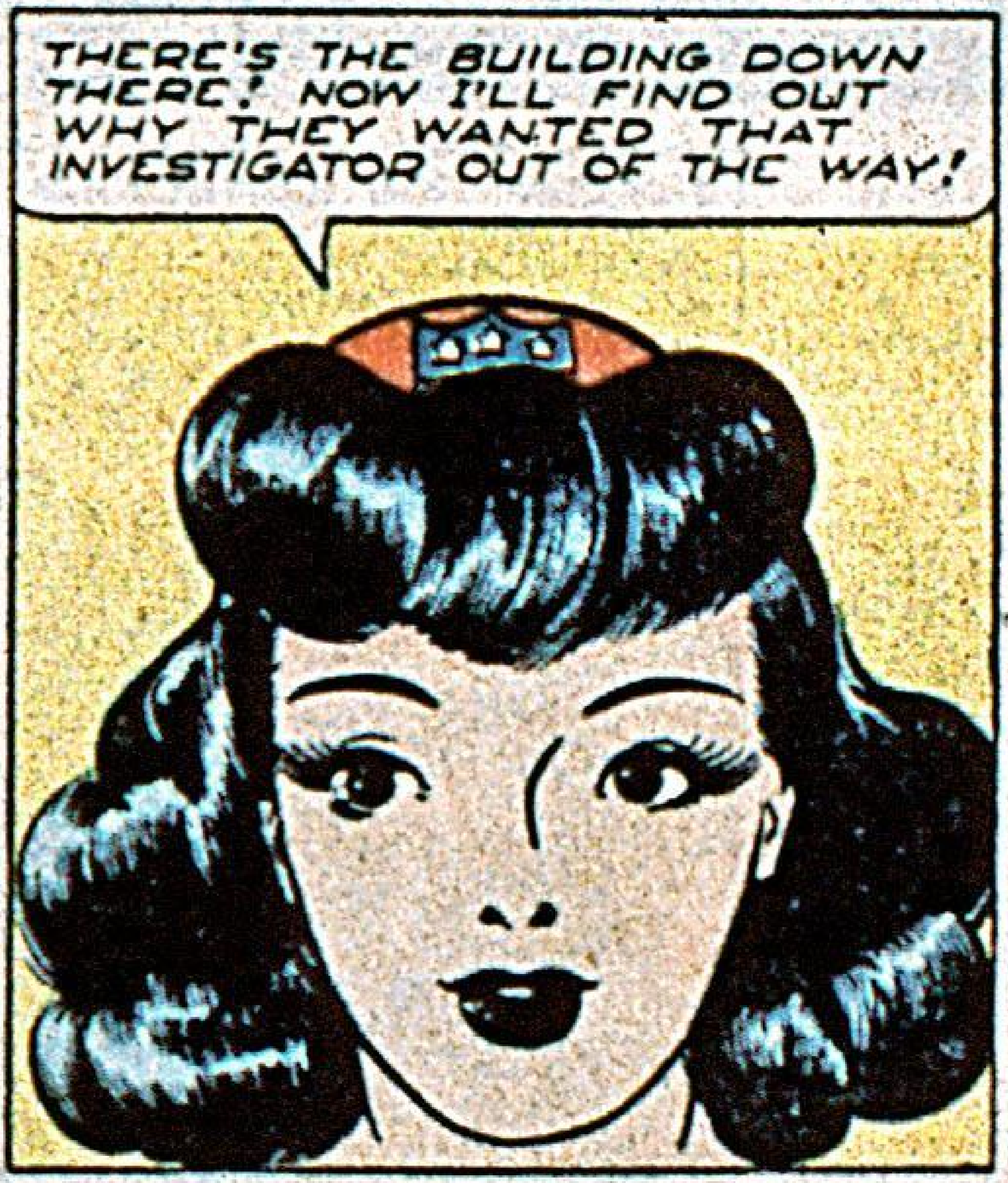

THEY MUSTN'T KNOW WHAT STRUCK THEM! NOT UNTIL I HAVE ACTUAL PROOF THAT THEY KILLED THAT MAN!
BOP!


OOPS! THERE GOES THE CAR! CAN'T LET THEM GET HURT! NOT YET!

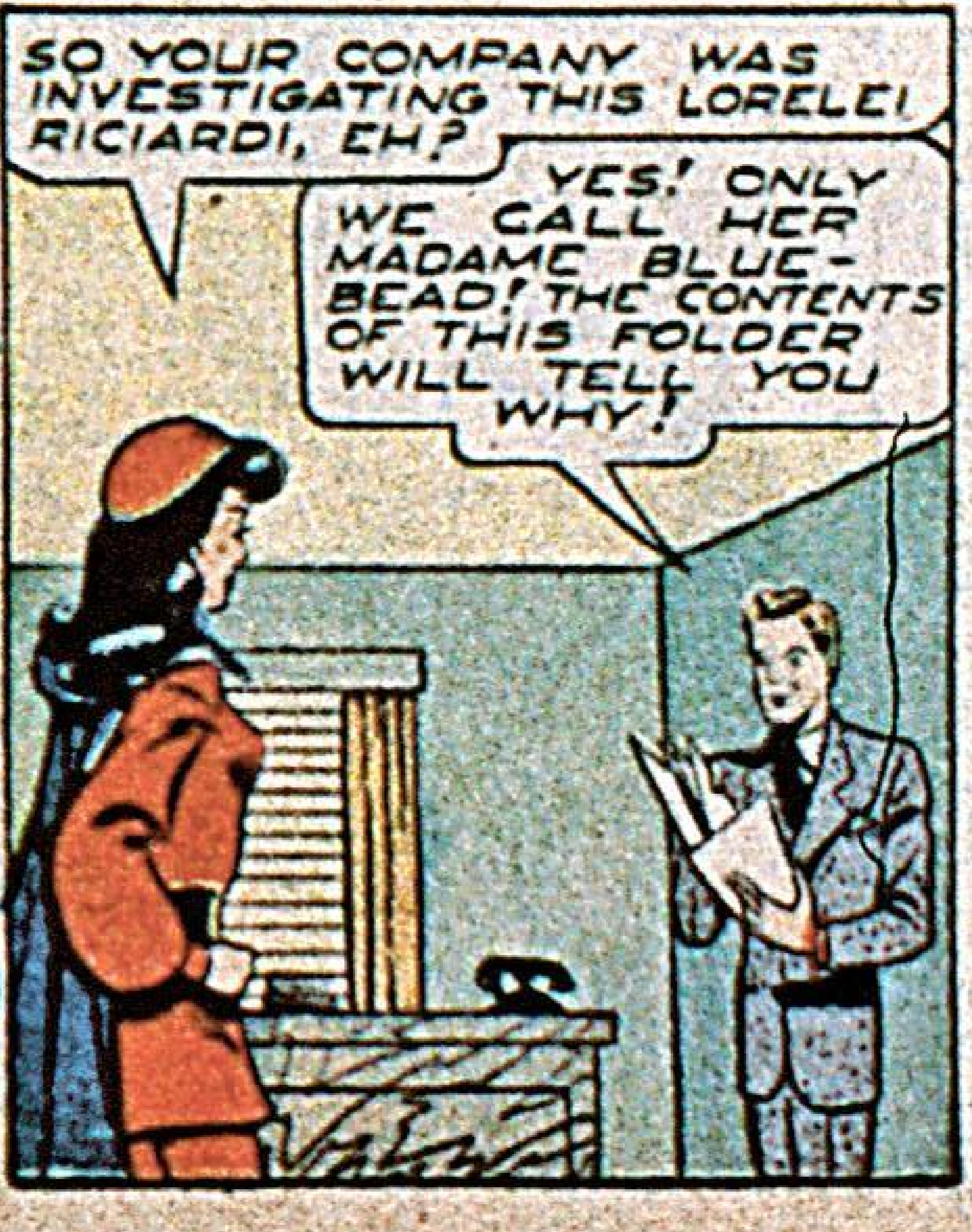
A HASTY EXAMINATION OF THE PAPERS IN QUESTION AND MISS AMERICA ARRANGES THE UNCONSCIOUS BODIES OF THE MAN AND WOMAN NEAR THE WRECKED CAR!

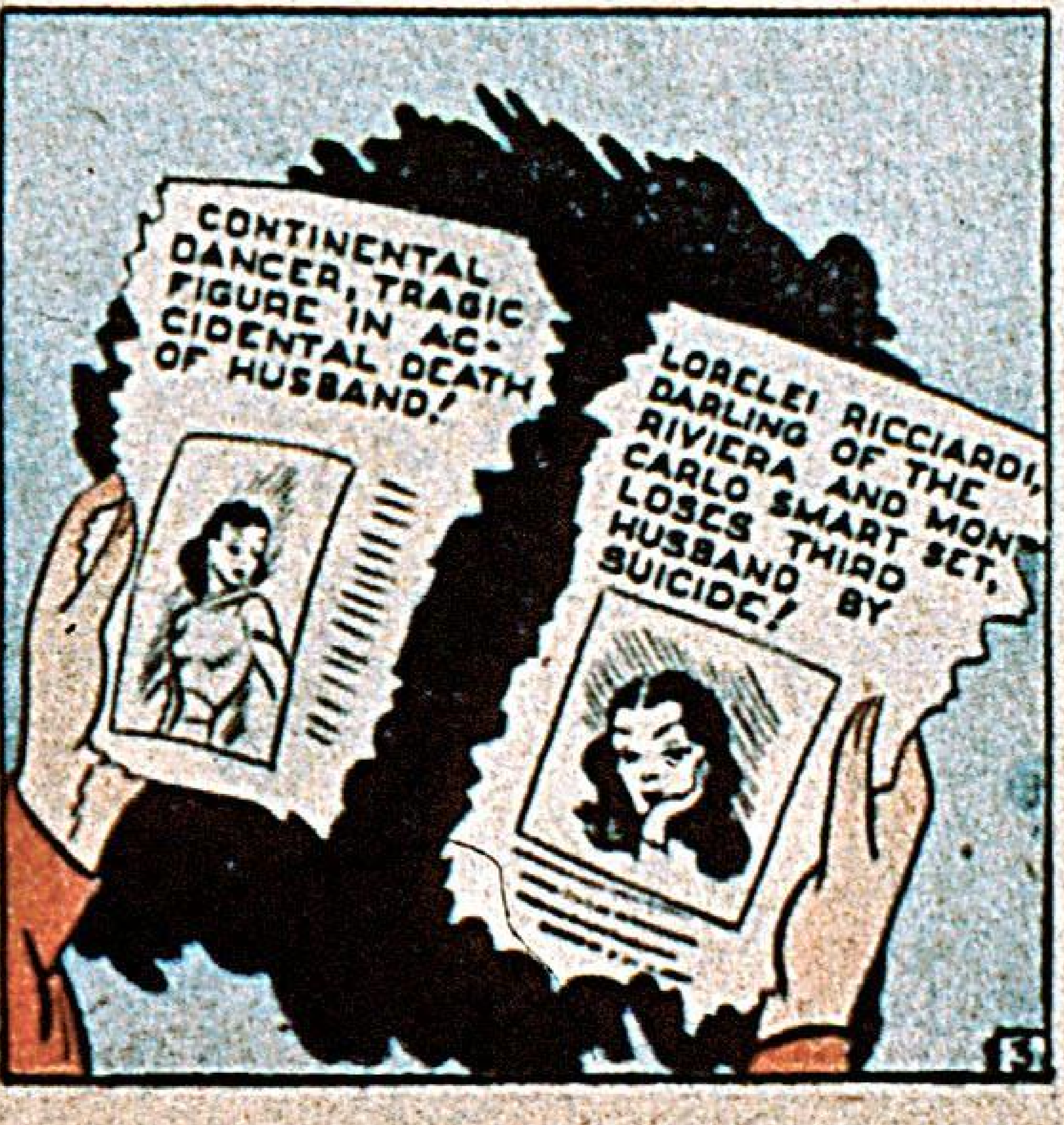

THERE! WHEN THEY WAKE UP, THEY'LL THINK THEY WERE K.O.'D BY THE CRASH!

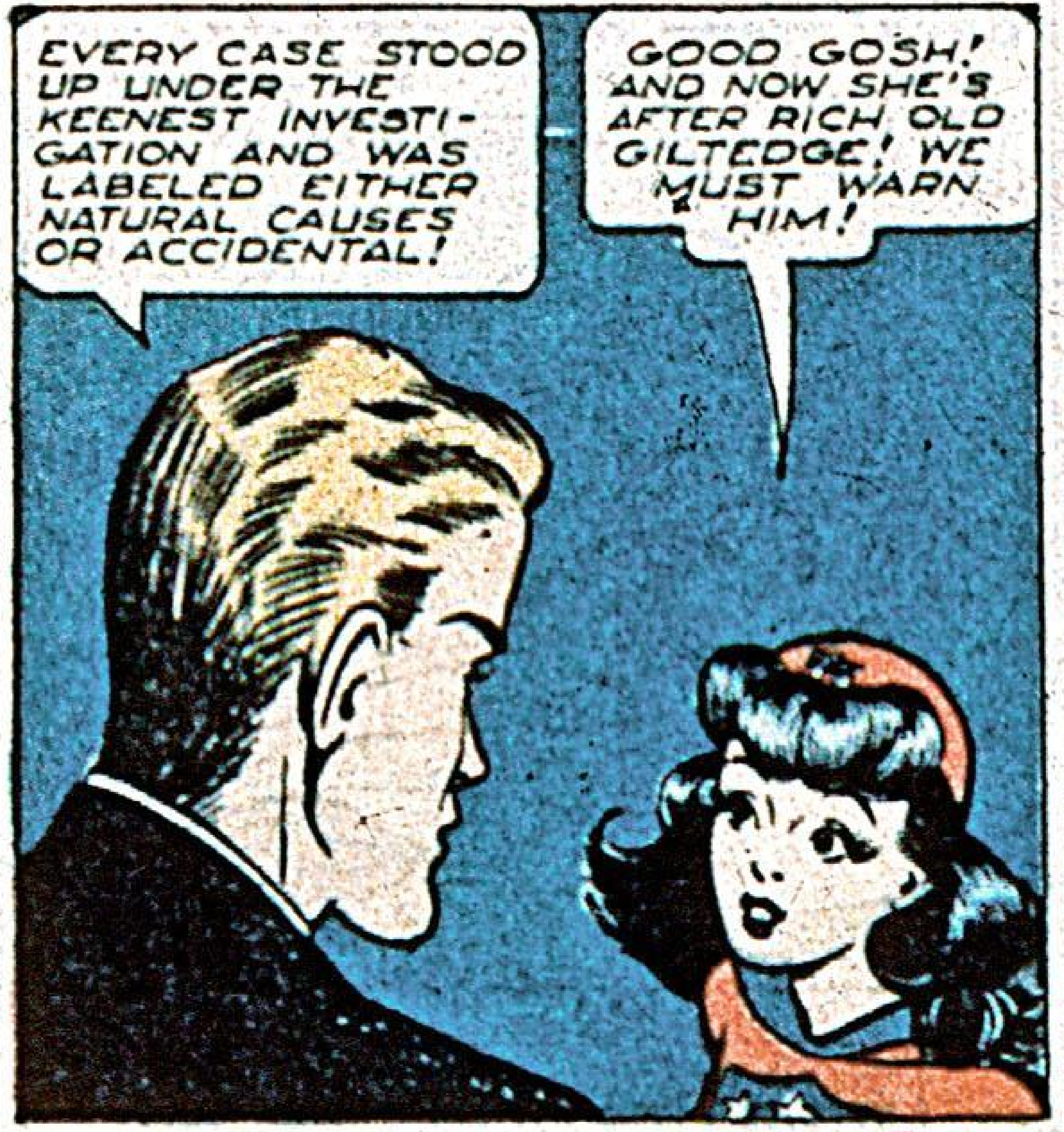
ARMED WITH THE INFORMATION GLEANED FROM THE DEAD MAN'S PAPERS, MISS AMERICA TAKES TO THE AIR FOR A DISTANT CITY!

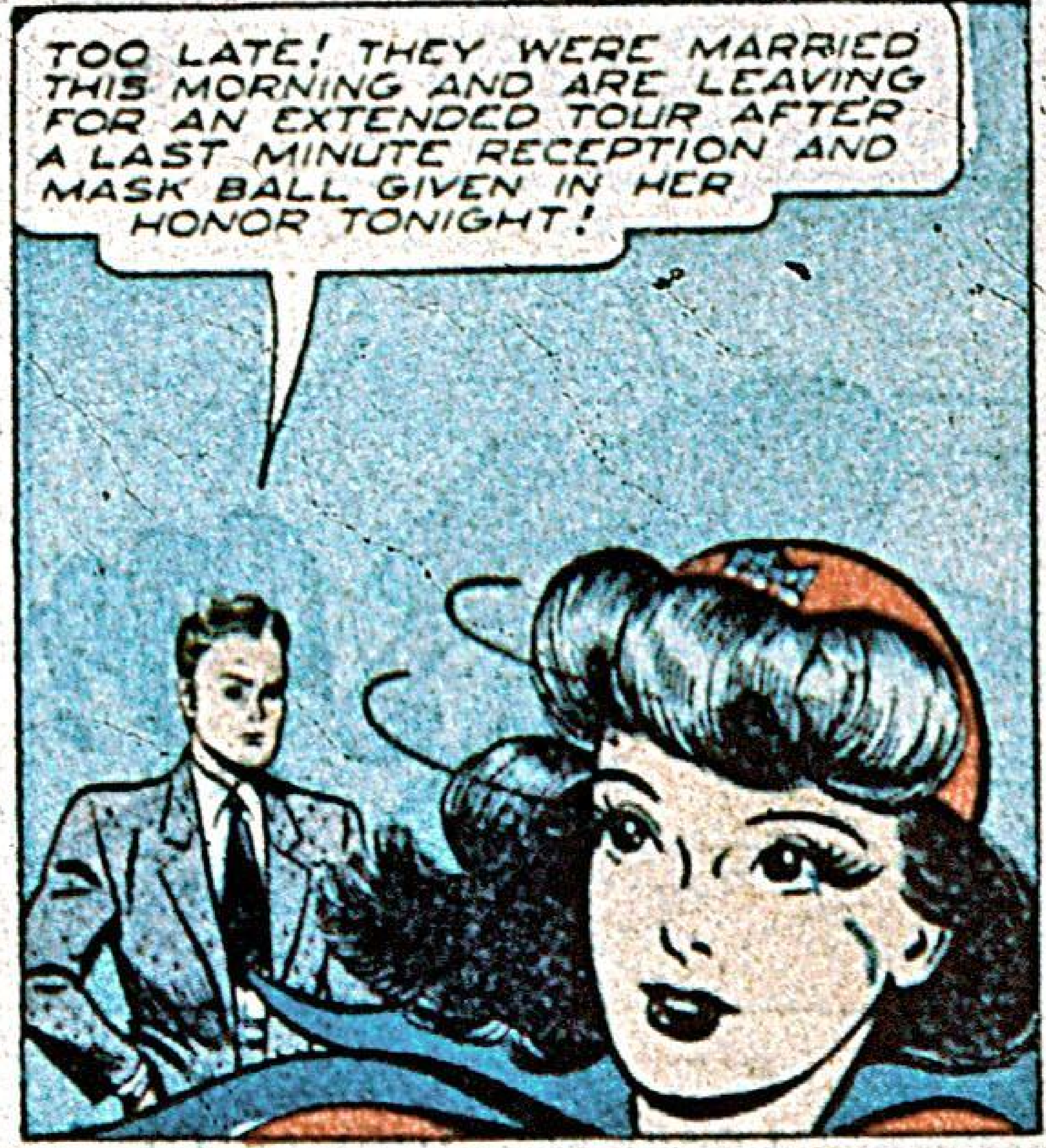

THERE'S THE BUILDING DOWN THERE! NOW I'LL FIND OUT WHY THEY WANTED THAT INVESTIGATOR OUT OF THE WAY!

THE OFFICE OF THE INSURANCE COMPANY'S INVESTIGATION DEPARTMENT!

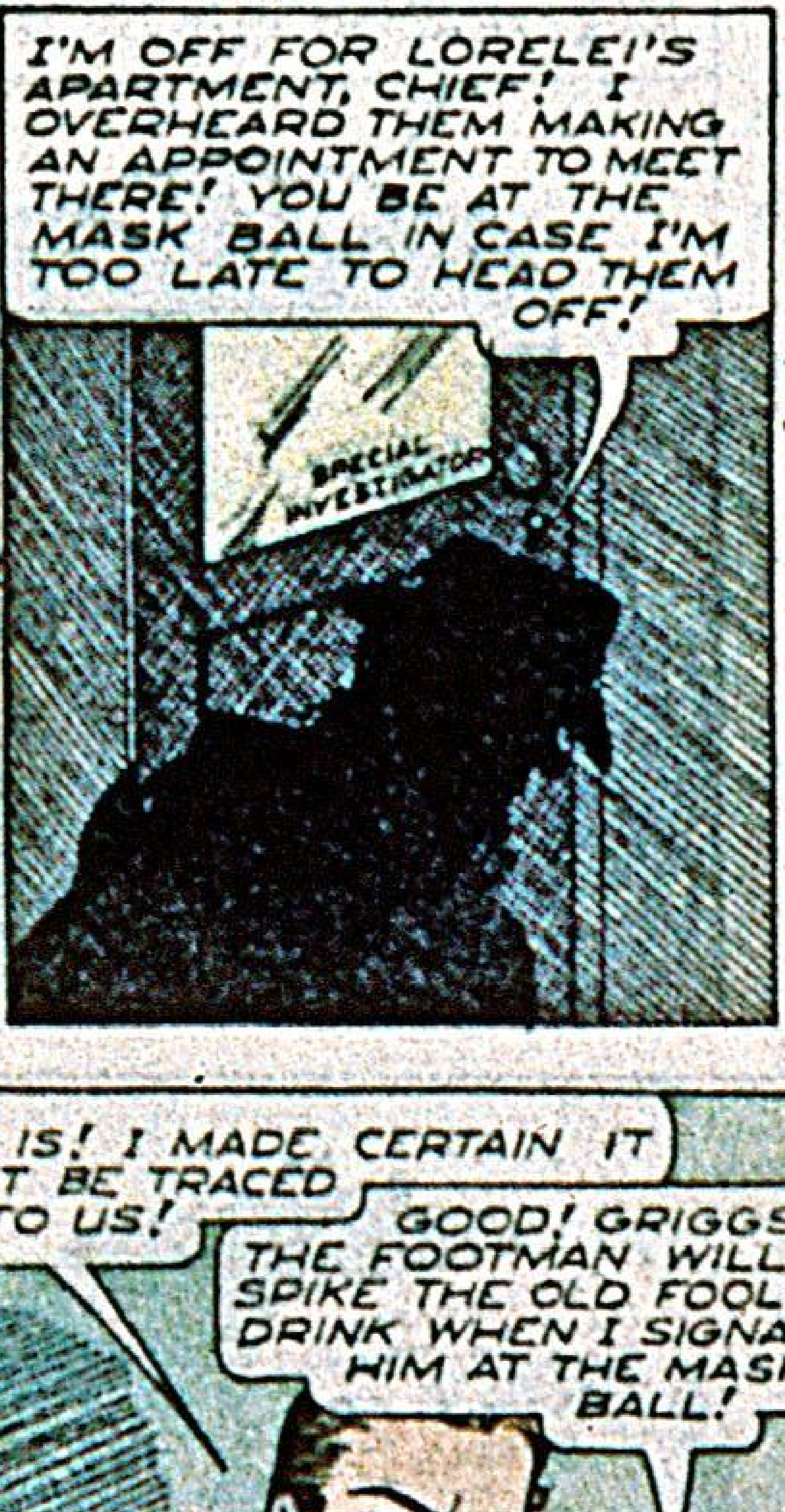

SO YOUR COMPANY WAS INVESTIGATING THIS LORELEI RICIARDI, EH?
YES! ONLY WE CALL HER MADAME BLUEBEAD! THE CONTENTS OF THIS FOLDER WILL TELL YOU WHY!


CONTINENTAL DANCER, TRAGIC FIGURE IN ACCIDENTAL DEATH OF HUSBAND!
LORELEI RICCIARDI, DARLING OF THE RIVIERA AND MONTE CARLO SMART SET, LOSES THIRD HUSBAND BY SUICIDE!

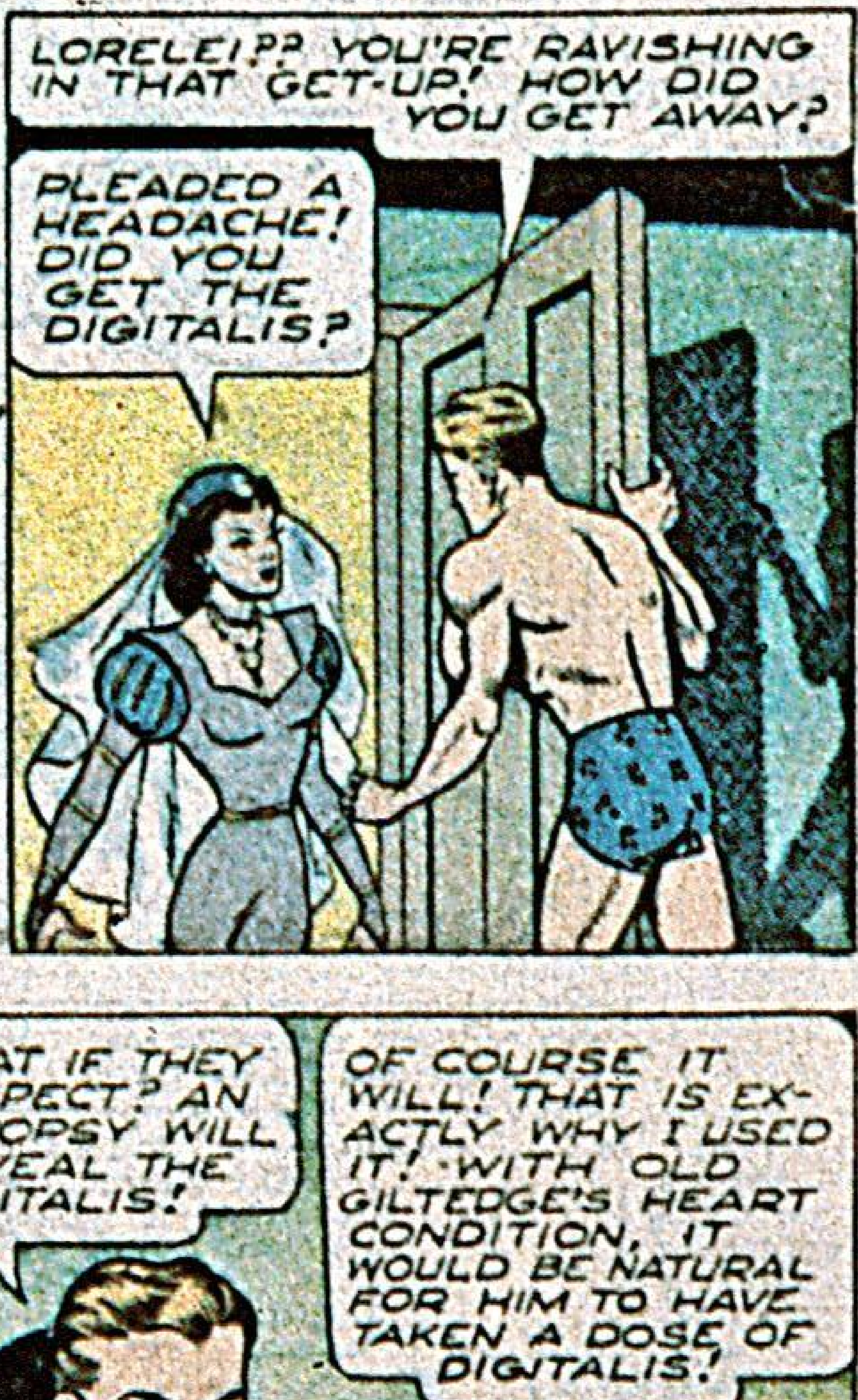

EVERY CASE STOOD UP UNDER THE KEENEST INVESTIGATION AND WAS LABELED EITHER NATURAL CAUSES OR ACCIDENTAL!
GOOD GOSH! AND NOW SHE'S AFTER RICH OLD GILTEDGE! WE MUST WARN HIM!

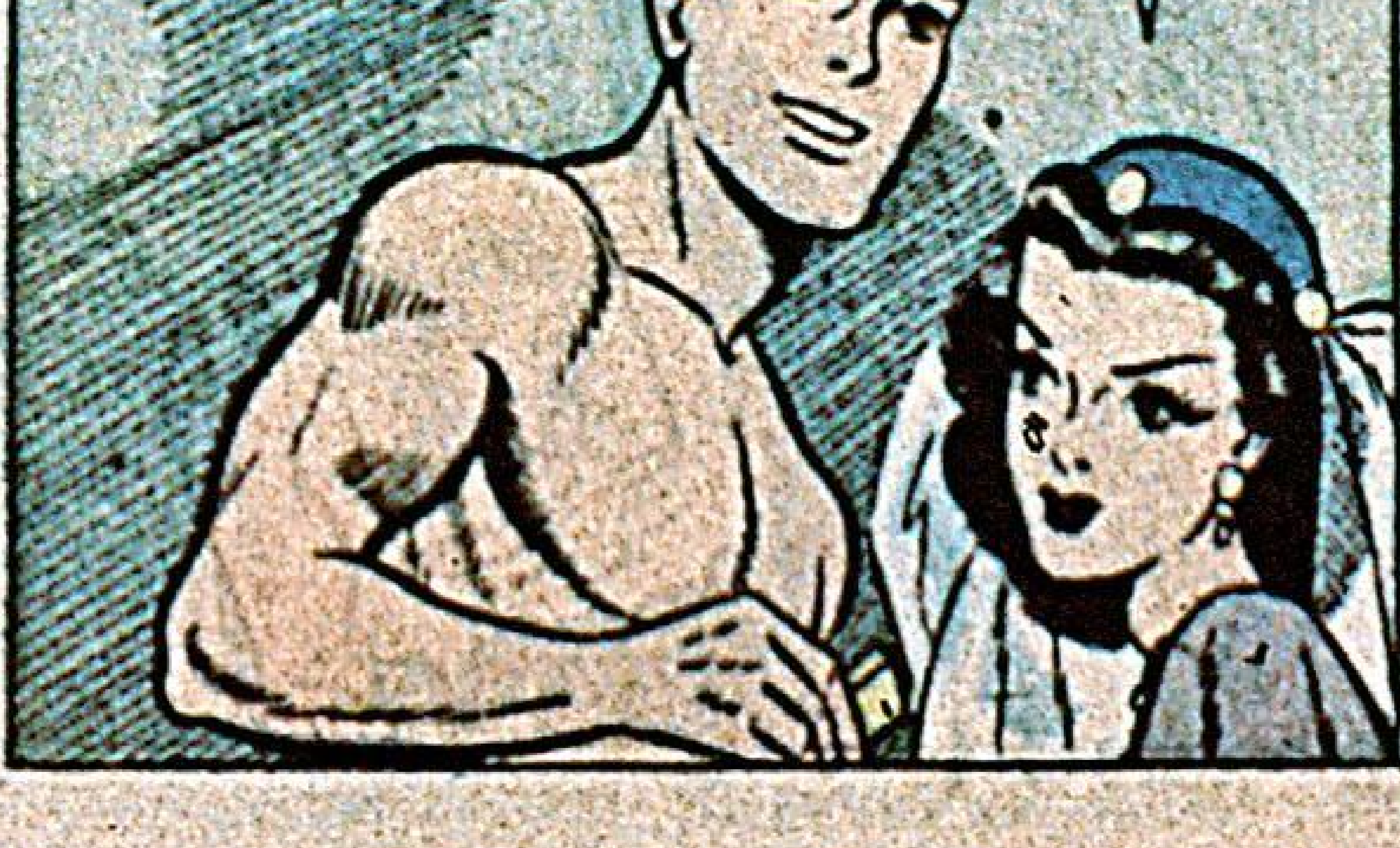

TOO LATE! THEY WERE MARRIED THIS MORNING AND ARE LEAVING FOR AN EXTENDED TOUR AFTER A LAST MINUTE RECEPTION AND MASK BALL GIVEN IN HER HONOR TONIGHT!

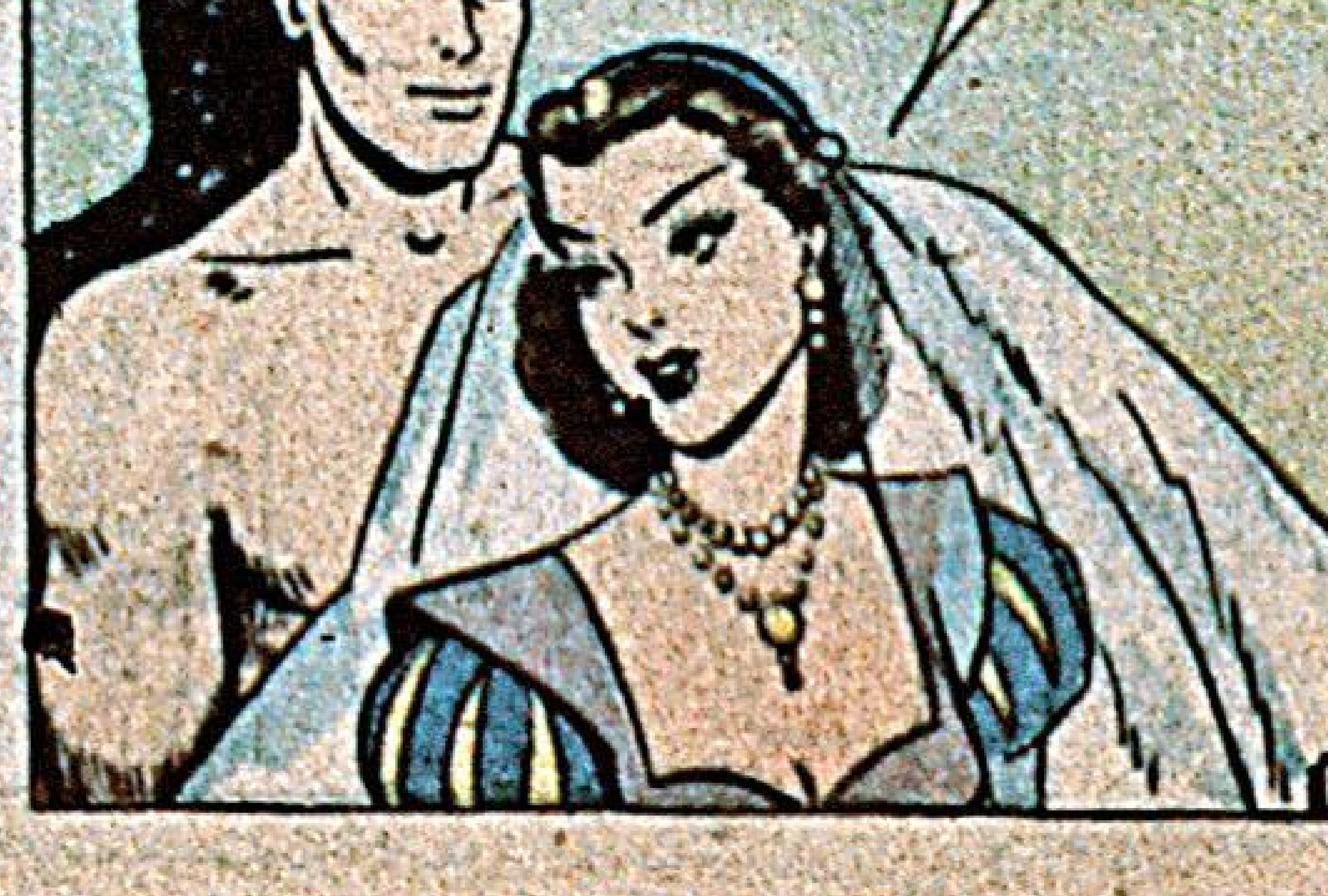
A LURKING FIGURE DRINKS IN THE EXCITED LAST MINUTE ORDERS OF MISS AMERICA!

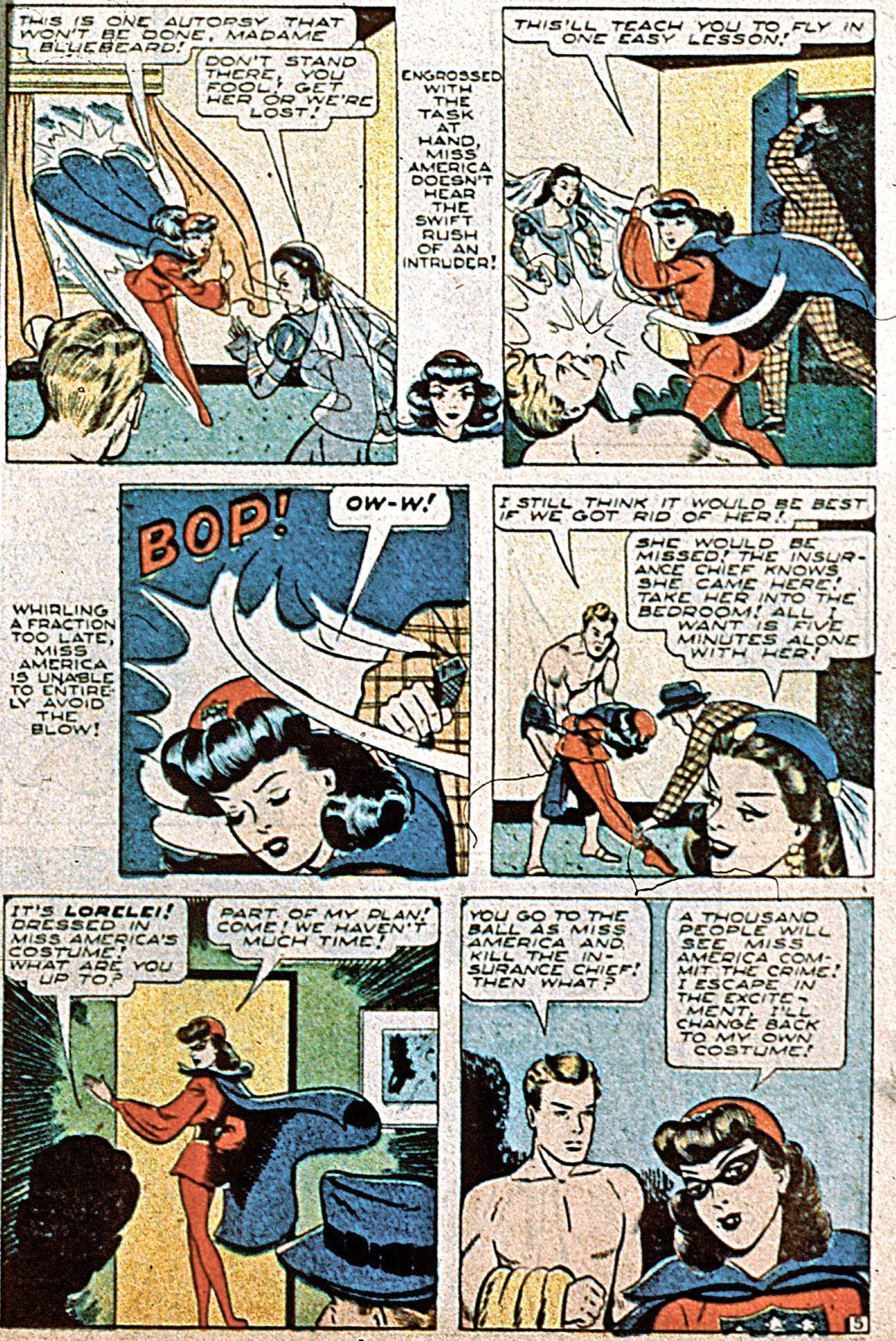

I'M OFF FOR LORELEI'S APARTMENT, CHIEF! I OVERHEARD THEM MAKING AN APPOINTMENT TO MEET THERE! YOU BE AT THE MASK BALL IN CASE I'M TOO LATE TO HEAD THEM OFF!
SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR

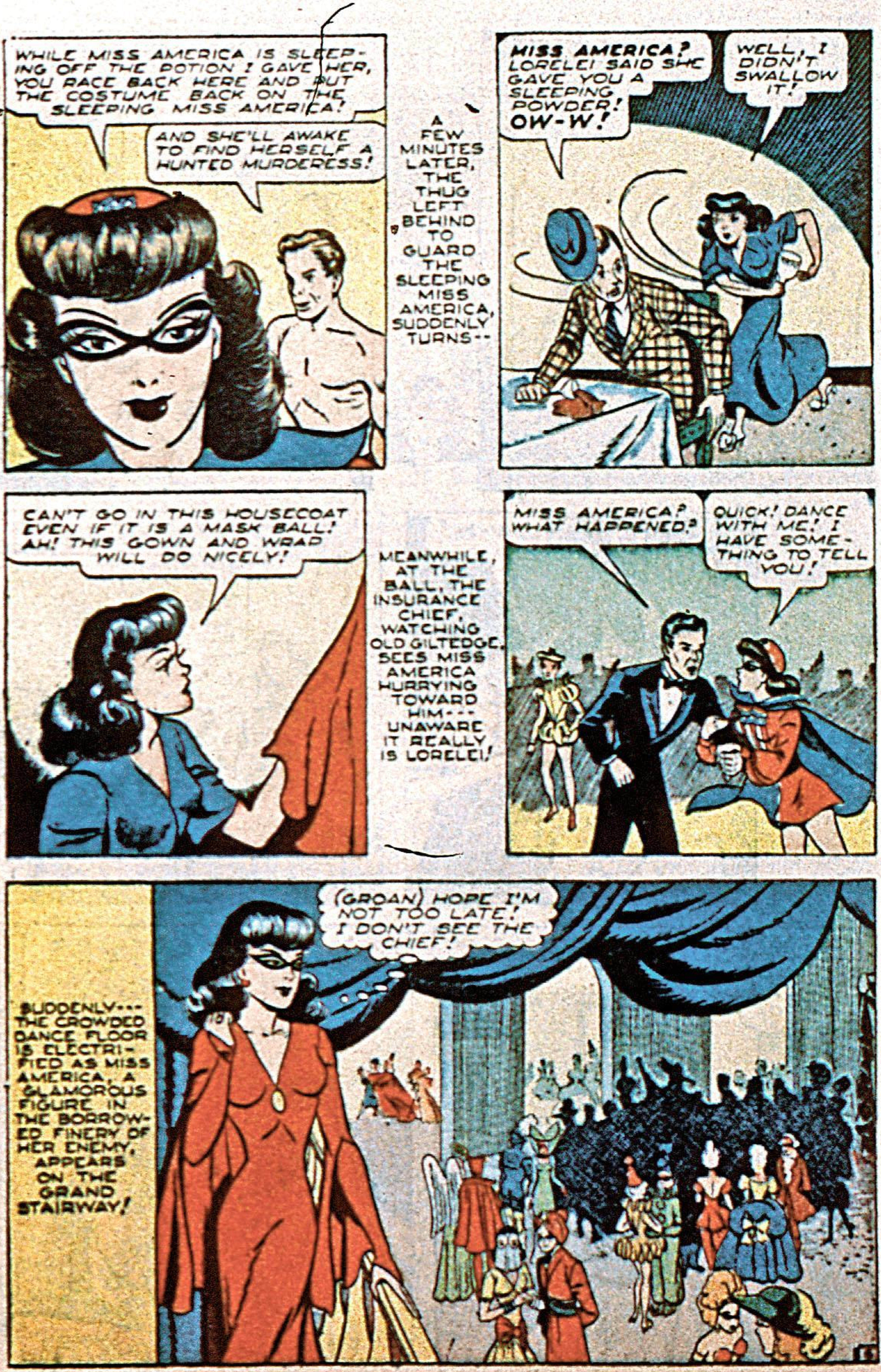
MEANWHILE, IN LORELEI'S HOTEL APARTMENT, HER AIDE, GUY ROGERS, ANSWERS A KNOCK!

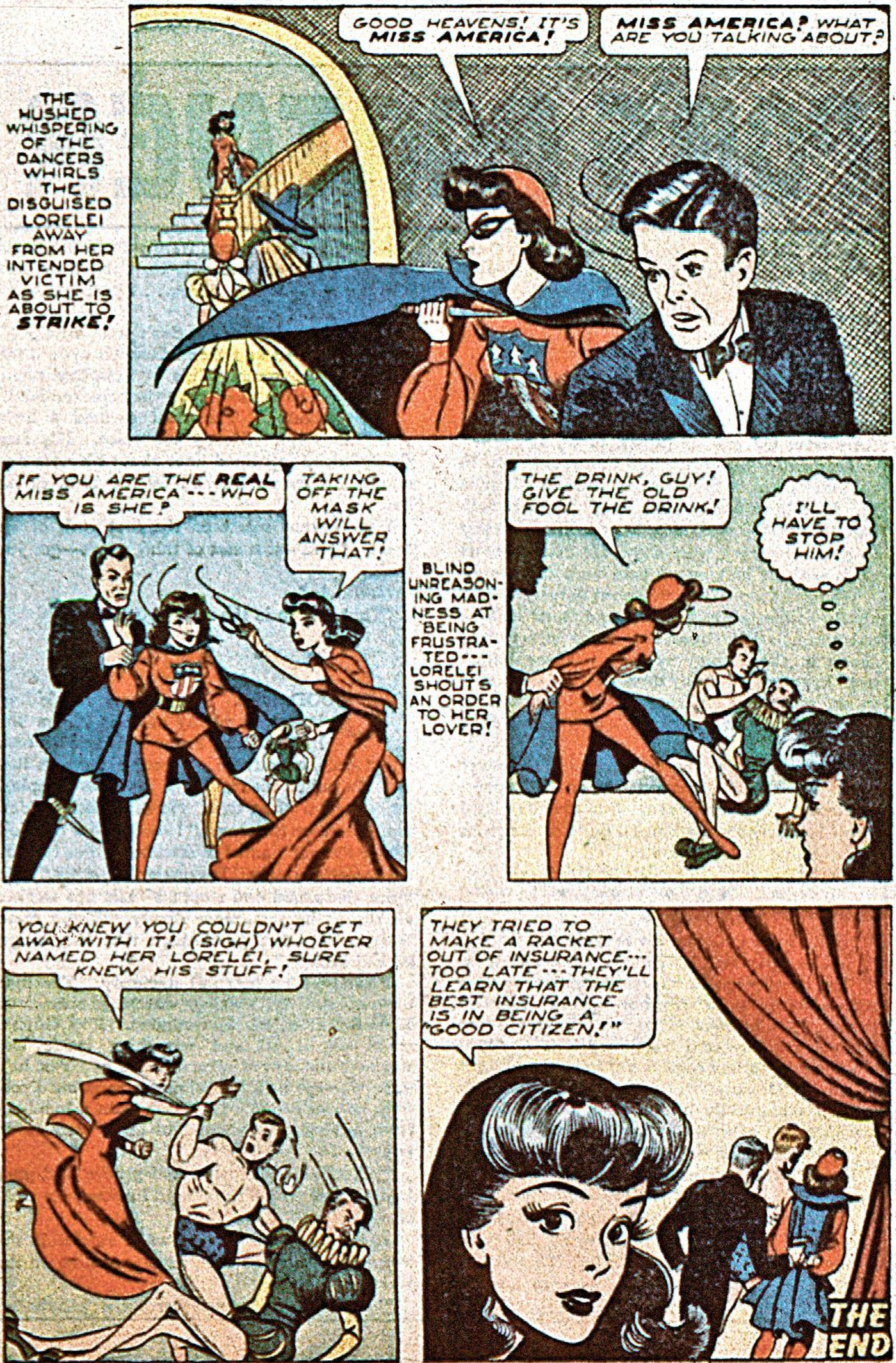

LORELEI?? YOU'RE RAVISHING IN THAT GET-UP! HOW DID YOU GET AWAY?
PLEADED A HEADACHE! DID YOU GET THE DIGITALIS?


HERE IT IS! I MADE CERTAIN IT WOULDN'T BE TRACED TO US!
GOOD! GRIGGS, THE FOOTMAN WILL SPIKE THE OLD FOOL'S DRINK WHEN I SIGNAL HIM AT THE MASK BALL!


WHAT IF THEY SUSPECT? AN AUTOPSY WILL REVEAL THE DIGITALIS!
OF COURSE IT WILL! THAT IS EXACTLY WHY I USED IT! WITH OLD GILTEDGE'S HEART CONDITION, IT WOULD BE NATURAL FOR HIM TO HAVE TAKEN A DOSE OF DIGITALIS!


THIS IS ONE AUTOPSY THAT WON'T BE DONE, MADAME BLUEBEARD!
DON'T STAND THERE, YOU FOOL! GET HER OR WE'RE LOST!
ENGROSSED WITH THE TASK AT HAND, MISS AMERICA DOESN'T HEAR THE SWIFT RUSH OF AN INTRUDER!
THIS'LL TEACH YOU TO FLY IN ONE EASY LESSON!
WHIRLING A FRACTION TOO LATE, MISS AMERICA IS UNABLE TO ENTIRELY AVOID THE BLOW!
BOP!
OW-W!
I STILL THINK IT WOULD BE BEST IF WE GOT RID OF HER!
SHE WOULD BE MISSED! THE INSURANCE CHIEF KNOWS SHE CAME HERE! TAKE HER INTO THE BEDROOM! ALL I WANT IS FIVE MINUTES ALONE WITH HER!
IT'S LORELEI! DRESSED IN MISS AMERICA'S COSTUME! WHAT ARE YOU UP TO?
PART OF MY PLAN! COME! WE HAVEN'T MUCH TIME!
YOU GO TO THE BALL AS MISS AMERICA AND KILL THE INSURANCE CHIEF! THEN WHAT?
A THOUSAND PEOPLE WILL SEE MISS AMERICA COMMIT THE CRIME! I ESCAPE IN THE EXCITEMENT, I'LL CHANGE BACK TO MY OWN COSTUME!
5


WHILE MISS AMERICA IS SLEEPING OFF THE POTION I GAVE HER, YOU RACE BACK HERE AND PUT THE COSTUME BACK ON THE SLEEPING MISS AMERICA!
AND SHE'LL AWAKE TO FIND HERSELF A HUNTED MURDERESS!
A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE THUG LEFT BEHIND TO GUARD THE SLEEPING MISS AMERICA, SUDDENLY TURNS--
MISS AMERICA? LORELEI SAID SHE GAVE YOU A SLEEPING POWDER! OW-W!
WELL, I DIDN'T SWALLOW IT!
CAN'T GO IN THIS HOUSECOAT EVEN IF IT IS A MASK BALL! AH! THIS GOWN AND WRAP WILL DO NICELY!
MEANWHILE, AT THE BALL, THE INSURANCE CHIEF, WATCHING OLD GILTEDGE, SEES MISS AMERICA HURRYING TOWARD HIM--- UNAWARE IT REALLY IS LORELEI!
MISS AMERICA? WHAT HAPPENED?
QUICK! DANCE WITH ME! I HAVE SOMETHING TO TELL YOU!
(GROAN) HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE! I DON'T SEE THE CHIEF!
SUDDENLY--- THE CROWDED DANCE FLOOR IS ELECTRIFIED AS MISS AMERICA, A GLAMOROUS FIGURE IN THE BORROWED FINERY OF HER ENEMY, APPEARS ON THE GRAND STAIRWAY!
5


THE HUSHED WHISPERING OF THE DANCERS WHIRLS THE DISGUISED LORELEI AWAY FROM HER INTENDED VICTIM AS SHE IS ABOUT TO **STRIKE!**
GOOD HEAVENS! IT'S **MISS AMERICA!**
MISS AMERICA? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
IF YOU ARE THE **REAL** MISS AMERICA --- WHO IS SHE?
TAKING OFF THE MASK WILL ANSWER THAT!
BLIND UNREASONING MADNESS AT BEING FRUSTRATED --- LORELEI SHOUTS AN ORDER TO HER LOVER!
THE DRINK, GUY! GIVE THE OLD FOOL THE DRINK!
I'LL HAVE TO STOP HIM!
YOU KNEW YOU COULDN'T GET AWAY WITH IT! (SIGH) WHOEVER NAMED HER LORELEI, SURE KNEW HIS STUFF!
THEY TRIED TO MAKE A RACKET OUT OF INSURANCE... TOO LATE --- THEY'LL LEARN THAT THE BEST INSURANCE IS IN BEING A "GOOD CITIZEN!"
THE END

POP'S PARTNER

AFTER all his years of struggling, Pop Gaynor wondered if he could hold out much longer. Perhaps the years had been kind, but most of them were past now. The time had long since arrived when he could have disposed of the little store.

But the war had arrived so Pop had had to wait. It was no time to step out. Someone would have to take over the business. And there were few enough people, nowadays.

Automatically, Pop rolled the pennies up in the little piece of brown paper, tucked the ends in. He'd been doing this a long time now, rolling up pennies and nickels and dimes, ready to go to the bank next day. He could almost do it without looking, so sure were his fingers.

He turned from the desk in the corner, walked slowly across the back room, and stood looking out through the store, where the street light shone in the display window. There hadn't been huge profits at any time, yet he'd been able to set aside enough from month to month, to take care of that dream. Although that must wait now.

Sometimes he'd wondered why he'd never married. There had been one or two opportunities. All good women. But somehow he'd never seemed to bring himself quite to the point of proposing to any of them.

• • • • •

THE old man rubbed his eyes gently, leaning against the side of the door. Perhaps he had been wrong in not taking someone as his wife, someone to be with him now in these last years. But he was alone, and suddenly the thought confused and frightened him.

Slowly he turned back from the dimmed sight of the little store. The light over the desk seemed unnaturally bright for a moment, and he closed his eyes, walking across the floor . . .

“Hold it,” someone said. “Right there.”

Pop Gaynor's heart jumped quickly. He turned his head toward the sound of the words.

A man stood just inside the doorway and the gun in his hand was quite convincing. He was a south-paw, Pop noted absently. This would be the pay-off, for if anything were to happen now . . .

Of course, his savings were safe in the bank. What he had here was only cash, rolled up pennies and nickels and dimes . . . . perhaps thirty dollars in bills . . .

“I'm used to killing, so don't start anything,” the man warned and then advanced toward the center of the room. “This is Saturday night. You should have more than that chicken-feed!”

Pop hesitated. The thief seemed a little young in ways. Mostly his voice. His face showed deep ingrained lines about his nose and mouth, his eyes darkened by the brim of his hat.

Pop Gaynor mastered the first rush of his heart. “This—this sort of thing won't—get you far.”

“It'll help.”

“You've been in the war, I guess.”

• • • • •

“GOOD guess. Sure, I'm used to killing. I've done plenty of it in Africa and Italy . . . and France. I damned near got it once, over there. So close it wasn't funny.” He pulled his right arm into view, displaying a stump. Just that. He said, with sudden, almost savage bitterness, “I can't find a real job. Either I'm not wanted or somebody tries to hand me something easy. It's one or the other.” His voice sharpened and stopped. His lips worked angrily as he said, more slowly, “I'll get mine, though. I didn't go through that hell to get kicked around.”

Pop Gaynor's legs felt unsteady. The man moved uneasily, waiting, watching, suspicious. He was bitter, harsh, wounded. Pop Gaynor could see it all and something inside him warmed and stirred sympathetically. Yes, he'd gone through hell, had almost gotten his. Probably he was proud. He didn't want a hand-out from anyone, but wanted to be treated as an equal—

“What,” the old man asked gently, “did your buddies call you in the army? I mean your nickname.”

Again there was silence, while outside in the street a car whirred past, its tires singing on the wet cobble-stones.

“Bugs.” Color crept across the hat-shaded tan of his face. "I guess it was—the buggie ideas I got sometimes."

"Like what, for instance?"

Bugs shifted his feet. "I took a couple of machine gun nests alone," he admitted softly. "Once inside enemy lines, I sneaked a big-shot, a general I guess he was, right out from under their snoots." He hesitated, the asked "What's the difference now?"

"I was just thinking," Pop Gaynor said. "There's plenty you can still do. You've lost your right hand. You're still living. You can find a job to do, a good, respectable one where you'll get money honestly."

Bugs laughed harshly. "Sure. Just like that."

• • • • •

POP Gaynor dipped back into the recesses of his mind, sorting over odds and ends he'd never have to use again. He knew he was facing a desperate, bitter man. He knew if he said just the wrong thing, if he gave away the reasoning back of his words . . .

The old man said softly, "What branch of the service were you in?"

"The infantry. We were the first in all the time. We took a beating if we didn't give one. Sometimes it was a fifty-fifty proposition. Advance troops, they called us. In to do the dirty work. I had a buddy. We'd trained together, ate together and slept together." His voice halted, sharp, poignant with the bitterness of raw memories.

"I guess you've seen it all," Pop Gaynor admitted gravely. "You're entitled to plenty of credit. And you're wrong when you think your country doesn't appreciate it, son!"

He waited a while, watching the face before him, searching it for some sign to betray the inner thoughts and reactions of the boy before him. Son . . . the word hadn't come easily, almost as if it were one he seldom used.

The old man said, "I got started here after the last war. Those times weren't easy. Tough sledding—"

"What do you want me to do? Cry?"

"Not exactly." Pop laughed softly. "I've done alright. I was just thinking, before you interrupted me, that when this war is over, I'll want to retire. I guess we all work for that. It won't be long now, I hope."

"Why tell me? You'd think I—"

"I'm looking for a partner," Pop Gaynor said slowly. "Someone who will break in during the next couple of years, and then take over after I go away. Someone . . . who would be willing to work hard to make an honest living!"

• • • • •

ONCE more there was quiet in the little back room. Pop Gaynor switched from one leg to the other. He was getting tired.

Bugs said harshly, "Are you kidding? You're trying to tell me—"

"You could take over here as my partner," Pop answered. "There's money in it. You'd make out. And it'll be yours later—"

"It's a trap," Bugs whispered. "Besides, it's too late—"

"No it ain't," the old man interrupted harshly. "I meant what I said. You probably come of good honest stock. You probably just got out of school in time to go into the army. You may even have a sweetheart somewhere. Someday you'll want to go back to her, and to those other people. And you'll want to do it without being afraid of every policeman you run into, Bugs. No, I meant it. Most likely this is your first try at crime—"

"It is."

"Okay. Come back in the morning, Bugs. You'll be my partner till the war's over, then it's all yours."

• • • • •

BUGS hesitated, dark eyes pinning the old man down relentlessly. Slowly then he grinned. "Okay. I'll take you up on that. You can't prove anything tomorrow morning. And—this is the first time, anyhow!"

He turned away, sliding the gun into the side pocket of his coat. His shoulders shifted a little, straightening as he walked toward the door. He turned to look back.

"The real name," Bugs said, with a quick grin, "Is Bill Peterson. Althought I still think the first one is the right one. Especially after this."

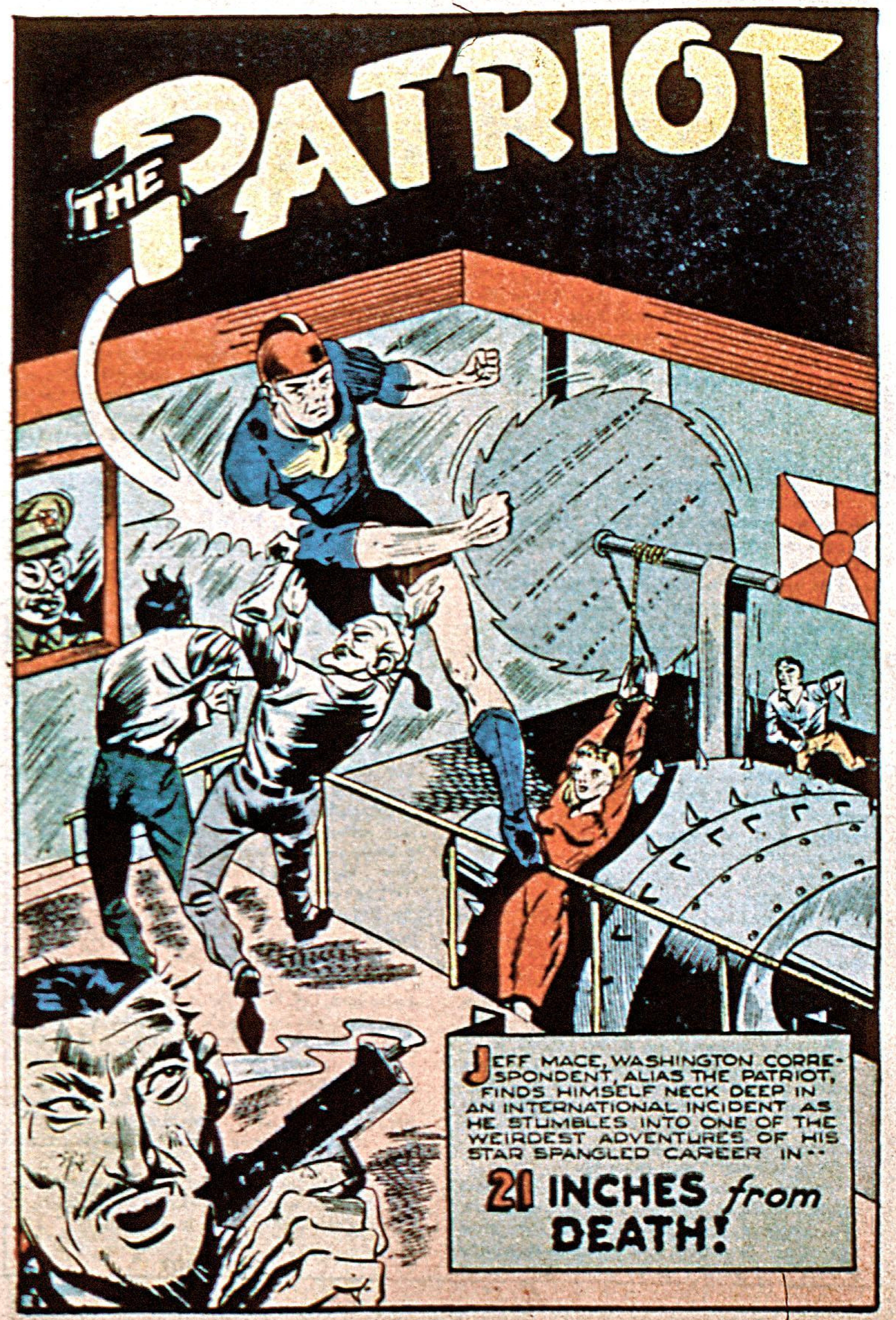
Pop Gaynor watched the door swing shut. Slowly he sat down, closing his eyes. Oh, he knew how Bill felt. Because Pop had been to war, too, leaving friends and relatives behind. That was the last war, of course. And he'd killed . . . had been wounded. Yes, Pop Gaynor knew all about that.

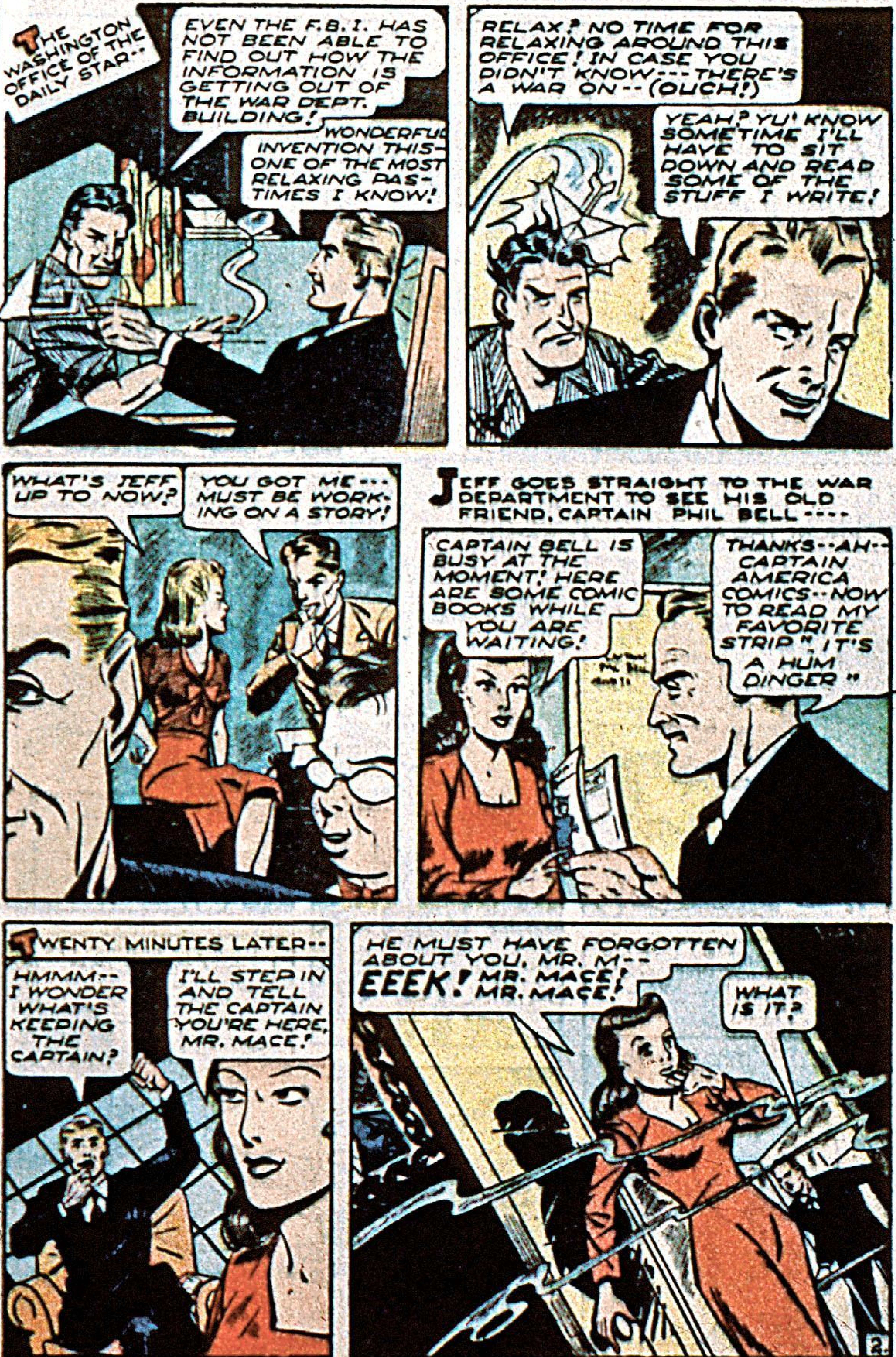
He'd been through it all. And had come back to try his hand at making a peaceful living. It had been tough but somehow he'd made out with the little store . . .

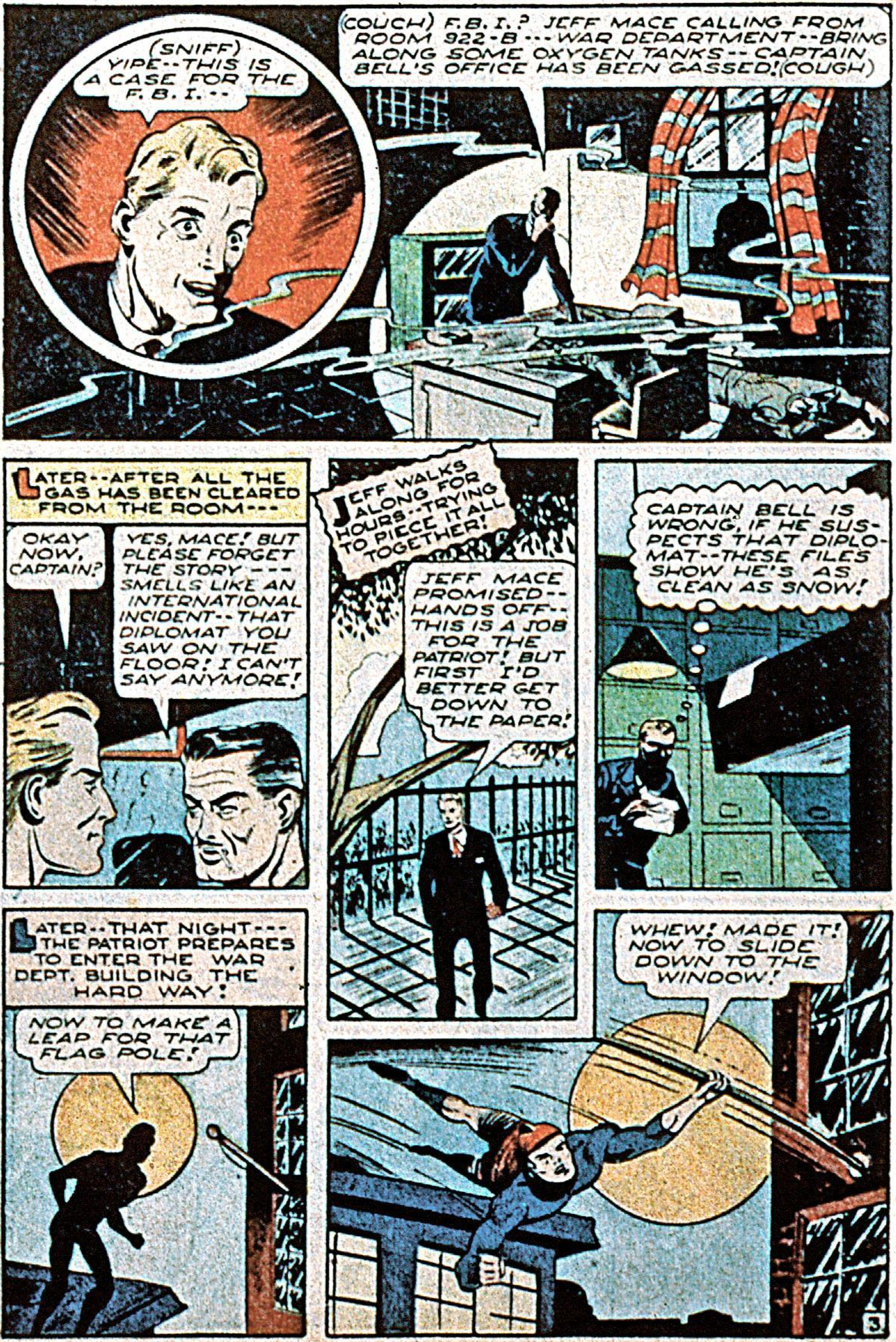
A faint smile wreathed the old man's lips. He had been successful and could soon retire.

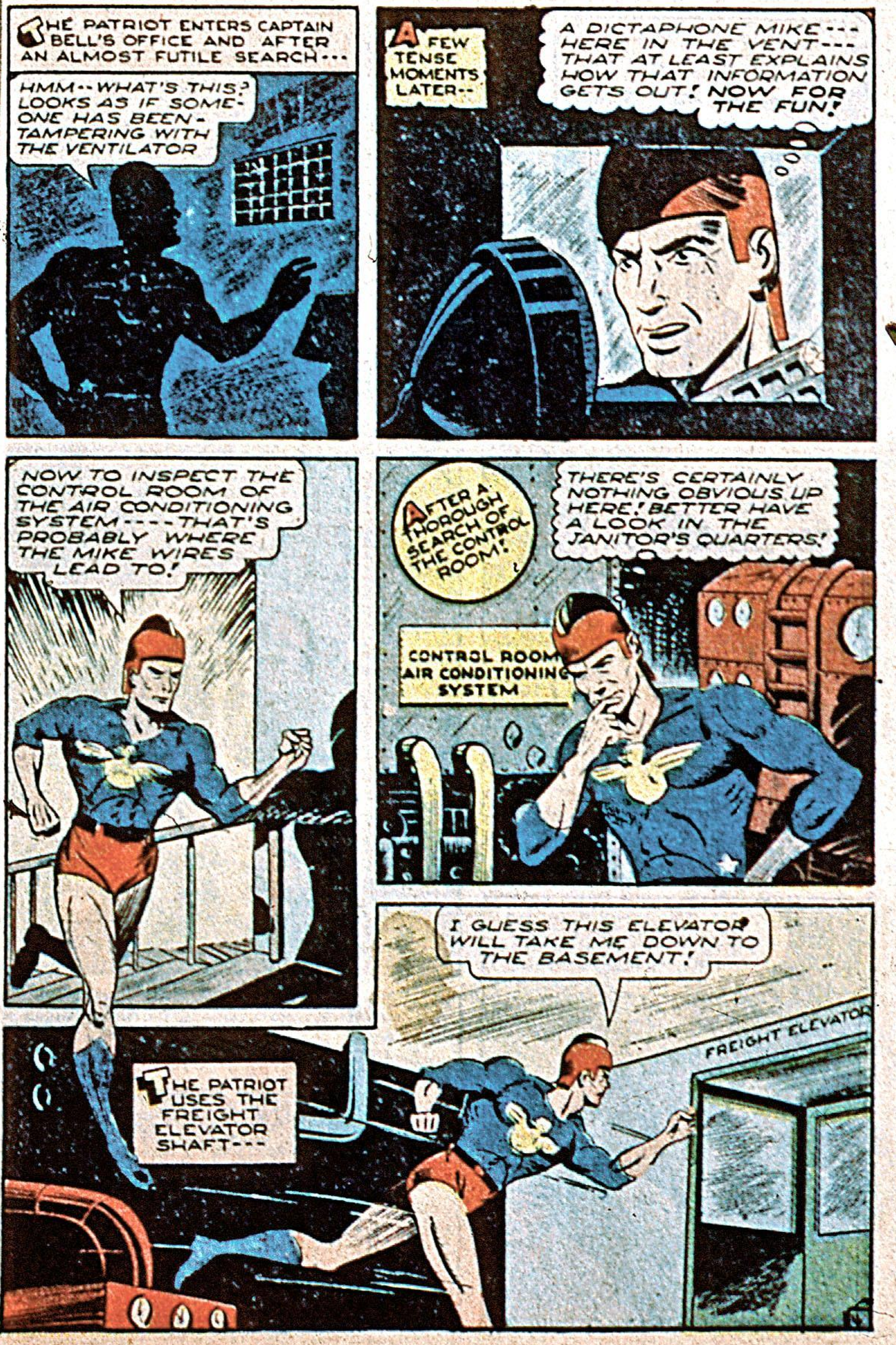
Bill Peterson would be in at seven.

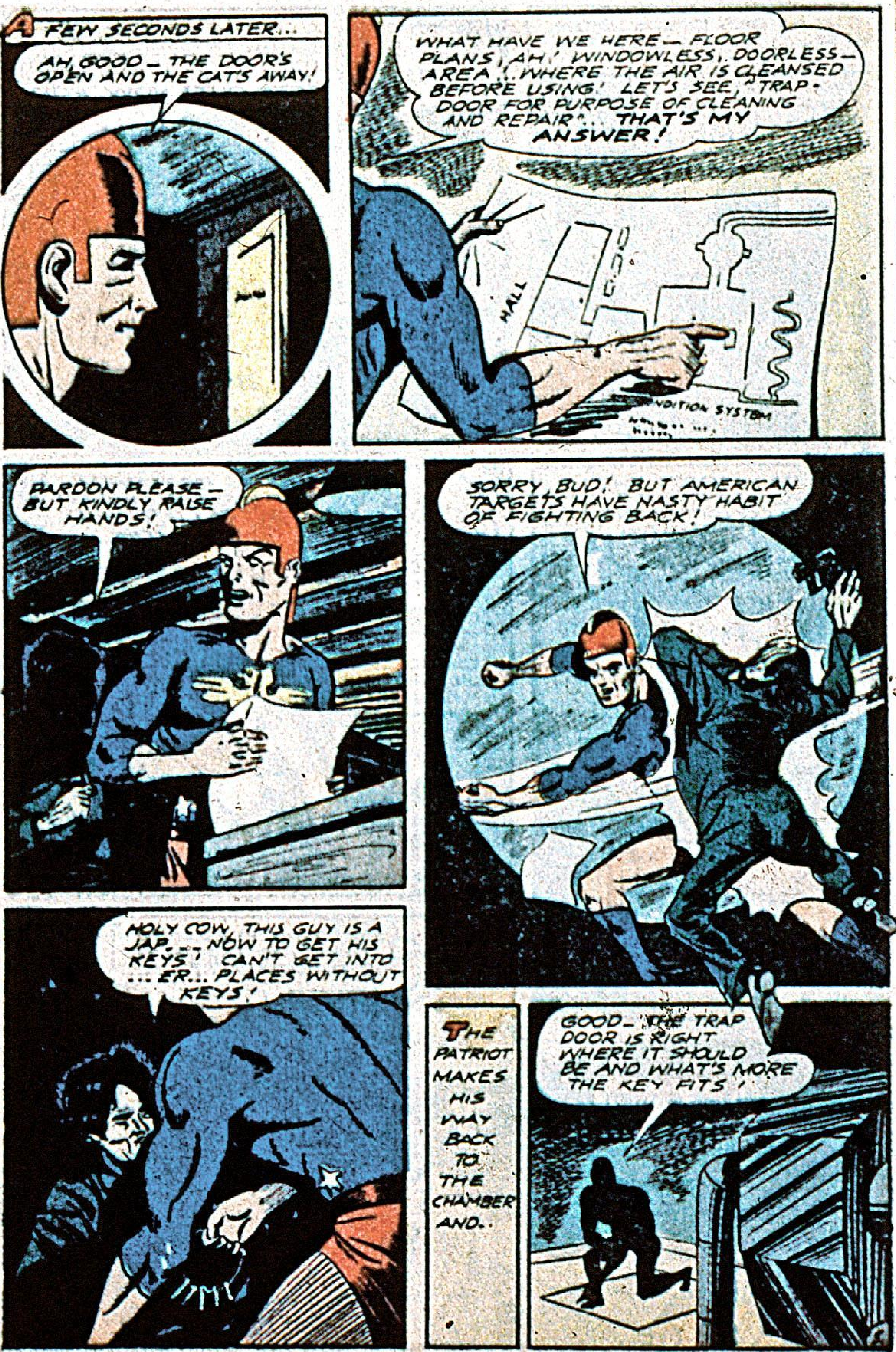
THE END

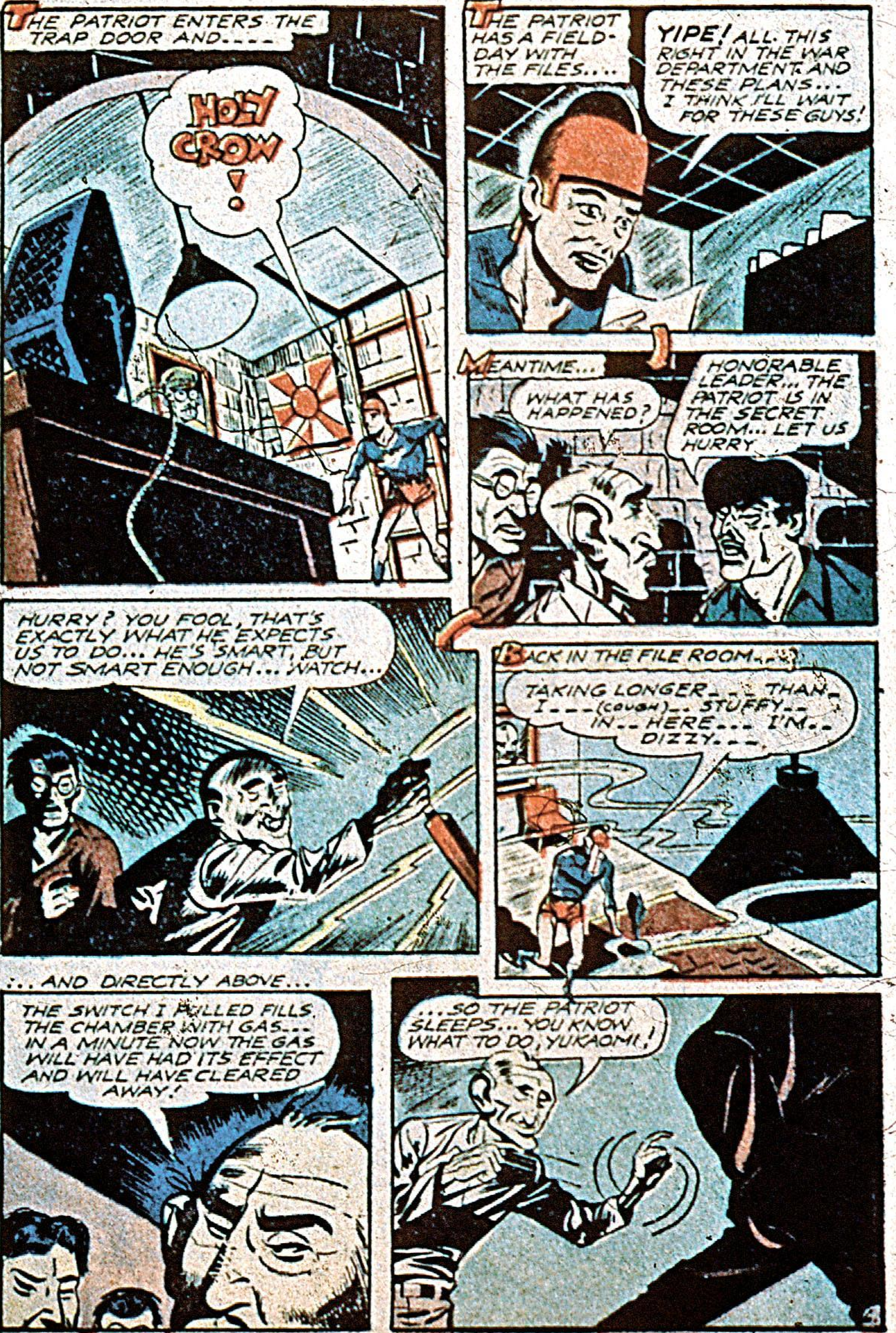

THE PATRIOT
JEFF MACE, WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT, ALIAS THE PATRIOT, FINDS HIMSELF NECK DEEP IN AN INTERNATIONAL INCIDENT AS HE STUMBLES INTO ONE OF THE WEIRDEST ADVENTURES OF HIS STAR SPANGLED CAREER IN--
21 INCHES from DEATH!

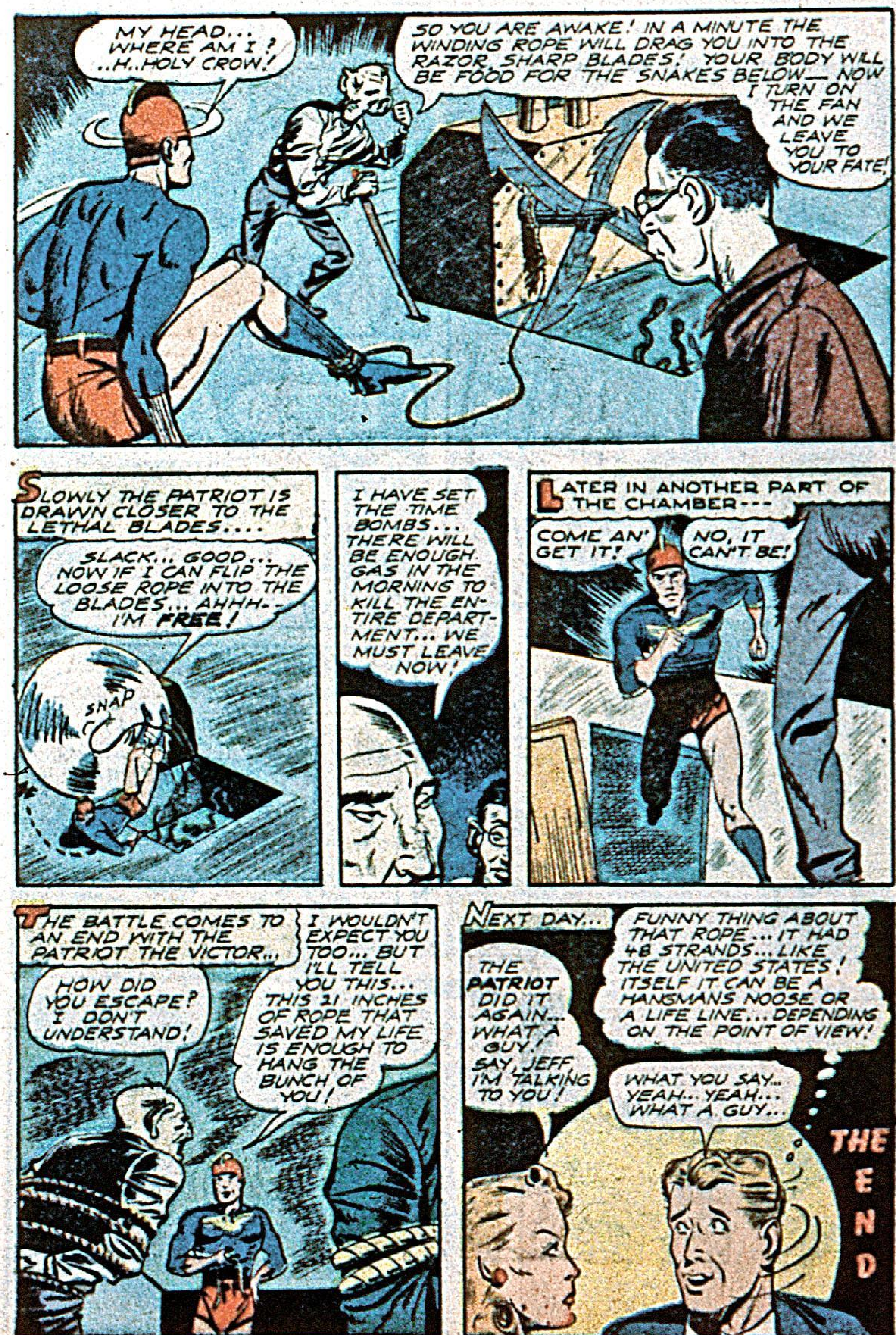

THE WASHINGTON OFFICE OF THE DAILY STAR--
EVEN THE F.B.I. HAS NOT BEEN ABLE TO FIND OUT HOW THE INFORMATION IS GETTING OUT OF THE WAR DEPT. BUILDING!
WONDERFUL INVENTION THIS--ONE OF THE MOST RELAXING PASTIMES I KNOW!
RELAX? NO TIME FOR RELAXING AROUND THIS OFFICE! IN CASE YOU DIDN'T KNOW---THERE'S A WAR ON--(OUCH!)
YEAH? YU' KNOW SOMETIME I'LL HAVE TO SIT DOWN AND READ SOME OF THE STUFF I WRITE!
WHAT'S JEFF UP TO NOW?
YOU GOT ME---MUST BE WORKING ON A STORY!
JEFF GOES STRAIGHT TO THE WAR DEPARTMENT TO SEE HIS OLD FRIEND, CAPTAIN PHIL BELL----
CAPTAIN BELL IS BUSY AT THE MOMENT! HERE ARE SOME COMIC BOOKS WHILE YOU ARE WAITING!
THANKS--AH--CAPTAIN AMERICA COMICS--NOW TO READ MY FAVORITE STRIP". IT'S A HUM DINGER"
TWENTY MINUTES LATER--
HMMM--I WONDER WHAT'S KEEPING THE CAPTAIN?
I'LL STEP IN AND TELL THE CAPTAIN YOU'RE HERE, MR. MACE!
HE MUST HAVE FORGOTTEN ABOUT YOU, MR. M--EEEK! MR. MACE! MR. MACE!
WHAT IS IT?
2.

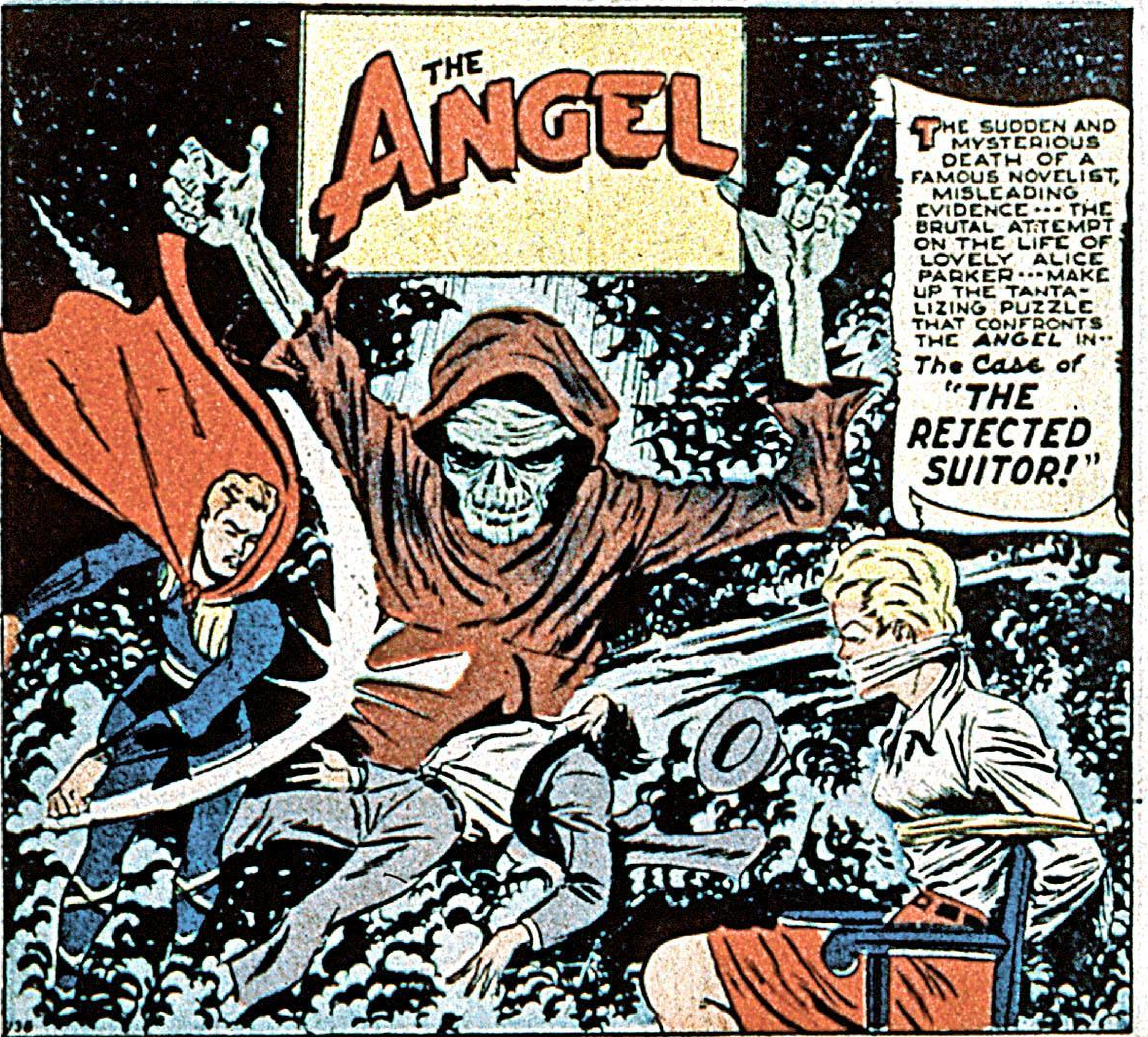

(SNIFF) YIPE--THIS IS A CASE FOR THE F. B. I.--
(COUCH) F.B.I.? JEFF MACE CALLING FROM ROOM 922-B---WAR DEPARTMENT--BRING ALONG SOME OXYGEN TANKS--CAPTAIN BELL'S OFFICE HAS BEEN GASSED! (COUGH)
LATER--AFTER ALL THE GAS HAS BEEN CLEARED FROM THE ROOM---
OKAY NOW, CAPTAIN?
YES, MACE! BUT PLEASE FORGET THE STORY---SMELLS LIKE AN INTERNATIONAL INCIDENT--THAT DIPLOMAT YOU SAW ON THE FLOOR! I CAN'T SAY ANYMORE!
JEFF WALKS ALONG FOR HOURS--TRYING TO PIECE IT ALL TOGETHER!
JEFF MACE PROMISED--HANDS OFF--THIS IS A JOB FOR THE PATRIOT! BUT FIRST I'D BETTER GET DOWN TO THE PAPER!
CAPTAIN BELL IS WRONG, IF HE SUSPECTS THAT DIPLOMAT--THESE FILES SHOW HE'S AS CLEAN AS SNOW!
LATER--THAT NIGHT---THE PATRIOT PREPARES TO ENTER THE WAR DEPT. BUILDING THE HARD WAY!
NOW TO MAKE A LEAP FOR THAT FLAG POLE!
WHEW! MADE IT! NOW TO SLIDE DOWN TO THE WINDOW!
3

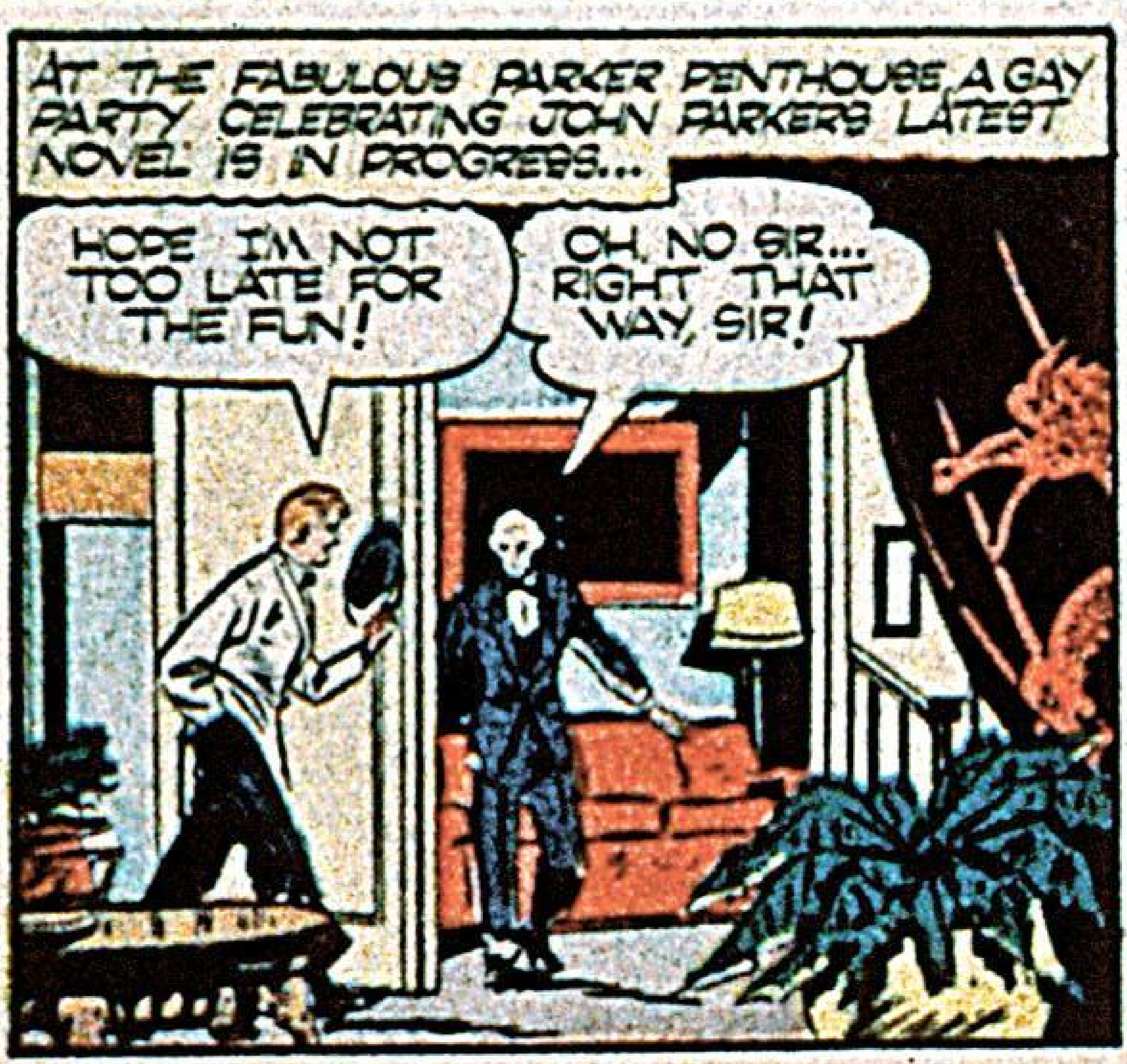

THE PATRIOT ENTERS CAPTAIN BELL'S OFFICE AND AFTER AN ALMOST FUTILE SEARCH---
HMM--WHAT'S THIS? LOOKS AS IF SOMEONE HAS BEEN TAMPERING WITH THE VENTILATOR
A FEW TENSE MOMENTS LATER--
A DICTAPHONE MIKE--- HERE IN THE VENT--- THAT AT LEAST EXPLAINS HOW THAT INFORMATION GETS OUT! NOW FOR THE FUN!
NOW TO INSPECT THE CONTROL ROOM OF THE AIR CONDITIONING SYSTEM----THAT'S PROBABLY WHERE THE MIKE WIRES LEAD TO!
AFTER A THOROUGH SEARCH OF THE CONTROL ROOM!
THERE'S CERTAINLY NOTHING OBVIOUS UP HERE! BETTER HAVE A LOOK IN THE JANITOR'S QUARTERS!
CONTROL ROOM AIR CONDITIONING SYSTEM
I GUESS THIS ELEVATOR WILL TAKE ME DOWN TO THE BASEMENT!
THE PATRIOT USES THE FREIGHT ELEVATOR SHAFT---
FREIGHT ELEVATOR

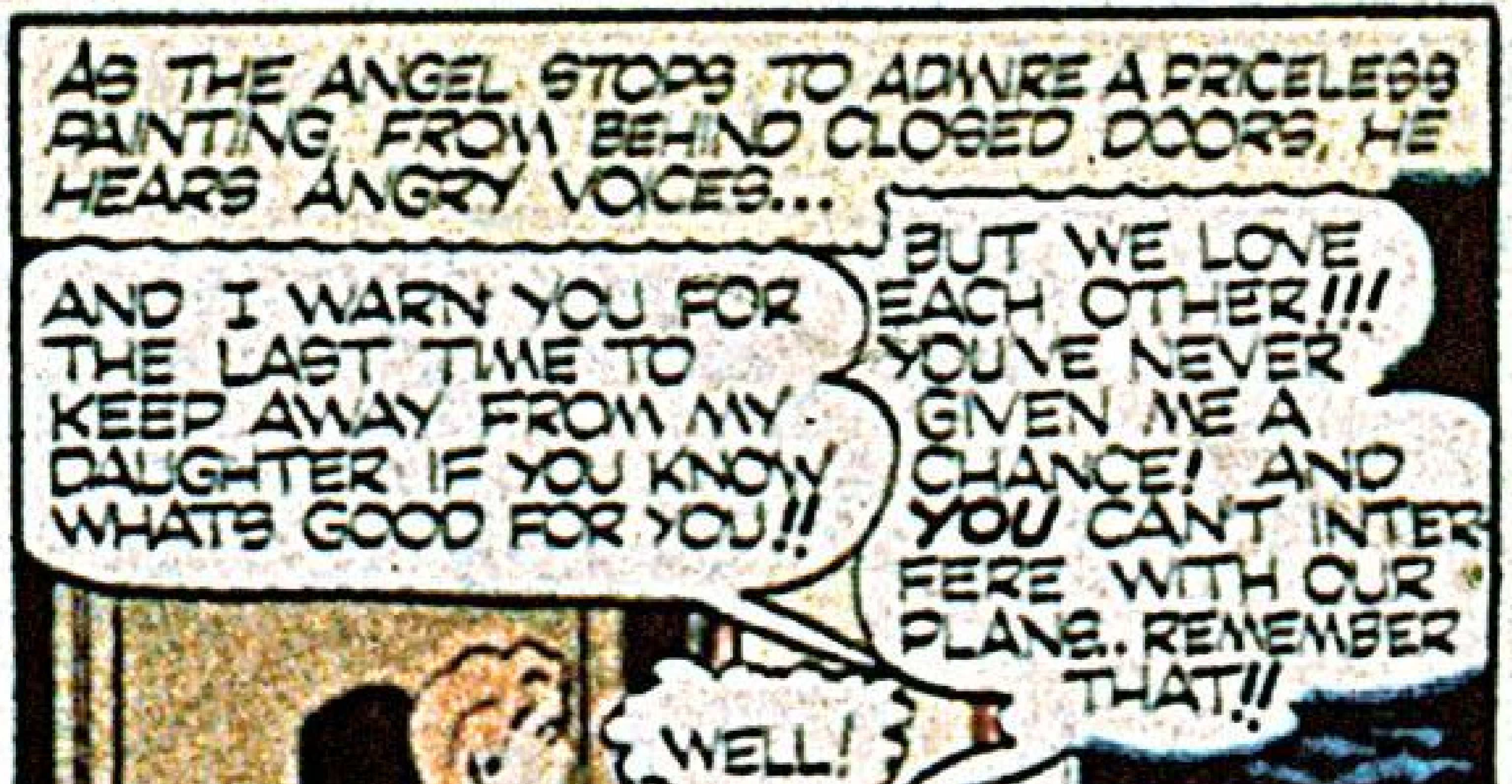

A FEW SECONDS LATER...
AH, GOOD – THE DOOR'S OPEN AND THE CAT'S AWAY!
WHAT HAVE WE HERE – FLOOR PLANS, AH! WINDOWLESS, DOORLESS AREA!..WHERE THE AIR IS CLEANSED BEFORE USING! LET'S SEE, "TRAP-DOOR FOR PURPOSE OF CLEANING AND REPAIR"... THAT'S MY ANSWER!
HALL
NDITION SYSTEM
PARDON PLEASE – BUT KINDLY RAISE HANDS!
SORRY, BUD! BUT AMERICAN TARGETS HAVE NASTY HABIT OF FIGHTING BACK!
HOLY COW, THIS GUY IS A JAP... NOW TO GET HIS KEYS! CAN'T GET INTO ... ER... PLACES WITHOUT KEYS!
THE PATRIOT MAKES HIS WAY BACK TO THE CHAMBER AND..
GOOD – THE TRAP DOOR IS RIGHT WHERE IT SHOULD BE AND WHAT'S MORE THE KEY FITS!

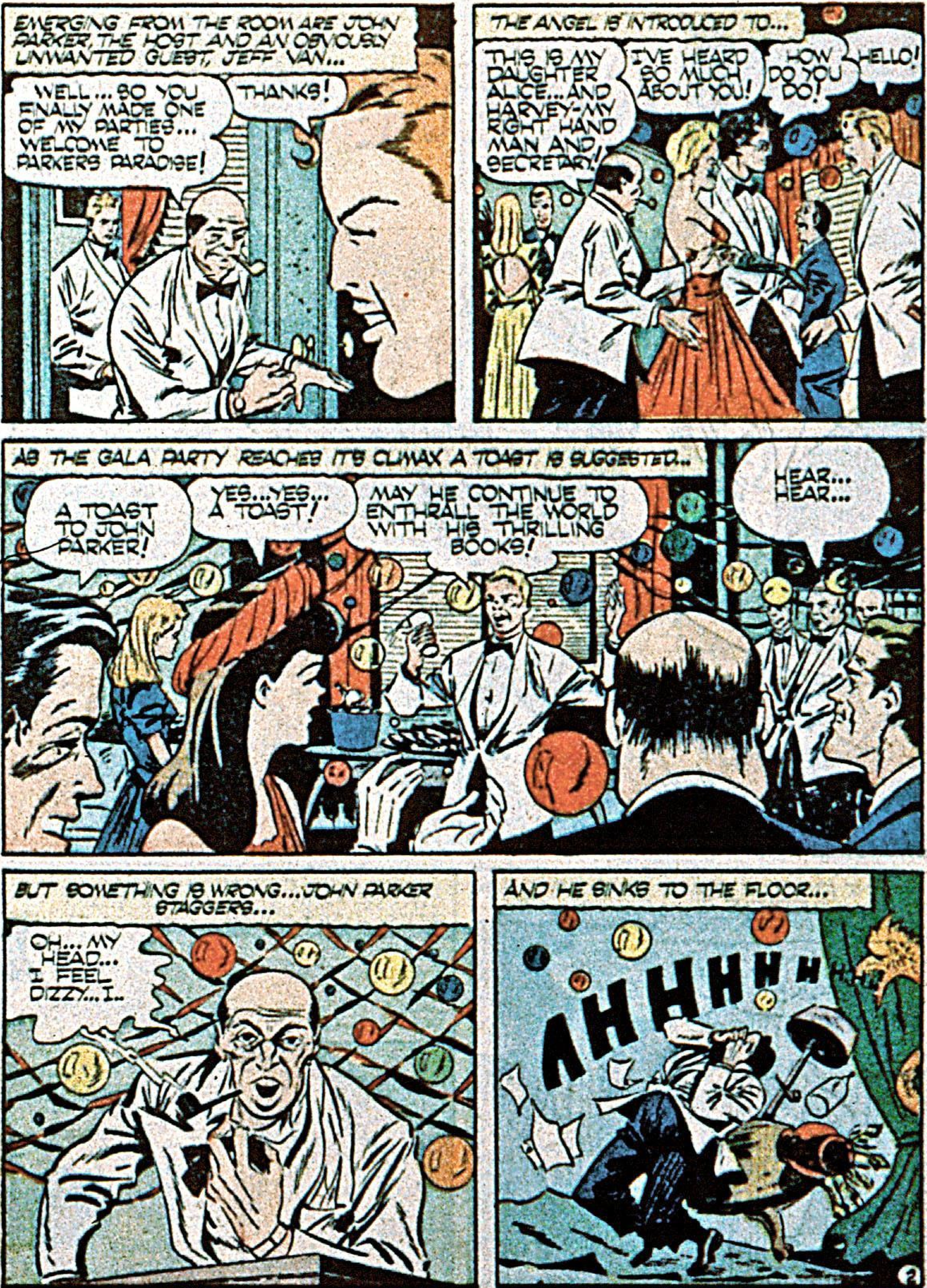

THE PATRIOT ENTERS THE TRAP DOOR AND- - -
HOLY CROW!
THE PATRIOT HAS A FIELD-DAY WITH THE FILES....
YIPE! ALL THIS RIGHT IN THE WAR DEPARTMENT. AND THESE PLANS... I THINK I'LL WAIT FOR THESE GUYS!
MEANTIME...
WHAT HAS HAPPENED?
HONORABLE LEADER... THE PATRIOT IS IN THE SECRET ROOM... LET US HURRY
HURRY? YOU FOOL, THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT HE EXPECTS US TO DO... HE'S SMART, BUT NOT SMART ENOUGH... WATCH...
BACK IN THE FILE ROOM....
TAKING LONGER- - - THAN- I- - -(COUGH)- - STUFFY- - IN- - HERE... I'M- - DIZZY- - -
...AND DIRECTLY ABOVE...
THE SWITCH I PULLED FILLS THE CHAMBER WITH GAS... IN A MINUTE NOW THE GAS WILL HAVE HAD ITS EFFECT AND WILL HAVE CLEARED AWAY!
...SO THE PATRIOT SLEEPS... YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO, YUKAOMI!

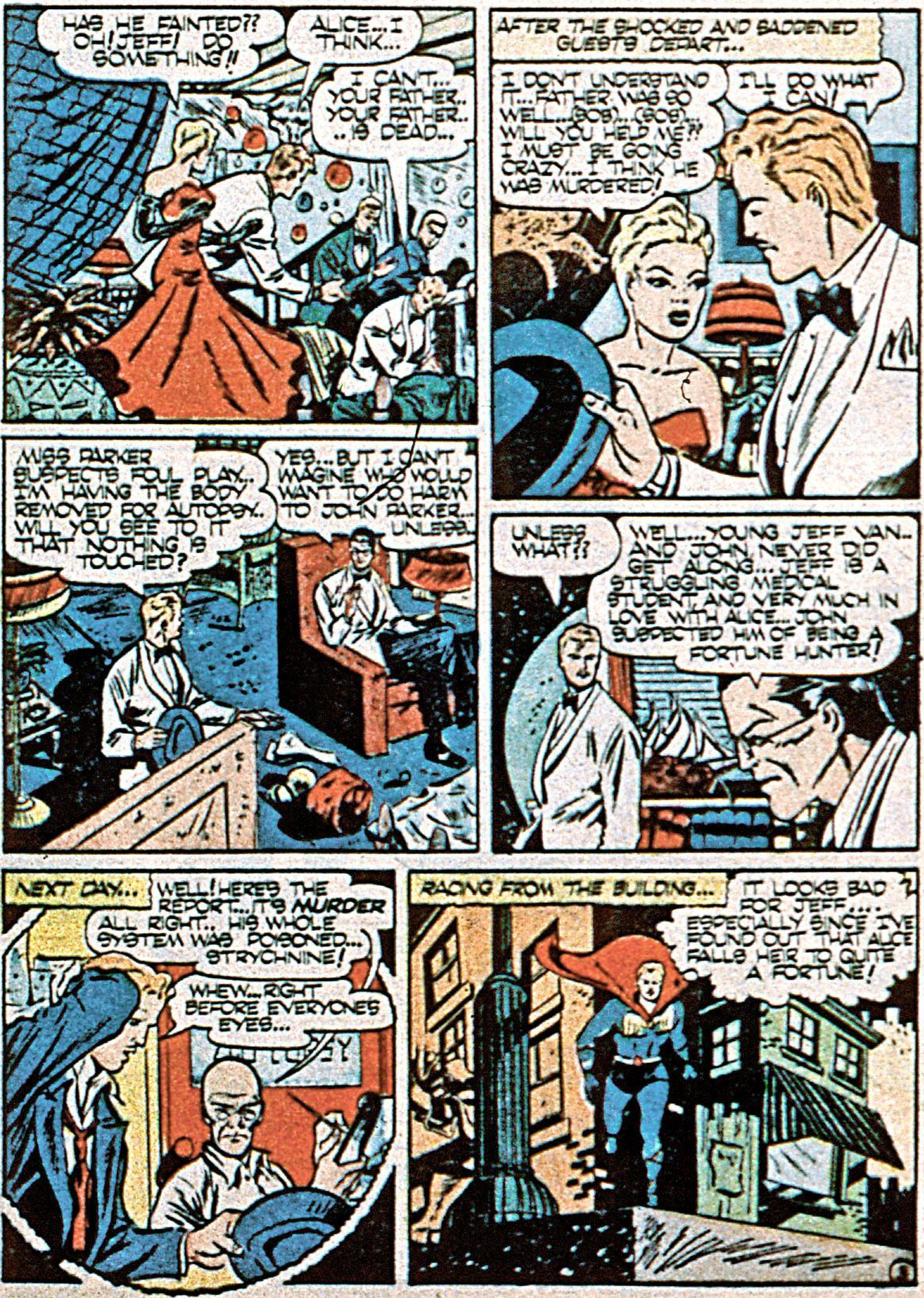

MY HEAD... WHERE AM I? ..H..HOLY CROW!
SO YOU ARE AWAKE! IN A MINUTE THE WINDING ROPE WILL DRAG YOU INTO THE RAZOR SHARP BLADES! YOUR BODY WILL BE FOOD FOR THE SNAKES BELOW— NOW I TURN ON THE FAN AND WE LEAVE YOU TO YOUR FATE!
SLOWLY THE PATRIOT IS DRAWN CLOSER TO THE LETHAL BLADES....
SLACK.. GOOD... NOW IF I CAN FLIP THE LOOSE ROPE INTO THE BLADES... AHHH-- I'M **FREE**!
SNAP
I HAVE SET THE TIME BOMBS... THERE WILL BE ENOUGH GAS IN THE MORNING TO KILL THE ENTIRE DEPARTMENT... WE MUST LEAVE NOW!
LATER IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CHAMBER---
COME AN' GET IT!
NO, IT CAN'T BE!
THE BATTLE COMES TO AN END WITH THE PATRIOT THE VICTOR...
HOW DID YOU ESCAPE? I DON'T UNDERSTAND!
I WOULDN'T EXPECT YOU TOO... BUT I'LL TELL YOU THIS... THIS 21 INCHES OF ROPE THAT SAVED MY LIFE IS ENOUGH TO HANG THE BUNCH OF YOU!
NEXT DAY...
THE **PATRIOT** DID IT AGAIN... WHAT A GUY! SAY, JEFF, I'M TALKING TO YOU!
FUNNY THING ABOUT THAT ROPE... IT HAD 48 STRANDS... LIKE THE UNITED STATES! ITSELF IT CAN BE A HANGMANS NOOSE OR A LIFE LINE... DEPENDING ON THE POINT OF VIEW!
WHAT YOU SAY... YEAH... YEAH... WHAT A GUY...
THE END

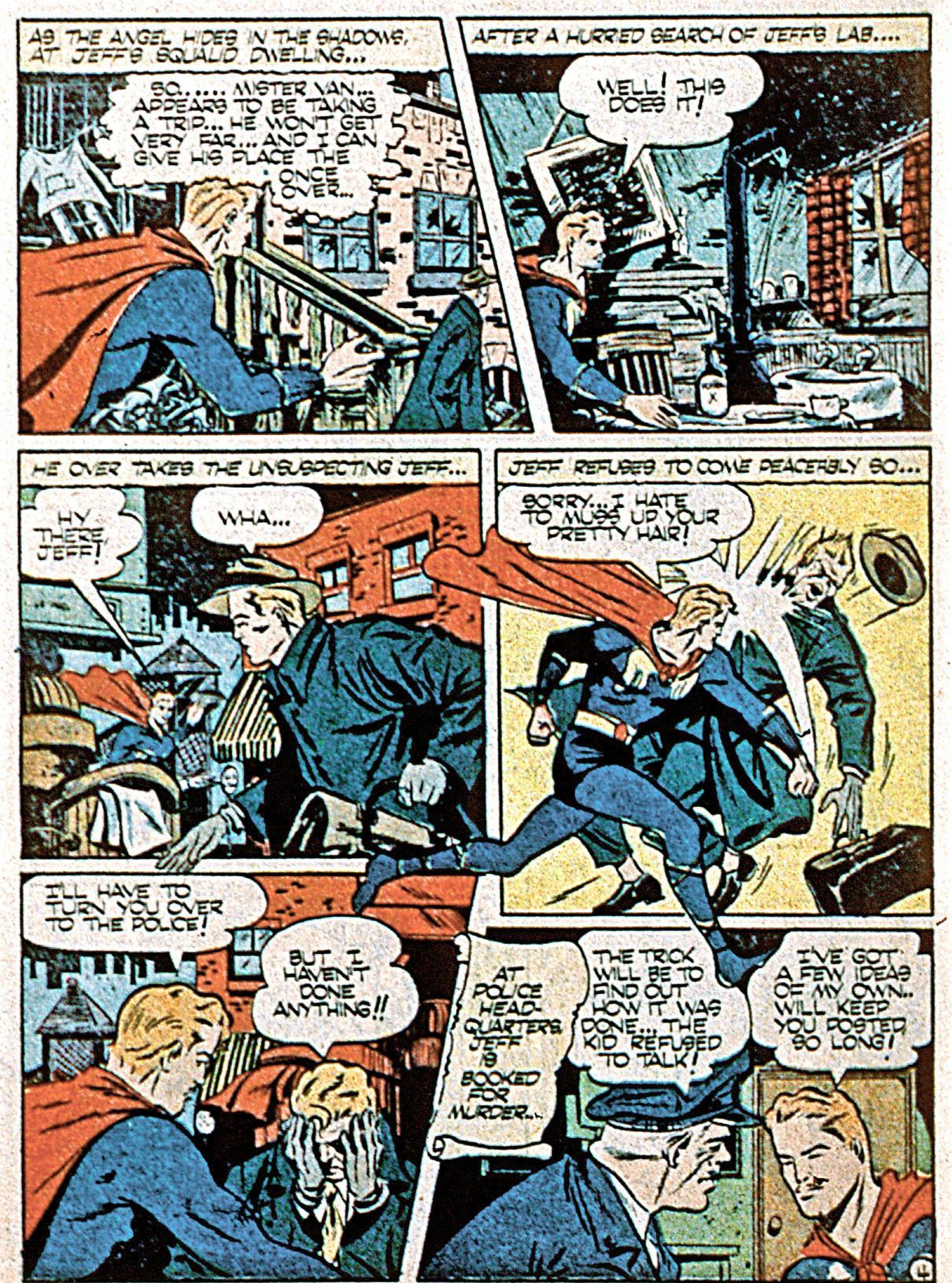

THE ANGEL
THE SUDDEN AND MYSTERIOUS DEATH OF A FAMOUS NOVELIST, MISLEADING EVIDENCE --- THE BRUTAL ATTEMPT ON THE LIFE OF LOVELY ALICE PARKER --- MAKE UP THE TANTALIZING PUZZLE THAT CONFRONTS THE ANGEL IN -- The Case of "THE REJECTED SUITOR!"

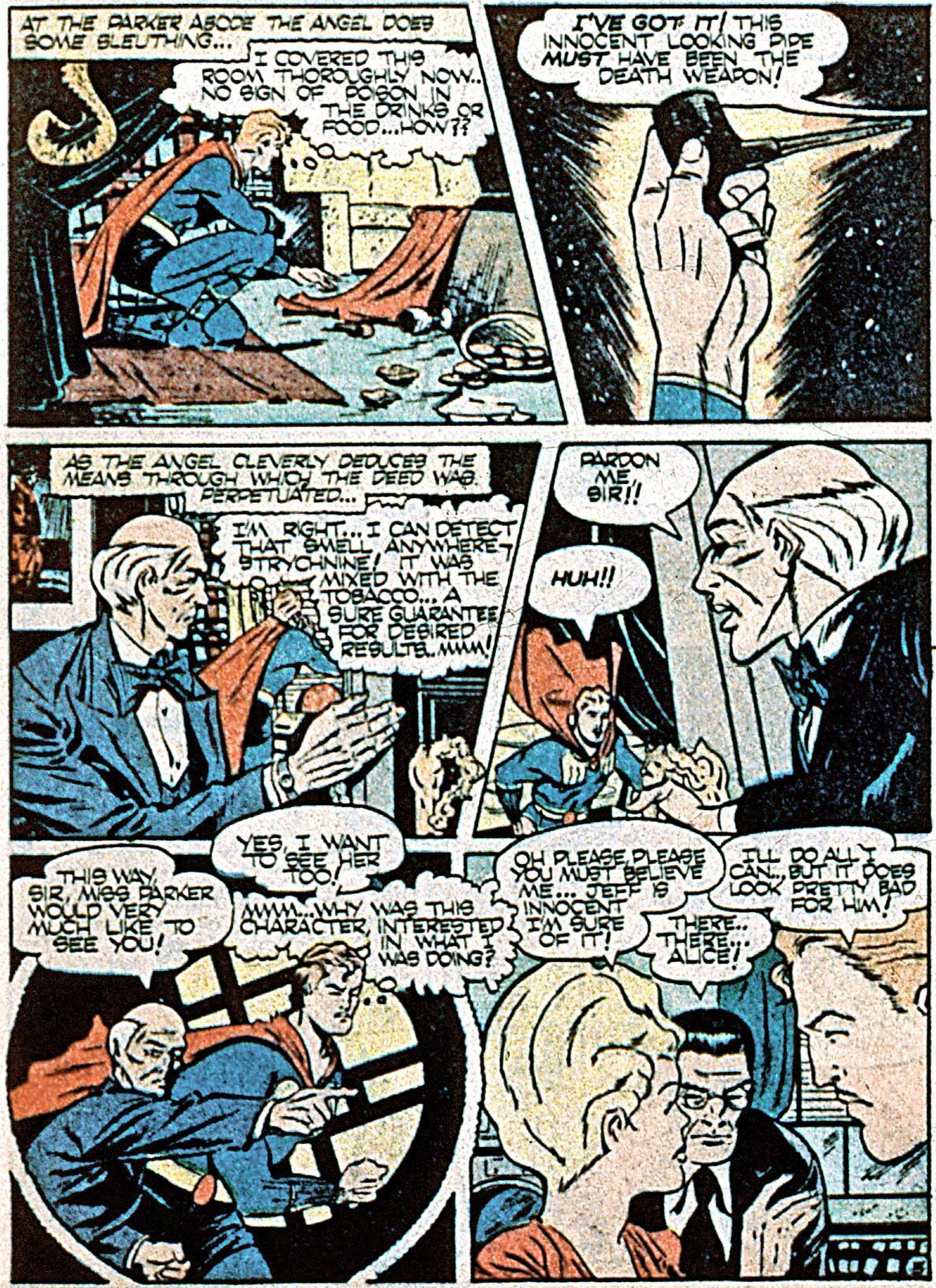

AT THE FABULOUS PARKER PENTHOUSE A GAY PARTY CELEBRATING JOHN PARKER'S LATEST NOVEL IS IN PROGRESS...
HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE FOR THE FUN!
OH, NO SIR... RIGHT THAT WAY, SIR!

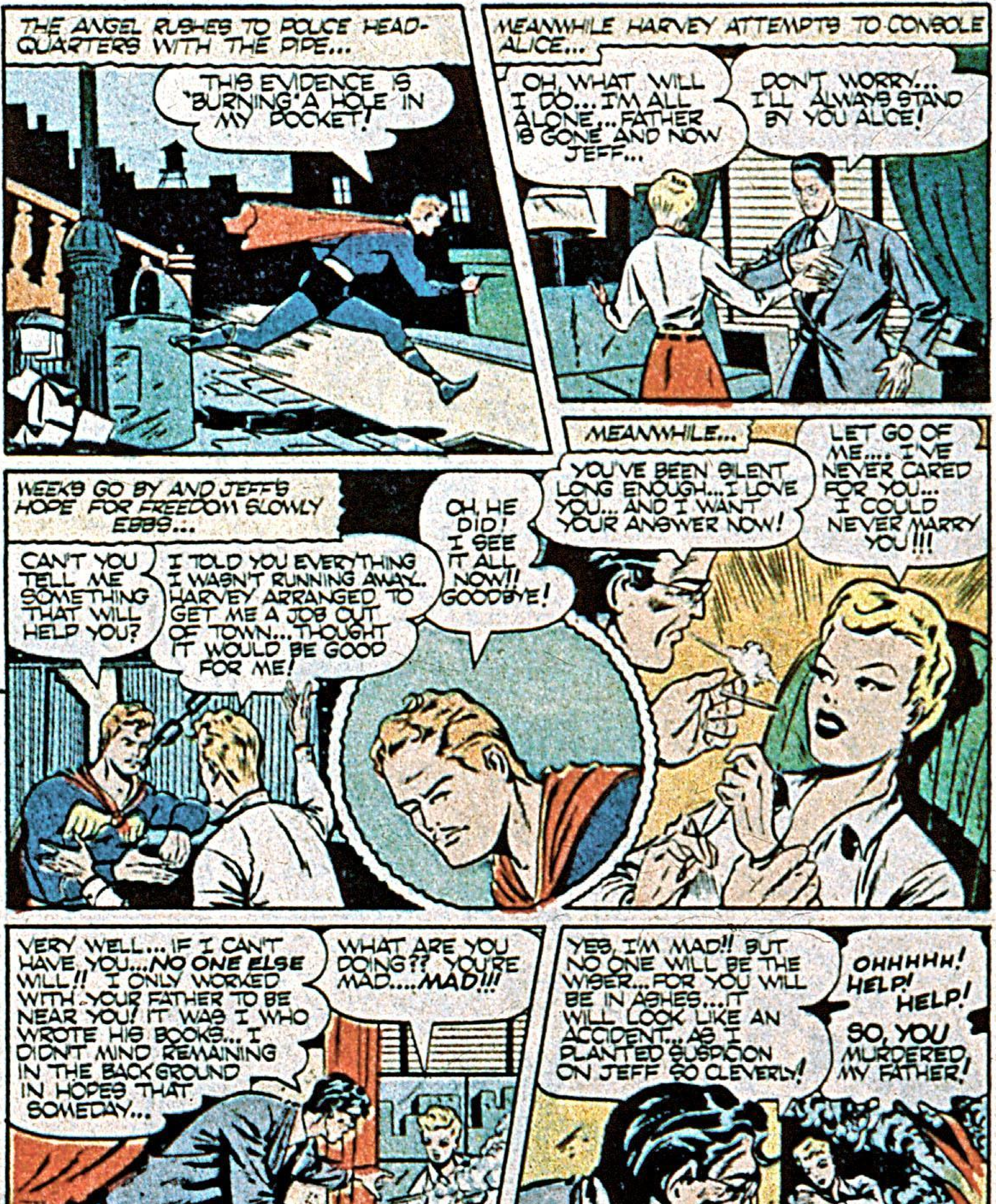

AS THE ANGEL STOPS TO ADMIRE A PRICELESS PAINTING, FROM BEHIND CLOSED DOORS, HE HEARS ANGRY VOICES...
AND I WARN YOU FOR THE LAST TIME TO KEEP AWAY FROM MY DAUGHTER IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU!!
BUT WE LOVE EACH OTHER!!! YOU'VE NEVER GIVEN ME A CHANCE! AND YOU CAN'T INTERFERE WITH OUR PLANS. REMEMBER THAT!!
WELL!
1

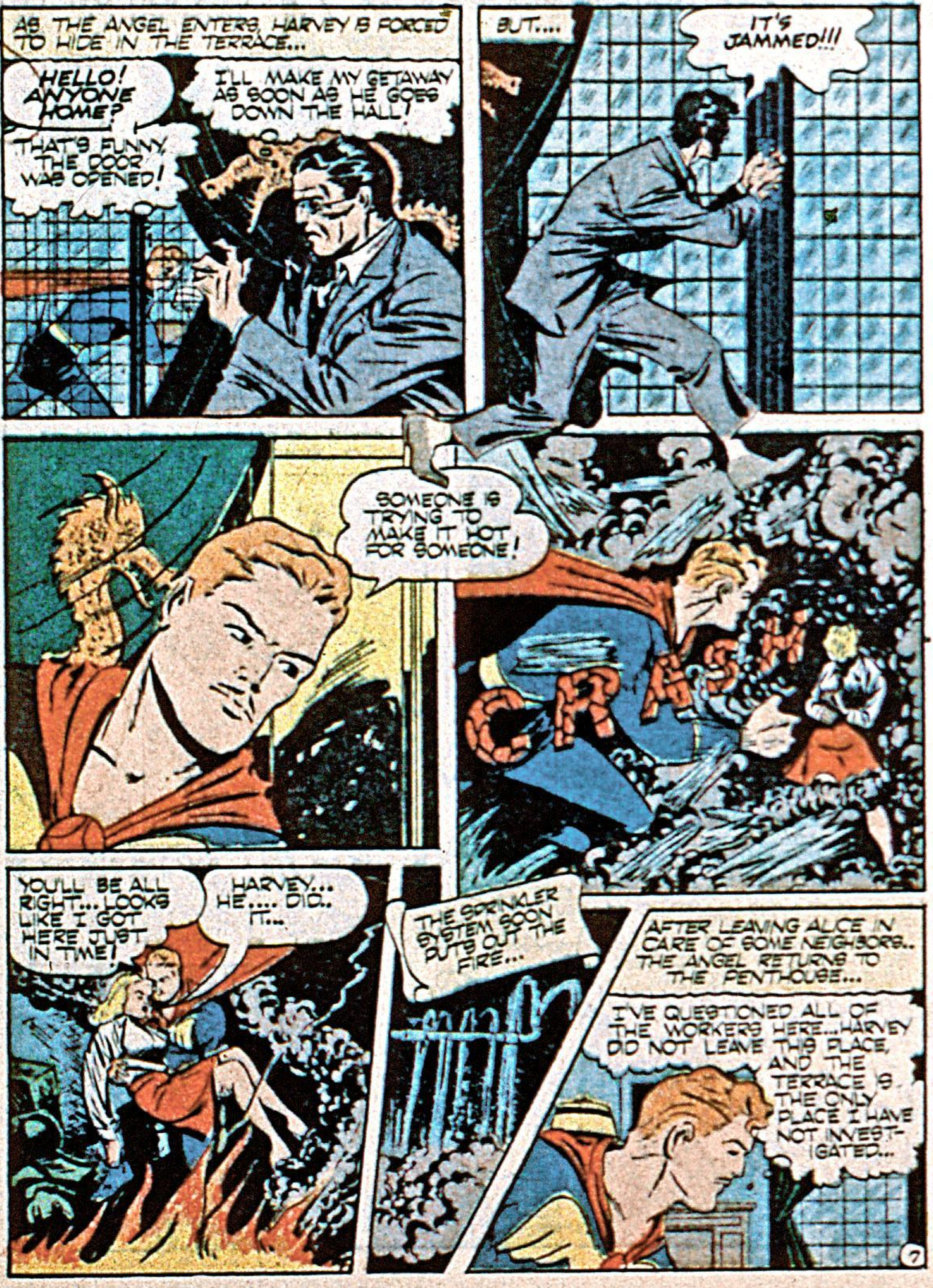

EMERGING FROM THE ROOM ARE JOHN PARKER, THE HOST AND AN OBVIOUSLY UNWANTED GUEST, JEFF VAN...
WELL... SO YOU FINALLY MADE ONE OF MY PARTIES... WELCOME TO PARKERS PARADISE!
THANKS!
THE ANGEL IS INTRODUCED TO...
THIS IS MY DAUGHTER ALICE... AND HARVEY-MY RIGHT HAND MAN AND SECRETARY!
I'VE HEARD SO MUCH ABOUT YOU!
HOW DO YOU DO!
HELLO!
AS THE GALA PARTY REACHES IT'S CLIMAX A TOAST IS SUGGESTED..
A TOAST TO JOHN PARKER!
YES...YES... A TOAST!
MAY HE CONTINUE TO ENTHRALL THE WORLD WITH HIS THRILLING BOOKS!
HEAR... HEAR...
BUT SOMETHING IS WRONG...JOHN PARKER STAGGERS...
OH... MY HEAD... I FEEL DIZZY...I..
AND HE SINKS TO THE FLOOR...
AHHHHHHHH
2

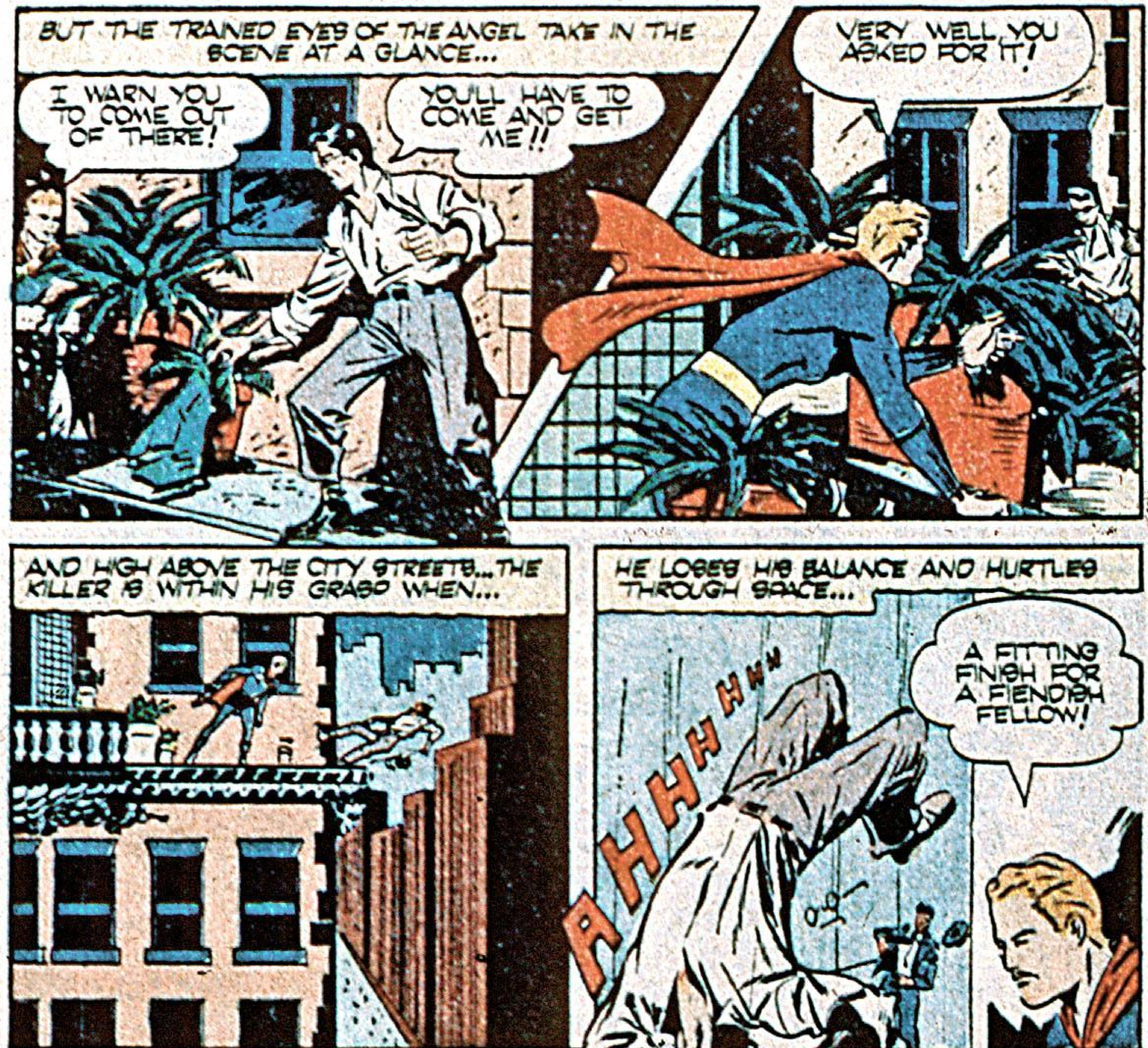

HAS HE FAINTED?? OH! JEFF! DO SOMETHING!!
ALICE...I THINK...
I CAN'T... YOUR FATHER.. YOUR FATHER.. ..IS DEAD...
AFTER THE SHOCKED AND SADDENED GUESTS DEPART...
I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT...FATHER WAS SO WELL...(SOB)...(SOB)... WILL YOU HELP ME?? I MUST BE GOING CRAZY... I THINK HE WAS MURDERED!
I'LL DO WHAT I CAN!
MISS PARKER SUSPECTS FOUL PLAY.. I'M HAVING THE BODY REMOVED FOR AUTOPSY.. WILL YOU SEE TO IT THAT NOTHING IS TOUCHED?
YES...BUT I CAN'T IMAGINE WHO WOULD WANT TO DO HARM TO JOHN PARKER... UNLESS..
UNLESS WHAT??
WELL...YOUNG JEFF VAN.. AND JOHN NEVER DID GET ALONG... JEFF IS A STRUGGLING MEDICAL STUDENT AND VERY MUCH IN LOVE WITH ALICE... JOHN SUSPECTED HIM OF BEING A FORTUNE HUNTER!
NEXT DAY...
WELL! HERE'S THE REPORT...IT'S MURDER ALL RIGHT.. HIS WHOLE SYSTEM WAS POISONED... STRYCHNINE!
WHEW...RIGHT BEFORE EVERYONE'S EYES...
RACING FROM THE BUILDING...
IT LOOKS BAD FOR JEFF.... ESPECIALLY SINCE I'VE FOUND OUT THAT ALICE FALLS HEIR TO QUITE A FORTUNE!


AS THE ANGEL HIDES IN THE SHADOWS, AT JEFF'S SQUALID DWELLING...
SO..... MISTER VAN... APPEARS TO BE TAKING A TRIP... HE WON'T GET VERY FAR... AND I CAN GIVE HIS PLACE THE ONCE OVER...
AFTER A HURRIED SEARCH OF JEFF'S LAB....
WELL! THIS DOES IT!
X
HE OVER TAKES THE UNSUSPECTING JEFF...
HY THERE, JEFF!
WHA...
JEFF REFUSES TO COME PEACEFULLY SO...
SORRY... I HATE TO MUSS UP YOUR PRETTY HAIR!
I'LL HAVE TO TURN YOU OVER TO THE POLICE!
BUT I HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING!!
AT POLICE HEAD-QUARTERS JEFF IS BOOKED FOR MURDER...
THE TRICK WILL BE TO FIND OUT HOW IT WAS DONE... THE KID REFUSED TO TALK!
I'VE GOT A FEW IDEAS OF MY OWN.. WILL KEEP YOU POSTED SO LONG!
4


AT THE PARKER ABODE THE ANGEL DOES SOME SLEUTHING...
I COVERED THIS ROOM THOROUGHLY NOW.. NO SIGN OF POISON IN THE DRINKS OR FOOD...HOW??
I'VE GOT IT! THIS INNOCENT LOOKING PIPE MUST HAVE BEEN THE DEATH WEAPON!
AS THE ANGEL CLEVERLY DEDUCES THE MEANS THROUGH WHICH THE DEED WAS PERPETUATED...
I'M RIGHT... I CAN DETECT THAT SMELL ANYWHERE-- STRYCHNINE! IT WAS MIXED WITH THE TOBACCO... A SURE GUARANTEE FOR DESIRED RESULTS.. MMM!
PARDON ME, SIR!!
HUH!!
THIS WAY, SIR, MISS PARKER WOULD VERY MUCH LIKE TO SEE YOU!
YES, I WANT TO SEE HER TOO!
MMM...WHY WAS THIS CHARACTER, INTERESTED IN WHAT I WAS DOING?
OH PLEASE PLEASE YOU MUST BELIEVE ME... JEFF IS INNOCENT I'M SURE OF IT!
I'LL DO ALL I CAN.. BUT IT DOES LOOK PRETTY BAD FOR HIM!
THERE.. THERE... ALICE!


THE ANGEL RUSHES TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS WITH THE PIPE...
THIS EVIDENCE IS "BURNING" A HOLE IN MY POCKET!
MEANWHILE HARVEY ATTEMPTS TO CONSOLE ALICE...
OH, WHAT WILL I DO... I'M ALL ALONE... FATHER IS GONE AND NOW JEFF...
DON'T WORRY... I'LL ALWAYS STAND BY YOU ALICE!
WEEKS GO BY AND JEFF'S HOPE FOR FREEDOM SLOWLY EBBS...
CAN'T YOU TELL ME SOMETHING THAT WILL HELP YOU?
I TOLD YOU EVERYTHING I WASN'T RUNNING AWAY.. HARVEY ARRANGED TO GET ME A JOB OUT OF TOWN... THOUGHT IT WOULD BE GOOD FOR ME!
OH, HE DID! I SEE IT ALL NOW!! GOODBYE!
MEANWHILE...
YOU'VE BEEN SILENT LONG ENOUGH... I LOVE YOU... AND I WANT YOUR ANSWER NOW!
LET GO OF ME.... I'VE NEVER CARED FOR YOU... I COULD NEVER MARRY YOU!!!
VERY WELL... IF I CAN'T HAVE YOU... NO ONE ELSE WILL!! I ONLY WORKED WITH YOUR FATHER TO BE NEAR YOU! IT WAS I WHO WROTE HIS BOOKS... I DIDN'T MIND REMAINING IN THE BACKGROUND IN HOPES THAT SOMEDAY...
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?? YOU'RE MAD....MAD!!!
YES, I'M MAD!! BUT NO ONE WILL BE THE WISER... FOR YOU WILL BE IN ASHES... IT WILL LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT... AS I PLANTED SUSPICION ON JEFF SO CLEVERLY!
OHHHHH! HELP! HELP!
SO, YOU MURDERED MY FATHER!
6


AS THE ANGEL ENTERS, HARVEY IS FORCED TO HIDE IN THE TERRACE...
HELLO! ANYONE HOME?
I'LL MAKE MY GETAWAY AS SOON AS HE GOES DOWN THE HALL!
THAT'S FUNNY, THE DOOR WAS OPENED!
BUT....
IT'S JAMMED!!!
SOMEONE IS TRYING TO MAKE IT HOT FOR SOMEONE!
CRASH
YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT... LOOKS LIKE I GOT HERE JUST IN TIME!
HARVEY... HE.... DID.. IT...
THE SPRINKLER SYSTEM SOON PUTS OUT THE FIRE...
AFTER LEAVING ALICE IN CARE OF SOME NEIGHBORS.. THE ANGEL RETURNS TO THE PENTHOUSE...
I'VE QUESTIONED ALL OF THE WORKERS HERE...HARVEY DID NOT LEAVE THIS PLACE, AND THE TERRACE IS THE ONLY PLACE I HAVE NOT INVESTIGATED...


BUT THE TRAINED EYES OF THE ANGEL TAKE IN THE SCENE AT A GLANCE...
I WARN YOU TO COME OUT OF THERE!
YOU'LL HAVE TO COME AND GET ME!!
VERY WELL, YOU ASKED FOR IT!
AND HIGH ABOVE THE CITY STREETS... THE KILLER IS WITHIN HIS GRASP WHEN...
HE LOSES HIS BALANCE AND HURTLES THROUGH SPACE...
AHHHHHHHH
A FITTING FINISH FOR A FIENDISH FELLOW!
AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...
... SO YOU SEE... HARVEY THOUGHT HE'D KILL "TWO BIRDS" WITH ONE STONE... HE'D GET RID OF THE FATHER, SO THAT ALICE WOULD FALL HEIR TO GREAT WEALTH... AND PLANT SUSPICION ON JEFF, SO YOU'D TAKE CARE OF THAT JOB FOR HIM...
...BUT HE DIDN'T COUNT ON ONE THING... LOVE... AFTER HE FOUND HIS CLEVER PLOT WASN'T WORKING SO WELL, HE BECAME SO ENRAGED THAT HE WANTED TO DESTROY THE REASON FOR HIS ACTS!
AND THE STRONG SILENT FIGURE WITNESSES THE HAPPY ENDING TO THE UNHAPPY BEGINNING....
8

SEE DISTANT SIGHTS!
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SEA AND SKY
3 LARGE PRECISION-GROUND, OPTICAL LENSES
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The GIANT SUPER-TELESCOPE has three precision-ground highly polished lenses. It extends to 3½ feet in length, giving clear focus. It is light in weight, sturdily and handsomely constructed, with a wide magnification field. You don't have to know anything about telescopes to use it. Simply hold it to your eye, extend the triple barrel, and all the wonders of scientific vision will be close up to your eyes. Folds for easy carrying. Because of mass production economies, we offer this telescope at an unbelievably low price. See birds, ball games, sporting events, ships and planes, in full detail. See people when they cannot see you. See wild life, mountains, the heavens in their full natural beautiful detail. The price of the GIANT SUPER-POWERED TELESCOPE is $2.98 with this introductory offer. Most telescopes of this lense construction and size sell up to $15.00. We cannot assure you that the supply will last so you must act fast!

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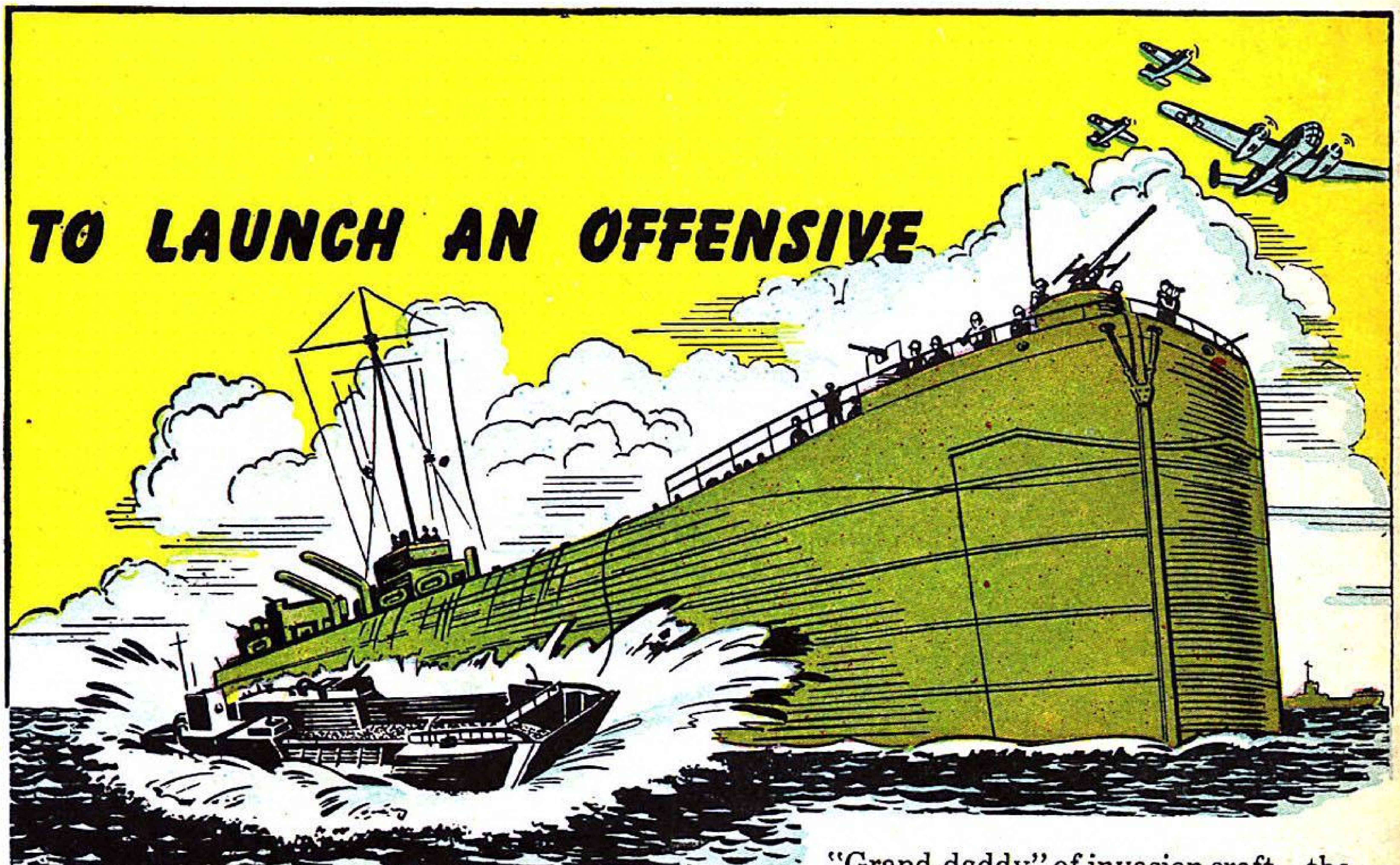
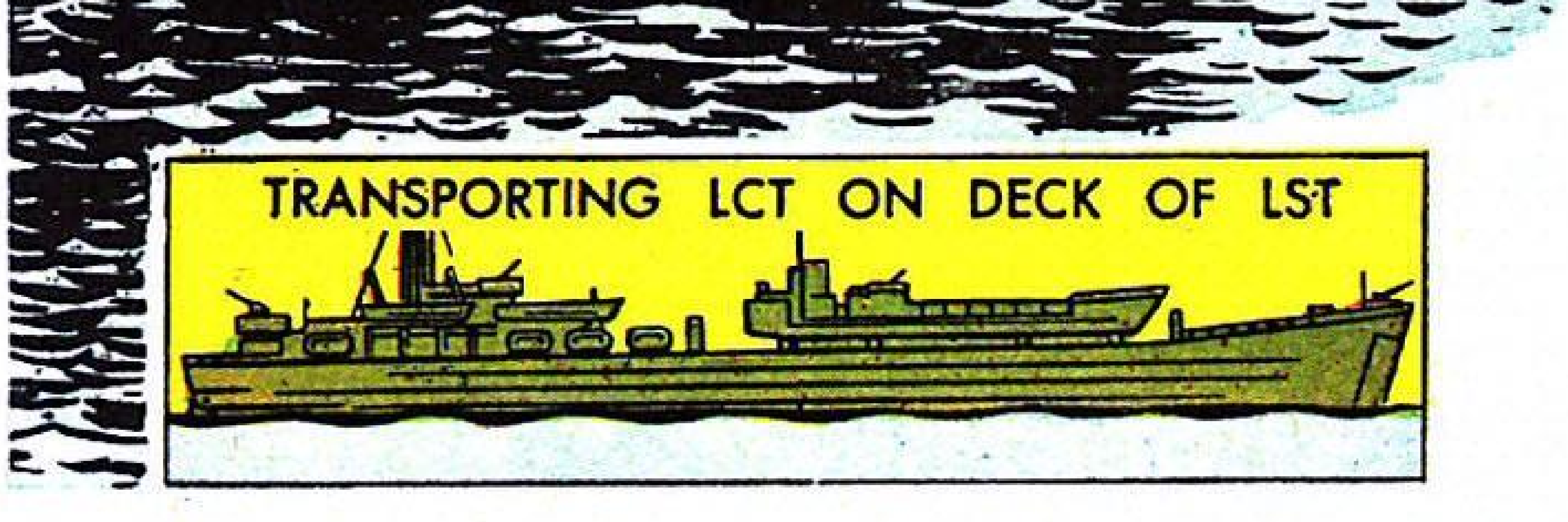
TO LAUNCH AN OFFENSIVE

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